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## No Use for Him

My father was a big strong man who worked hard all his life  
He was always in a whisky glass and never out of strife  
For he called no man his master and very few his friend  
A proud and stiff-necked man he was who would never bow nor bend  
But they broke him in the end when they'd no use for him

Chorus:

For they took away his job when they'd no use for him anymore  
After nearly thirty years they kicked him out the door  
But they let him keep his railway jacket, overcoat and cap  
And a pension of nine bob a week, he was lucky to get that  
And they nearly broke his heart when they'd no use for him

Now I spent much of my childhood days up in the signal-box  
High in my father's castle twenty feet above the tracks  
And crash! would go the signals as he flicked them with his hand  
And the mighty cars of steam and steel would stop at his command  
Oh but it was grand when they'd a use for him

When you're fifty-five years old and your lookin' for some work  
Nobody wants to know your face, no-one gives you a start  
So I watched him growing older and more bitter every day  
As his pride and self-respect slowly drained away  
There was nothing I could say – they had no use for him.

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