

## Undertaker's Men, The

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*So all of you, what's out of work, remember now and then  
It could be worse, to be like us, the Undertaker's Men  
Who have to mourn for strangers, like we've known them for years,  
And at the shortest notice, have to manufacture tears.*

Kind friends, if you'll excuse us now, we'll tell you who we are  
We are the Undertaker's Men, who walk behind the car  
In the City we were born, brought up in various places  
But now for strangers we must mourn, and put on woeful faces.  
We dress in black, as you can see, and not just on a Sunday  
For we must dress melancholy from Tuesday through to Monday  
And though we mourn most pitifully, 'tis true we must confess  
We seldom know for whom we weep, and care a little less.

*(Chorus)*

Last week we had a miser, who never thought it strange  
To never pay for anything, but still to check his change.  
But now he's changed forever, and he's lying there so still  
His family's down the coffee shop, debating of his will.  
And then we had a publican, the public could admire  
He used to host a jolly throng around a jolly fire  
But now there's only us, you know, as his last 'stop tap' draws near  
To mourn a man what's once so hale, laid out upon his bier.

*(Chorus)*

How do we cry convincing, like we're suffering from fate?  
Well, me, I use an onion, I don't know about my mate  
Our eyes are red with weeping and we've bunions on our feet  
Through following these coffins through these hard and cobbled streets.  
And when at last it's time for us to hear fate's fatal bell,  
Some other Men will weep for us and claim they knew us well  
And they must walk behind the hearse, rehearsing of their woes  
While we at last can ride inside, 'cos we've turned up our toes  
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