

The Button Pusher  
The Dubliners  
Written by Enoch Kent

Well[D] I am the man, the well-fed man, in[A] charge of the terrible[D]  
knob,  
The most[D] pleasing thing about it, it's[G] almost a permanent[A] job,  
When the[G] atom war is over, and the[D] world is split in [A]three,  
A conso[D]lation I got, well[G] maybe it's not, there'll be [A]nobody left  
but [D]me.

I sit at my desk in Washington in charge of this great machine  
More vicious than Adolf Hitler, more deadly than strichnine  
And in the evening after a tiring day just to give myself a laugh  
I hit the button a playful belt and I listen for the blast

If Breshniev starts his nonsense, and makes a nasty spell  
With a wink and a nod from Nixon, I'll blast them all to hell  
And as for that Fidel Castro, him with the sugar cane,  
He needn't hide behind his whiskers, I'll get him just the same.

If my wife denies me conjugular rights or my breakfast milk is sour  
From eight to nine in the morning you're in for a nervous hour,  
The button being so terribly close it's really a dreadful joke  
Abut with my arse, as I go past, and we'll all go up in smoke.

Now I'm thinking of joining the army, the army that bans the bomb  
We'll take up a large collection, and I'll donate my thumb,  
For without it, I am helpless, and that's the way to be  
You don't have to kill the whole bloody lot to make the people free.