The Gas-Man Cometh

(Twain)

The gas-man came to call
The gas tap wouldn't turn
I wasn't getting gas at all
He tore out all the skirting boards to try and find the main
And I had to call a carpenter to put them back again
Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

The carpenter came round
He hammered and he chiselled and he said, "Look what I've found
Your joists are full of dry rot but I'll put them all to rights."
Then he nailed right through a cable and out went all the lights
Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

The electrician came
He called me Mr. Sanderson which isn't quite me name
He couldn't reach the fuse box without standing on the bin
And he put his foot through a window so I called the glazier in
Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

The glazier came along
With his blowtorch and his putty and his merry glazier song
He put another pane in, it took no time at all
But I had to get a painter in to come and paint the wall
Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

The painter made a start
With undercoats and overcoats, he painted every part
Every nook and every cranny but I found when he was gone
He'd painted over the gas tap and I couldn't turn it on
Oh it all makes work for the working man to do.

On Saturday and Sunday they do no work at all
So twas on the Monday morning that the gas-man came to call.

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