

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Industrial Disease

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Warning lights are flashing down at quality control.
Somebody threw a spanner and they threw him in the hole.
There's rumors in the loading bay and anger in the town.
Somebody blew the whistle and the walls came down.
There's a meeting in the boardroom. They're trying to trace the smell.
There's leaking in the washroom. There's a sneak in personnel.
Somewhere in the corridors, someone was heard to sneeze.
Goodness, me! Could this be industrial disease?

The caretaker was crucified for sleeping at his post.
They're refusing to be pacified. It's him they blame the most.
The watchdog's got rabies. The foreman's got the fleas,
And everyone's concerned about industrial disease.
There's a panic on the switchboard. Tongues are tied in knots.
Some come out in sympathy. Some come out in spots.
Some blame the management, some the employees,
And everybody knows it's the industrial disease.

The work force is disgusted, downs tools, and walks.
Innocence is injured. Experience just talks.
Everyone seeks damages and everyone agrees
That these are classic symptoms of a monetary squeeze.
On ITV and BBC, they talk about the curse.
Philosophy is useless. Theology is worse.
History boils over. There's an economics freeze.
Sociologists invent words that mean industrial disease.

Doctor Parkinson declared, "I'm not surprised to see you here.
You've got smoker's cough from smoking, brewer's droop from drinking beer.
I don't know how you came to get the Bette Davis knees,
But worst of all, young man, you've got industrial disease."
He wrote me a prescription. He said, "You are depressed,
But I'm glad you came to see me to get this off your chest.
Come back and see me later. Next patient, please!
Send in another victim of industrial disease."

I go down to Speaker's Corner. I'm thunderstruck.
They got free speech, tourists, police in trucks.
Two men say they're Jesus. One of them must be wrong.
There's a protest singer singing a protest song. He says,
"They wanna have a war so they can keep us on our knees.
They wanna have a war so they can keep their factories.

They wanna have a war to stop us buying Japanese.
They wanna have a war to stop industrial disease.

They're pointing out the enemy to keep you deaf and blind.
They wanna sap your energy, incarcerate your mind.
They give you Rule Britannia, gassy beer, page three,
Two weeks in España, and Sunday striptease."
Meanwhile the first Jesus says, "I'd cure it soon.
Abolish Monday mornings and Friday afternoons."
The other one's out on hunger strike. He's dying by degrees.
How come even Jesus gets industrial disease?

As performed by Dire Straits
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