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The Button Pusher

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

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