

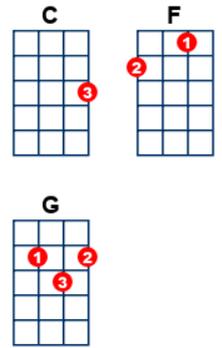
The Sick Note

artist:The Dubliners , writer:Traditional

Sean Cannon: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=66cxc9emQgY>

(Written by Pat Cooksey)

Dear [C]Sir, I write this note to you to [G]tell you of me [C]plight
and [F]at the time of [C]writing, I am [F]not a pretty [G]sight;
me [F]body is all [C]black and blue, me [F]face a deathly [G]gray
and I [C]write this note to say why Paddy's [G]not at work
to [C]day.



While working on the fourteenth floor some [G]bricks, I had to [C]clear;
now, to [F]throw them down from [C]such a height was [F]not a good i[G]dea.
the [F]foreman wasn't [C]very pleased, he [F]being an awkward [G]sod
he [C]said I'd have to cart them down the [G]ladders in me [C]hod.

Now, clearing all these bricks by hand it [G]was so very [C]slow,
so I [F]hoisted up a [C]barrel and se[F]cured the rope be[G]low.
But [F]in me haste to [C]do the job I [F]was to blind to [G]see
that a [C]barrelful of building bricks was [G]heavier than [C]me.

So when I untied the rope the [G]barrel fell like [C]lead
and [F]clinging tightly [C]to the rope I [F]started up in[G]stead.
Well, I [F]shot up like a [C]rocket till to [F]my dismay I [G]found
that [C]halfway up I met the bloody [G]barrel coming [C]down.

Well, the barrel broke me shoulder as [G]to the ground it [C]sped,
and [F]when I reached the [C]top I banged the [F]pully with my [G]head.
Well, I [F]clung on tight through [C]numbed with shock from [F]this almighty
[G]blow
and the [C]barrel spilled out half the bricks some [G]fourteen floors be[C]low.

Now, when these bricks had fallen from the [G]barrel to the [C]floor
I [F]then outweighed the [C]barrel and so [F]started down once [G]more;
still [F]clinging tightly [C]to the rope, [F]I sped towards the [G]ground,
and I [C]landed on the broken bricks that [G]were all scattered [C]round.

While I lay there groaning on the ground, I [G]thought I'd passed the [C]worst,
when the [F]barrel hit the [C]pully-wheel and [F]then the bottom [G]burst.
A s[F]hower of bricks rained [C]down on me, I [F]hadn't got a [G]hope
as I l[C]ay there moaning on the ground, I let [G]go of the bloody [C]rope.

The barrel than being heavier, it [G]started down once [C]more,
and [F]landed right a[C]cross me, as I [F]lay upon the [G]floor.
It [F]broke three ribs and [C]my left arm and [F]I can only [G]say
that I [C]hope you'll understand why Paddy's [G]not at work to [C]day.