

The sick note Packie Manus Byrne

Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of me plight
And at the time of writing it I am not a pretty sight
Me body is all black and blue and me face a deathly grey
So I write this note to say why I'm not at work today.

Whilst working on the fourteenth floor some bricks I had to clear
To throw them down from such a height was not a good idea
The foreman wasn't very pleased he being an awkward sod
He said I'd have to cart them down the ladder in me hod.

Now removing all these bricks by hand to me seemed very slow
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below
But in me haste to do the job I was too thick to see
That a barrellful of building bricks was heavier than me.

So the moment I untied the knot the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead
Well I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found
That halfway up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Now the barrel it broke me shoulder as to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with me head
I was nearly knocked unconscious from that almighty blow
Then the barrel spilled out half its bricks fourteen floors below.

Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor
I then outweighed the barrel and I started down once more
Still holding tightly to the rope I sped towards the ground
And I landed on the heap of bricks that were all scattered round.

And as I lay there groaning on the ground I thought I'd passed the worst
When the barrel hit the pulley-wheel and then the bottom burst
A shower of bricks rained down on me I hadn't got a hope
And in me bit of panic I let go of the bloody rope.

The barrel it now being heavier it started down once more
And it landed right across me as I lay there on the floor
It broke three ribs and my left arm and that is why I say
That I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today.