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VERSE 1:

'Twas on the Monday morning, 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 the carpenter to put them back again.
 Oh, it all makes work for the working man to do.

VERSE 2:

'Twas on the Tuesday morning. 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.

VERSE 3:

'Twas on the Wednesday morning the Electrician came.
 He called me 'Mister Hall', which isn't quite my name.
 He couldn't reach the fuse box without standing on the bin,
 And his boot went thru a window, so I called a glazier in.
 Oh, it all makes work for the working man to do.

VERSE 4:

'Twas on the Thursday morning 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 -
 Then I had to get a painter in to come and paint the wall.
 Oh, it all makes work for the working man to do.

VERSE 5:

'Twas on the Friday morning the Painter made a start.
With undercoats, and overcoats, he painted every part,
Every nook and every cranny, but I found when he had 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.

VERSE 5:

On Saturday and Sunday they do no work at all,
So it was on the Monday morning that the Gas man came to call.