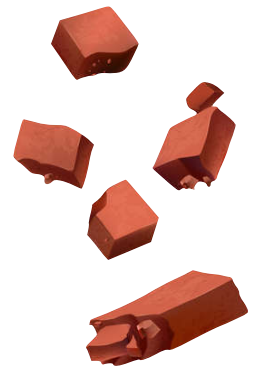


Sick Note

(Why Paddy's Not at Work Today)

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 writing, I am [C] not a pretty [G] sight; me [F] body is all [C] black and blue, me [G] face a deathly [F] 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 such a height was [C] not a good i-[G]dea. the [F] foreman wasn't [C] very pleased, he [G] being an awkward [F] 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 barrel and se-[C] cured the rope be-[G]low. But [F] in me haste to [C] do the job I [G] was too blind to [F] see that a [C] barrellful 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 to the rope I [C] started up in-[G]stead. Well, I [F] shot up like a [C] rocket till to [G] my dismay I [F] 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 top I banged the [C] pulley with my [G] head. Well, I [F] clung on tight though [C] numbed with shock from [G] this almighty [F] 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 barrel and so [C] started down once [G] more; still [F] clinging tightly [C] to the rope, [G] I sped towards the [F] ground, and I [C] landed on the broken bricks that [G] were all scattered [C] round.

While I lay groaning on the ground, I [G] thought I'd passed the [C] worst, when the [F] barrel hit the pulley-wheel and [C] then the bottom [G] burst. A [F] shower of bricks rained [C] down on me, I [G] hadn't got a [F] 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 across me, as I [C] lay upon the [G] floor. It [F] broke three ribs and [C] my left arm and [G] I can only [F] say I [C] hope you'll understand why Paddy's [G] not at work to-[C]day.