

There's No Paper Here

(tune: A Pub With No Beer)

It's lonesome away, from your kindred and co.
In the throne-room at night, where we all have to go
But there's nothing so lonesome, so morbid or drear
Than to stand in an aisle, when there's no paper here

Now the public is anxious, for the quota to come
There may not be paper, for a-wiping their bum
The Mums are all cranky, and the staff's acting queer
What a terrible place, when there's no paper here

Then the stock man rolls up, with his pallet shrink-wrapped
Overtaken by hoarders, he screams "Holy Crap!"
A mad glint in their eyes, as the rolls disappear
As with locusts to Egypt, there's no paper here

There's a Dad on the dunny, for his shopper he'll wait
But she's a non-starter, having left it too late
She searches forlornly, despair ever near
There's no place for a shopper, when there's no paper here

Old Gilly the Greenie, first time in his life
Has run out of paper, and now he's in strife
He'd settle for NewsCorp, but the irony's clear
It's a "digital" world, when there's no paper here!

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