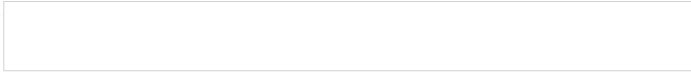




[Home](#)

[Amazon Shop](#)

[Pencil Portraits](#)



*Sung to the tune of
'The Garden Where the Praties Grow.'*

THE SICK NOTE
by
Pat Cooksey

Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey
And I write this note to say why Paddy's 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, the bloody awkward sod
He said I had to cart them down the ladders in my hod.

Now clearing all these bricks by hand, it was so very slow
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

And so when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead
I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found
That half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Well the barrel broke my shoulder, as to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head
I clung on tightly, numb with shock, from this almighty blow
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks, fourteen floors below.

Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body racked with pain
When half way down, I met the bloody barrel once again.

The force of this collision, half way up the office block
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock
Still clinging tightly to the rope I fell towards the ground
And I landed on the broken bricks the barrel scattered round.

I lay there groaning on the ground I thought I'd passed the worst
But 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
As I lay there bleeding on the ground, I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel then being heavier then started down once more
And landed right across me as I lay upon the floor
It broke three ribs, and my left arm, and I can only say
That I hope you'll understand why Paddy's not at work today.



Search Monologues

COMIC SONGS

PADDY ROBERTS

The Ballad of Bethnal Green
Merry Christmas You Suckers

TOMMY COOPER

Don't Jump Off The Roof, Dad

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Is 'E An Aussie Lizzie, Is 'E?

MAX MILLER

Lulu
The Hiking Song
Passing the Time Away
Mary From The Dairy
I Like The Girls That Do

BERNARD CRIBBINS

Right Said Fred
Hole In The Ground
Gossip Calypso

More...

HOME - OLD FAVOURITES
MORE OLD FAVOURITES
TRADITION CONTINUES
FIRST LADIES OF COMEDY
TALL STORIES
DRAMATIC PIECES
THE MILITARY
SEAFARIN' YARNS
RAILWAY TALES
SPORT
CHILDHOOD FAVOURITES
PARODIES
ADVERTISING
ANONYMOUS VERSE
ALMOST SHAKESPEARE
MORE ALBERT
SKETCHES & STORIES
LIMERICKS
COMIC SONGS
VISITOR'S SUBMISSIONS

MESSAGE BOARD

amazon.co.uk

ON-SITE SHOPPING

