

**The Sick Note**Intro: **G 2 C 4** | **G 2 3 4** 4 beats to bar

Dear [G] Sir, I write this note to you to [C] tell you of my [G] plight,  
 For [C] at the time of [G] writing I am [Am] not a pretty [D] sight.  
 My [C] body is all [G] black and blue, my [Am] face a deathly [C] grey  
 And I [G] write this note to [Em7] say why Paddy's [Am] not at [C] work [G]  
 today.

Whilst [G] working on the fourteenth floor, some [C] bricks I had to [G] clear.  
 To [C] throw them down from [G] such a height was [Am] not a good [D] idea.  
 The [C] foreman wasn't [G] very pleased, the [Am] bloody awkward [C] sod,  
 He said I [G] had to cart them [Em7] down the ladders [Am] in [C] my [G] hod.

Now [G] clearing all these bricks by hand, it [C] was so very [G] slow;  
 So [C] I hoisted up a [G] barrel and [Am] secured the rope [D] below.  
 But [C] in my haste [G] to do the job, I [Am] was too blind to [C] see  
 that a [G] barrel full of [Em7] building bricks was [Am] heavier [C] than [G]  
 me.

And [G] so when I untied the rope, the [C] barrel fell like [G] lead  
 And [C] clinging tightly [G] to the rope [Am] I started up [D] instead.  
 I [C] shot up like a [G] rocket till to my [Am] dismay [C] I found  
 That [G] half way up I [Em7] met the bloody [Am] barrel [C] coming [G] down

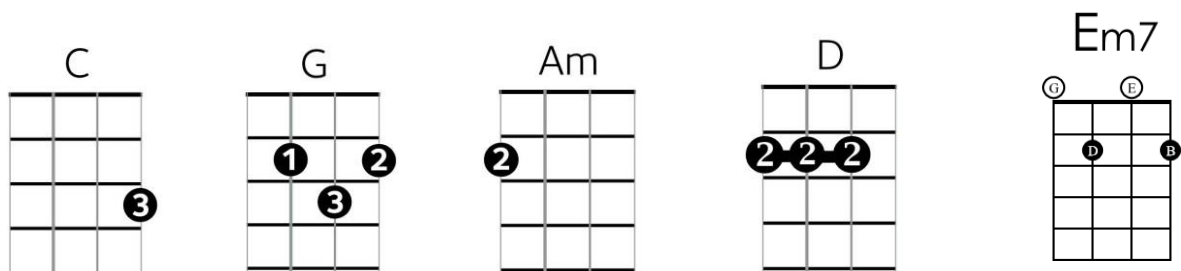
Well the [G] barrel broke my shoulder as [C] to the ground it [G] sped.  
 And [C] when I reached the [G] top I banged the [Am] pulley with my [D] head  
 I [C] clung on tightly, [G] numb with shock, from [Am] this almighty [C] blow  
 And [G] the barrel spilled [Em7] out half the bricks, [Am] fourteen [C] floors [G]  
 below.

Now [G] when these bricks had fallen, from the [C] barrel to the [G] floor;  
 I [C] then outweighed the [G] barrel and so [Am] started down once [D] more  
 Still [C] clinging tightly [G] to the rope, my [Am] body racked with [C] pain  
 When [G] half way down, I [Em7] met the bloody [Am] barrel [C] once  
 [G] again.

The [G] force of this collision, half way [C] up the office [G] block,  
 Caused [C] multiple [G] abrasions, and a [Am] nasty state of [D] shock  
 Still [C] clinging tightly [G] to the rope I [Am] fell towards the [C] ground  
 And I [G] landed on the [Em7] broken bricks, the [Am] barrel [C] scattered [G]  
 round.

I [G] lay there groaning on the ground, I [C] thought I'd passed the [G] worst  
 But the [C] barrel hit the [G] pulley wheel, and [Am] then the bottom [D] burst.  
 A [C] shower of bricks rained [G] down on me, I [Am] hadn't got a [C] hope  
 As I [G] lay there bleeding [Em7] on the ground, I let [Am] go the [C] bloody  
 [G] rope.

The [G] barrel then being heavier it [C] started down once [G] more,  
 And [C] landed right [G] across me as I [Am] lay upon the [D] floor.  
 It [C] broke three ribs, and [G] my left arm, and [Am] I can only [C] say  
 That I [G] hope you'll [Em7] understand why Paddy's [Am] not at [C] work  
 [G] today.



*The Dubliners - formed 1969*

*Words by Pat Cooksey 1969 Sung to the Music of "The Garden Where the Pratties Grow" John Patterson 1840-89.*

*Alternative Titles:*

*Why Paddy's Not at Work Today The Bricklayer's Song*

*Dear Boss*

*Paddy and the Barrel Murphy and the Bricks*