

Wasted

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A short walk, 11
 Adored, 11
 After the rain, 13
 Agony, 14
 Ailing, 8
 Ancient heart, 15
 And I, 16
 Another disaster, 16
 Another quiet night, 17
 Art, 9
 As the day, 6
 Bacchanalian, 18
 Being of, 19
 Both, 19
 Broken sleep, 21
 Calling you, 22
 Chasing dreams, 24
 Counterproductive, 9
 Dark, 24
 Demolished, 25
 Depart, 26
 Do not disturb, 27
 Easily, 28
 Empty, 29
 Erasure, 30
 Fade, 31
 Failed lightbulb, 32
 Faraway, 33
 Fresh, 10
 Grateful, 35
 Great heart, 34

Index

Greatly, 36
 Hard-headed, 37
 He punched, 39
 Heavy, 40
 Huge, 40
 Human, 42
 Human zoo, 41
 I am feeling uncertain, 43
 I am going abroad, 44
 I Am not all, 45
 I am waiting, 4
 I sit here inspired, 46
 I wanted to kill you, 75
 In the age, 10
 In the world, 47
 Inside, 48
 Killing time, 49
 Looking, 50
 More or less, 51
 Moving along, 52
 Nice to meet you, 53
 No respect, 53
 Out of this, 54
 Poverty, 56
 Pretty, 57
 Quick, 58
 Ready, 59
 Return #2, 61
 Send me a letter please, 62
 Seventy-seven eleven, 63
 Shore, 64

Should I, 65
Smashed, 65
Streets of anger, 66
Sweat, 67
Tears, 68
That mountain, 68
There is little time, 69
There is no trust, 54
Time to end the day, 70
To, 71
Trapdoor, 72
Under the trees, 7

Until, 73
Variable, 73
Waiting, 73
Wasted, 4
Woman, 76
You drove, 77
You made me, 77
You stole, 80
You turn, 81
Your mind, 82
Zealous, 5

Wasted

In life there is far too much wasted time,
far too many wasted kisses,
wasted love,
wasted wishes,
things that should never have been,
things that should have never been seen,
things never accomplished,
hopes and dreams,
subject to you,
and hard efforts,
and perseverance and dedication,
and of regrets in life,
far too many to mention.

I am waiting

I am waiting for a clue,
waiting for you,
waiting for you to give me a sign,
waiting for you to decide,
about your feelings for me,
on tenterhooks waiting for the truth,
waiting with trepidation,
and wanting you to love me,
wanting you to care,
wanting you to share my life,
waiting for an answer,
that is currently nowhere.

Zealous

Zealous,
yes, you are,
but you care and I am glad you care,
for I have found too many people in this life,
far too many people who are cold and who do not care,
and there is little warmth these days in humanity,
and it should not be,
for it is a misery this world,
and filled with despair,
and how glad I am always to see you,
and to talk with you,
for you zealously share your heart,
and do everything that you can to be there,
and to be there for me,
and I am glad to see you,
glad to be in your life,
glad to see the happiness in your eyes,
glad to be there for you,
glad to spend time with you because there is much,
I can learn from you,
and you are wise wise beyond all your years,
and oh, how you talk to me,
with such compassion and care,
and how you talk to me,
and how you guide me,
so tirelessly and unselfishly,
and how grateful I am my friend,
that you are always there.

As the day

As the day arrives, I cry at the sight of you,
and as the day arrives, I take my time,
and I look at a picture of you upon my bedside table,
and I wish you were still here,
I wish you were still here,
for you were always the one filled with cheer,
always the one filled with cheer,
and now there is only sadness,
there is only sadness,
because you are no longer here,
because you are no longer here,
and as the day arrives, into the day I go,
with an empty heart devoid of you,
devoid of you but not devoid of you in my memory,
and I am grateful for that,
because you meant everything to me,
you meant everything to me,
and how quickly time goes,
how quickly it flies,
and the memories of you will last a lifetime,
and that is everything to me,
and it helps get me through the day,
and I know you will always be there in my heart,
no matter how difficult the day,
and the strength you bring to me,
through your memory will carry me through,
but as the day arrives,
oh, how much I miss you.

Under the trees

Under the trees.

Cool shade.

Gentle breeze.

Shadows upon the ground where I lay,
and happiness and relaxation,
and come what may some peace and quiet to stir the brain,
some time to inspire the mind as I under the shadows lay,
and as I lay in the heat of the day,
there I sleep and there I dream,
and I dream of you Miala,
I dream of you, I dream of you in my arms,
and of your kisses under the trees where I lay,
where under the trees I lay in the cool of the day,
and how my heart leaps in my imagination,
as you stand there in your beautiful dress,
as you stand there with your hair blowing in the breeze,
oh, how sensuous you are,
how sensuous you are to me,
and how gloriously beautiful,
how gloriously beautiful to me,
and as you stand there before me in my dreams,
and in my memories, you hold me in your naked beauty,
and you make love to me,
you make love to me as I dream,
with a smile upon my face under the trees,
in a cool shade, in a gentle breeze,
and oh, how happy I am,
dreaming of you and dreaming of your sensuality.

Ailing

Ailing,
you are ailing unfortunately,
and I am failing,
failing to understand,
the tears that you cry,
for you say nothing and you only sigh,
you only sigh,
and when I look into your eyes,
when I look into your eyes,
I see such sadness in you,
and it is a shame to see you in such pain,
to see you in such pain,
and I can only wait,
for the time you elucidate,
elucidate your feelings,
but at the moment you are not revealing,
not revealing a thing, and it is a difficult thing,
because I sit here and I see the suffering,
and my emotions are caught up with you,
my emotions are caught up with you,
and I hate to see you this way,
I hate to see you this way,
but I will be here all the way through,
and at the end of the day,
you would do the same for me,
you would do the same for me,
and that is the way that it should be,
the way that it should be.

Art

Art, beauty,
tranquillity, civility, silence,
pictures upon a wall.
Pictures hung well and nicely lit,
a gathering in a gallery,
a beautiful place for feeding the soul.
A beautiful place for feeding the heart and the mind,
in the summertime, in the summertime with a glass of wine,
how wonderful the colours in the pictures,
how beautiful the shades and the shapes,
how beautiful the forms and the brush strokes,
and how glorious it is to stand before them,
and to ponder them and wonder at them all.

Counterproductive

Counterproductive your moralising,
your moralising and your sermonising,
counterproductive for you look down your nose at people,
and do not achieve much at all,
and it is a mistake for you to preach to me,
because you will end up looking like a fool,
you will end up looking like a fool,
and surely there are better things to do,
than to preach to the disinterested,
when all they see is your hypocrisy,
and how you have damaged society,
for you to society are not of much benefit at all.

In the age

In the age,
in the age of you,
you do not learn,
you learn nothing at all, and you stumble on,
you stumble on acting stupidly, and it is a sad state of affairs,
a sad state of affairs that should not happen at all,
in the age of you, you do not learn, you learn nothing at all,
and you live with your misery and your stupidity,
and you continue to make the same mistakes,
and you damage everything you turn your hand to,
and you repeat the mistakes again and again,
and it is a sin for you to be so stupid surely,
and for you to be so irresponsible.

Fresh

Fresh and sensational that is you,
fresh and sensational always thinking up something new,
fresh, sensational, and great,
and inventive, inventive you,
oh, how I applaud you,
how I applaud you for you always create such wonders,
as if from nothing,
and you are fresh and sensational that is you,
and I wonder how you conjure up your ideas,
how you conjure up your ideas and what inspires you,
for your mind is like a whirlwind my friend,
and oh, how I admire you.

A short walk

A short walk, a short walk down the riverbank.
A brief stroll amongst the grass.
A brief stroll to gaze,
at the lilies on the water and at the cranes,
the cranes who stand there so gloriously,
and who fly so beautifully,
up into and across the sky as I pass,
and what beauty there is in nature,
what beauty that upon the vision makes its mark,
makes its mark upon a short walk,
down by the riverbank as I take my time,
and as the birds in the trees sing so happily,
I sit by the river near some flowers in the grass,
and oh, how the scent of them,
it livens me and it brightens me,
and inside me does cause a spark, a spark of inspiration,
a burst of inspiration from my fascination of nature,
nature that sprawls gloriously before me,
and that so wonderfully captures my heart.

Adored

You were adored,
you were adored but not anymore,
you were adored,
adored but I grew bored,
for you never reciprocated in the same way that I did,
and I felt for you a lot more than you felt for me,

and I felt half of what I should after a while
after a while when you looked at me,
and I felt as if,
well, I did not know for sure,
because being with you was like treading on eggshells,
well, probably worse,
more like treading on glass,
and swallowing it at the same time,
and it was savagery,
true savagery,
for your savage words,
they frequently savaged me,
and damaged me,
and you were adored but no, not anymore,
not anymore for I am better off in peace,
and yes, I am still in pieces,
and picking them up off of the floor,
and oh, how painful it is,
for it was true love once on my part,
and you were truly adored,
truly adored but not anymore,
yes, you were adored,
adored but I grew bored,
and I am better off alone,
and saner than before,
because you drove me insane,
and I could not cope anymore,
and yes, here I am sad lonely me,
sad, but alive,
and still picking up the pieces of me from the floor.

After the rain

After the rain came,
after the rain came,
and you were washed away down the street,
I sat in the café,
and I had two lumps of sugar with my coffee,
and I sat contemplating,
contemplating the fragility of you,
and I wondered if you would ever change,
I wondered if you would ever change,
and I thought,
I thought of you in the rain,
in the rain walking away,
and you,
you always seem to be living in a storm,
living in a storm with rain clouds above your head,
and you seem always to be that way;
and whatever you seem to do,
you always seem to end up in a storm no matter what,
and I wish that you would live in the sun someday,
I wish that you would live in the sun someday and be happy,
for life is much better that way,
but you seem to have this knack about you,
and from the sun you seem to shy away,
and it is a shame,
a shame for it really does no good for your brain,
but you seem to throw your chances to the wind
subconsciously,
and you do not seem to wish to be happy,

and it is a terrible shame,
a terrible shame and I picture you,
over and over again on an endless loop,
walking away in the rain,
walking away in the rain with an unhappy face,
battling the elements of your life,
and gritting your teeth and barely ever complaining,
barely ever complaining.

Oh, the pain,

oh, the pain.

Walking away in the rain,
walking away from happiness,
waking away in the rain,
walking away in the rain never to be the same,
never to be the same.

Agony

Agony is written upon your face.

Agony,

agony and pain, and it is such a wrench to see you that way,
and it is a terrible thing because you drink too much and
smoke too much,

and you no longer sing,

you no longer sing like you used to,

you no longer do anything that you used to do,

and you no longer seem to talk like you used to,

and I do not know to approach you,

for I cannot seem to fathom you out anymore,

and I cannot help you,

I cannot help you for you are alien to me,
alien to me and I do not know where to begin anymore,
and I do not think that you know yourself anymore,
and who is to blame,
who is to blame?

The one who broke your heart,
the one who broke your heart who is laying in a grave?
it seems that way,
and it seems that despite this you cannot seem to move on,
and you cannot seem to move on from your pain,
and it is a shame because you are beautiful,
and intelligent but seemingly forever changed,
seemingly forever changed,
and you have a damaged a heart,
and your emotions have been torn apart,
by the treatment of another who is laying in his grave.

Ancient heart

Ancient heart,
wise eyes.
Wrinkles here and there but no surprise,
ancient heart all laughter and smiles,
sat in a rocking chair upon a porch in the sun.
A happy face,
a memorable one,
and as we pass the vision of her happiness,
over the rest of the day it continues to linger on,
and my journey with her spirit in me,
it carries on, enjoyably on.

And I

And I,
I see,
the whole of me,
but you,
you judge me and you do not use your brain wisely,
and I do not say that lightly,
I do not say that lightly,
and it bothers me,
that you could be so ignorant and uneducated,
and you do not listen or understand as clearly as you should,
and your ignorance well it will only make a fool of you,
for it certainly will not make a fool of me.

Another disaster

Another disaster,
another disaster with you,
for you come crawling to me,
almost on the floor and crying your eyes out,
and once again I try to help you,
I try to help you the best that I can do,
and you always seem,
unable to deal with emotional problems,
emotional problems it is true,
and you,
you look strong but you are not strong,
and you are like a little bird with broken wings,
and you never seem to heal,

and continually you seem to find,
the people who are the worst for you,
and you and your relationships are tempestuous and vicious,
and bitter and acrimonious,
and you end up fighting far too many times,
and you do not learn and there is always another disaster,
another disaster with you,
and yes, I will always do my best to help you,
because what are friends for,
yes, to help that is true,
yes, to help that is true.

Another quiet night

Another quiet night.
The stars are out,
and the moon,
the moon is shining bright,
and you are in my arms,
and everything is alright,
everything is alright and there is calm and there is quiet,
and we have some wine,
some wine here in the summer evening,
and I am grateful for your company,
and you are grateful for mine,
and it is another quiet night,
and the stars are out and the moon,
and the moon is shining bright,
and we revel in the delights,
and we smile happily in the candlelight,

on the patio outside whilst we eat dinner,
and the fireflies,
how gloriously they light up the sky,
and how great is the evening,
and its majesty, its majesty of many colours as the sun sets,
and how happy in love we are,
you and I, you and I.

Bacchanalian

In your bacchanalian revelry,
you looked at me and saw three,
and it was hard to see what value your opinions had,
what value at all for they were no good to me,
and when you shouted at me through your open window,
where you were sat upon your sofa swearing at the TV,
and oh, how could you possibly see,
with your fifty cans of beer,
and your mountains of food on the table, and your gluttony,
and, when I looked at you,
I was glad I could only see one of you,
as I passed your house,
you the sofa pundit of the century, who I regularly see,
who I regularly see as I walk down the street,
for you are sat in your living room,
with enough food for a king,
as you sit there shouting out mostly abuse,
and shouting out words,
words that make no sense in your bacchanalian revelry,
but it does bring a smile to me.

Being of

Being of not much importance does not bother me,
because I wish for a simple life,
a simple life as simple as can be,
and I do not wish for complexity,
no, I do not wish for complexity,
for it does no good to me,
it does no good to me,
and being of not much importance does not bother me,
because I have no grand desires,
and I have no want to be,
greater egotistically than I should be,
and being of not much importance does not bother me,
because I wish for a simple life,
a simple life as simple as can be,
and being of not much importance well,
that is fine by me.

Both

Both,
both of these things,
both of these things they are not you,
not the real you and the jealousy,
and the bitterness,
that comes from a broken heart,
well, you had it rough,
but you were never like this before,
before you had heartbreak,

before you had tragedy in love,
before you suffered such agony,
you were truly a different person,
and I wish,
I could get back the old you,
I wish I could get back the old you,
but you cannot seem,
to revert to the previous you,
and jealousy and bitterness comes,
as if at the flick of a switch,
and so quickly off you go,
quickly off you go,
into the combative you,
and you fight everyone you do,
you fight everyone you do,
and you do not clearly see these days,
you do not see clearly it is true,
and I wish you could get back,
get back to the old you,
because how much better you were,
and this bitterness in you,
it should not be,
it should not be in you,
no, no, no, it is not you,
and oh, how painful it is,
to watch it in you,
the you,
that lashes out at everyone that you care about,
like you do,
like you do.

Broken sleep

Broken sleep,
broken sleep and sunshine.
Sunshine streaming through,
fluffy clouds in the sky.
A dream,
a dream gone quickly in the blink of an eye.
An awakening,
an awakening and a sigh,
as I watch the world outside,
as the clock upon the wall, it ticks and it tocks,
and time passes slowly as the sun sets itself in the sky,
and as I eat my breakfast,
I contemplate the empty bed,
where you were laying just yesterday,
and I think to myself how quickly you can miss someone,
how quickly,
and although you are only gone away for a week,
it seems longer than just a day,
just a day since you have left,
and I cannot wait for your return,
and as I sit here in the air,
I smell you and the fragrance that you wear,
and I look at your photographs,
and with you smiling back at me,
it is not as bad, but I have you in my memories,
and as they say,
absence makes the heart grow fonder,
and my heart how it aches for you,

how it aches for you,
but you are always in my heart,
no matter where you are,
and wherever you will be,
and as I sit in the sunshine,
I sit thinking of you,
I sit thinking of you, and I am happy,
and you too I am sure are thinking of me,
I am sure you are thinking of me,
as you travel across the sea.

Calling you

Calling you.
Calling you an angel,
yes, I am calling you,
for you are an angel,
who flew to me from out of the blue,
and I,
I was overwhelmed by you,
I was overwhelmed by you,
for how great you are to me,
because you took the tears from my eyes,
and from me you created something new,
and you filled my heart with joy,
you filled me with joy because intuitive you are,
and how quickly you figured out,
what was wrong with me when you came to me,
how quickly you figured it out,
when I begged for your help,

and you were there as soon as you could be,
and you rescued me from myself,
for you are angel,
an angel from out of the blue,
and yes, I can always trust you,
and yes, I am lucky to have you,
I am truly lucky to have you,
for it was chance that I met you,
and fate brought you to me,
so many moons ago from across the sea,
and you are like magic to me,
like magic to me,
and I will always be grateful for you,
and now I love you with all of me,
I love you with all of me,
for you treated me so caringly,
and so compassionately,
and I am glad you are here,
for you came to me,
when my world was dark,
and when I was filled with fear,
and you,
I love you for you,
for you are an angel to me,
and in your arms how I cry happy tears,
happy tears,
for you have erased all my fears,
replaced them with love over the years,
over the years and now there is only love,
only love and happy tears.

Chasing dreams

Chasing dreams amidst the sunshine,
amidst the sunshine with you.
Chasing dreams in our boat upon the ocean,
our boat with the beautiful views.
Chasing dreams whilst sitting on deck having a drink or two,
sitting watching the sunset,
and the sun rise as the seagulls fly high in the sky,
and we head for the Caribbean islands with calm,
and peaceful minds,
and beautiful calm seas of clearest blue,
yes, chasing dreams amidst the sunshine,
amidst the sunshine with you.
Chasing dreams in our boat upon the ocean,
our boat with the beautiful views,
and oh, how grand life is,
how grand life is, when we travel together just me and you.

Dark

Dark,
disturbing,
blood curdling screams,
dark,
nightmares,
frightening daydreams.
Daydreams where days do not seem to be reality.
A weird place in time,
a lost time in the garden of the mind,

a place not really being me,
a place not really being me,
a place far removed from me,
a place where I exist in a daze,
a crazy place,
a crazy place with hazy memories,
and such darkness,
and disturbing blood curdling screams,
and such dark nightmares and frightening daydreams,
daydreams where days do not seem to be reality,
the stress of modern life taking its toll,
upon the mind with a grinding regularity,
a grinding regularity leaving me worn out and weary,
a place far too often visited,
a place that I have no wish to be.
A place of recovery,
a place where I feel hollow and not truly me.

Demolished

Demolished by nothing at all and tougher than most,
and mentally stronger than most that is, you,
that is, you and you never seem to flinch at anything,
no, nothing at all for what good would it do,
what good would it do?
For you see weakness in emotions,
and what have you been through I wonder?
Yes, what have you been through I wonder,
to toughen you as much as you are today,
for you are seemingly tougher than diamonds,

and no negativity enters you,
and you do not take any prisoners it is true,
and you are demolished by nothing,
demolished by nothing at all,
and you are tougher than most,
and mentally stronger than most and that is you,
and I cannot imagine you laid low by anything at all,
and it would be a shock to me if you were,
but I have not seen it and you,
you are an army of you, you truly are an army of you,
and nothing gets to you, nothing gets to you,
and I wish I could be the same as you,
yes, I could get tips from you, I could get tips from you.

Depart

Departing now for heaven awaits, and its pearly gates,
or that is the dream that I and many others do allow,
departing now, departing now at the end of our time,
and I wonder if everyone in heaven will be truly happy,
or will there be people wearing constant frowns,
and will people still be agitated and aggravated,
by the world that they have left behind,
where they could not always fulfil their dreams,
and where they had to cope,
with the constant irritations of humankind,
and the irritations of Earth,
will they still linger in the mind,
or will people's minds be blanked by God,
as into heaven they walk with a smile?

Do not disturb

Do not disturb,
do not disturb,
for I am disturbed enough already,
and I am ready to not be disturbed,
for I want to be happy,
and not unhappy,
which is far too often the case,
and it is a disgrace,
so, I will stay indoors,
with the finest wines,
and I will stay away from the human race,
I will stay away from the human race,
because that is the only place,
where I will find peace,
because there is far too little peace in this world,
and far too much grief,
far too much grief,
and I wish it was not the case,
because I cannot keep up with the human race,
and life is far too frantic these days,
and I can quite happily spend whole weekends,
with bottles of wine,
and engrossed in books,
because in my own home,
that is the only place,
I can find sanity,
the only place I can find sanity,
yes, it is away from the human race.

Easily

Easily slips the day away,
easily slips the day away,
and how rapidly the night,
it wraps you up in its cloak,
and how beautiful it is above your head,
while you contemplate yourself,
and your part in it,
and what a place it is the birthplace of you,
what a place it is and how glorious too,
and how it warms you,
with its majesty and its light,
and how divine the light is when it comes to you,
and under the stars,
I wonder what the chances of you are,
what are the chances of you,
an astronomical amount,
a number so huge you would need,
the space of several universes to write it down,
upon it is true,
and after the day has so easily slipped away,
after it has slipped away,
what an inspiration are the heavens,
and the glories that display themselves so beautifully,
so beautifully before our eyes,
and what a spectacle it is,
for its beauty can easily bring tears to your eyes,
and how easily the night can slip away,
staring at the heavenly skies.

Empty

Empty cup,
empty glass,
empty bottle and an empty wine cellar.
Empty love,
socialising for one,
eating a lonely dinner,
a lonely dinner,
and silence,
silence has begun,
a quiet contemplation of having no love,
pouring over the reasons why,
why no one has come along,
and as hard as it is you are not the only one,
not the only one eating your dinner in the evening sun,
no, not the only one,
and you have almost forgotten how love feels,
and what it means,
forgotten what love means,
and how your heart it aches for someone,
and oh, how your heart it aches for someone,
and you hope for it again, love,
but will the wonder ever come,
will the wonder ever come?
For you are lonely but you barely shed any tears,
and the chances of love seem to be slim,
but you hope for love, and it is a gamble,
and it fills you with unease,
as you eat your dinner in the evening sun.

Erasure

Erasure,
erasure of love,
eradication of dedication,
and frustration,
and destruction of the creations of imaginations,
and destruction of thoughts and fascinations,
and quiet contemplations,
and the quiet storms,
and the bombacity,
bombacity,
that rages through the mind,
with such tenacity,
with such tenacity,
that leaves such devastation,
such devastation and creation,
and beautiful ideas that never come to fruition,
and who may never be fully formed,
and oh, what a condition,
what a condition that brings such pleasure,
such pleasure,
from the final workings of the imagination,
the pleasure satiates the mind,
with the beauty of its form and shape,
the form and shape,
that comes from the waves of thoughts,
waves of thoughts that result,
in the final hard-earned works of art,
the final hard-earned works of the imagination.

Fade

Fade out.

Fade in,

flickering's of consciousness,

a smile,

a frown,

happiness and sadness,

eyes blinking,

in the crowd,

eyes blinking,

and looking all around,

people moving slowly,

slowly,

in a kind of beauty,

a kind of beauty,

that drunkenness allows.

Fade out,

fade in,

flickering's of consciousness,

a smile,

a frown,

reflections and thoughts,

and eyes,

eyes wandering all around,

and contemplation,

and discombobulation.

Alcoholic inebriation,

and joy,

joy watching the world go around.

Failed lightbulb

Failed lightbulb.

Sat in the dark,

sat in the dark with a remorseful heart,

sat in the dark with a remorseful heart,

and crying one's eyes out,

and wanting of this world,

to no longer be a part.

Failed lightbulb,

broken heart,

a relationship gone wrong,

a suicidal love from the start.

Oh, how you choose them,

you think to yourself,

in your misery,

and how you pull out your hair,

and how you wish to shoot an arrow at eros,

for playing his part,

his part in your broken heart,

and as you curl up in your ball upon the chair,

you do not care for the world,

for it is far too dark,

and even in the sun,

it will not warm your broken heart,

it will not warm your broken heart

and your tears will probably,

soon flood the room,

and for the world,

you will soon have to build an ark.

Far away

Far away,
you threw yourself into the ocean,
far away because you had had enough,
and the powerful waves they took you,
and they sent you to your watery grave,
and your life was taken away by the water,
that so often saves,
and I feel ashamed,
I feel ashamed that I could not do more that day,
and I feel ashamed,
that I was not there for you,
but I did not know of your pain,
because you did not complain,
you did not complain and the water it took you,
the water it took you away,
and it took your pain away,
and I will never see you again,
I will never see you again,
and the pain it remains,
the pain it remains,
and it aches in my heart,
how you ended your life,
and I am ashamed I did not know of your pain,
and in my eyes these days,
there are always tears,
when I think of you,
tears and shame,
tears and shame.

Great heart

You have a great heart you vicious sod,
you verbally abuse and berate everyone,
who do not care where you have trod,
but you think you are an angel,
and your advice is worth more than it is,
but you are foul mouthed and uncouth,
and your words do not soothe,
and it is as if you are pouring petrol on the flames,
for all there is with you is explosions of hate and pain,
hate and pain and it is a shame,
a shame and you I am sure are slightly deranged,
but you never seem to change,
you never seem to change, and you never listen,
and you never understand what people say,
because you do not care,
and you, you only have time to listen to yourself,
and to try to conquer the world,
to try to conquer the world with your verbal barrage,
that never gets you anywhere,
and only leaves people angry and in despair,
and for the likes of you I do not care,
so, I will never converse with the likes of you,
as I have seen your vicious barbarity before,
and it does not suit you,
and I do not think that you will ever change,
and when I see you, it brings me out in a rage,
and I have no time for such unpleasantness,
so, from the likes of you I will always walk away.

Grateful

Grateful for the day that swept upon me in its wintry ways,
grateful for the day,
grateful to see the snowflakes again,
grateful for the words that you say,
amidst the snowflakes that bring a smile to my face,
amidst the coldness,
and the icy wind that blows,
grateful for your company,
as we trudge through the snow upon the ground,
and past the branches of the trees,
with the weight of the snow hanging down,
grateful to be out on the town headed for the nearest bar,
grateful to be soon warmed up,
and discussing the world with you my friend,
grateful to be laughing with you again,
for you only rarely visit,
and not much when the winter comes,
and how well you look my friend in the winter sun,
in the winter sun and with a few drinks inside us,
there is nothing that we will not discuss,
for your wisdom is as the day is long,
and you,
you with your stories to tell,
how beautifully you tell them,
and how beautifully you express yourself,
and how I smile,
when I envision all the places that you have been,
and all the characters that you have met,

and that you have seen,
and what a joy it is to have you here again my friend,
and how we will laugh,
and stumble around until the evenings end,
until the evenings end after drinking our fill,
and celebrating your journeys and our lives,
and how glad I am you are here to bring such cheer,
and I hope you stay for a week or two longer,
because life is not the same without you,
and we have all day,
so, let us drink to wisdom and friends,
and laugh till the end,
and laugh our cares away.

Greatly

Self-pitying.
Greatly underappreciated,
greatly overwhelmed,
greatly needing,
greatly wanting to be absolved,
absolved for your part in the number of broken hearts,
that you have left in a trail behind you,
and the countless bodies of people,
that you have torn verbally apart,
and yet, you want pity now that you are alone,
you want to be understood,
you want to be listened to,
but you should take a good look at you,
for your love it did no one any good because it was vicious,

brutal and cruel,
and you savaged so many people with your selfishness,
and you did not care truly for their hearts,
you did not truly care,
and when you try to reach out for someone,
you have annoyed everyone,
and there is no one there to listen,
no one there to listen at all,
and it is a downward spiral of despair,
a downward spiral of despair,
and you will only get out of it,
if you begin to treat people fairly,
and you begin to be compassionate, and you begin to care.

Hard-headed

Hard-headed savage,
smashing through metaphorical windows.
Hard-headed savage not caring about the damage.
Hard-headed savage,
bitter and twisted,
a vicious old witch,
yes, I know you and you are sick and twisted,
and really, I doubt your sanity,
because what is the purpose of your life,
not much at all because your mentality is all wrong,
and you seem to have no purpose at all,
except to mentally abuse people,
for you mentally abuse,
anyone who does not agree with you,

and you are despised and you only care about you,
and you hit out at those,
who do not give you what you want,
or who will not listen to you,
and you are despicable and mentally ill,
and you conduct vendettas against people,
who about life know better than you,
and you are a hard-headed savage,
smashing through metaphorical windows,
not caring about the damage.

Yes,
a hard-headed savage,
a bitter and twisted vicious old witch,
yes,
I know you,
I know you,
for you have no heart,
no heart at all and what good does it do you?
No,
none,
none but you do not care,
and you are insufferable,
insufferable,
and I wish your life had never existed,
though I should not I know,
but the misery and the pain,
that you have brought to so many people,
well, you are evil,
pure evil and you deserve hell for it all,
you deserve hell for it all.

He punched

In anger he punched the window and shattered the glass.
He looked at himself, and he looked at his broken heart.
He looked at the broken pieces of the glass,
and he picked them up in his depressed state,
and he thought of harming himself,
but the world was already dark enough,
and he chose to cling to life,
for death was a gamble, and heaven and hell are uncertain,
and in life he took a chance, and so many do not,
so many do not, and cannot live with such broken hearts,
but this world, this world it is a tragedy for so many,
a tragedy that should not be,
that should not be filled with anxiety and pressure,
because it helps no one and does not advance society,
but why cannot society realise,
simplicity brings much more happiness,
for happiness is far too rarely seen,
and it is a sad state of affairs that should not be,
and many do not choose to live, but instead choose suicide,
and life is a gamble and a terrible game of chance,
but depression is an awful thing,
and far too many people's lives are ended early,
and die broken hearted and without fulfilling their dreams,
and it should not be because people should be able to be free,
free of such stress and such anxiety that the world and
society seem to force upon so many,
as if organised by a subversive God,
in a terrible deliberate machiavellian dream.

Heavy

Heavy on the mind.

Heavy.

Heavy times.

Time out.

Weighed down with far too much on the mind.

Far too much anxiety and depression.

Far too little peace of mind.

Far too much war, chaos, and disorder,

and never enough time,

never enough time away,

from the disasters of mankind,

disasters that weigh heavy,

disasters that always weigh heavy on the mind.

Huge

Huge.

Hugely significant.

Over inflation.

Frustration.

Irritation.

Terrible suffering and great indignation,

great indignation,

and the prices of so many things vastly overinflated,

and what a sad reality it is,

what a sad reality it is to see the hindering of society,

and the devastation upon society that it brings,

but what will it take to change how things are,

for it seems deranged,
a deranged age,
a crazy time,
where life and health is not as important as materialism,
the materialism that rules the world with an iron fist,
to the detriment of most,
a system where people are enslaved by material values,
and the grinding unhappiness that it brings,
the grinding unhappiness to all,
and to those that you love most.

Human zoo

We humans,
we have built our own human zoo,
because we act liked caged animals,
and we are animals,
but we call ourselves humans,
but we pretend that we are more intelligent,
more intelligent than the lesser animals who roam the Earth,
but we seem to be less organised,
and the lesser animals,
they seem to live without chaos,
and in well-structured societies,
but us,
we cause chaos and damage all over the place,
and we,
we do not live as harmoniously as we should do,
and we are stupid far too often,
and we are far too mean,

and we destroy so many things,
unlike the lesser animals that we look down upon,
and who we kill far too frequently,
and we,
we humans,
we have built our own human zoo,
because we act liked caged animals,
and we should act better,
and treat other humans better than we do.

Human

Human,
human,
are we, are we really human,
because there are so many examples in society,
where we do not seem to be human at all,
for there are countless rapes,
countless tortures and murders,
and they do not seem to make us very human,
and I feel ashamed to call myself human,
and I wish humanity would learn from history,
but far too often it does not learn at all,
and we continue to treat each other most awfully,
and it is a sad thing to see,
and it is a terrible shame that it happens at all,
so, are we human, are we human, are we human really?
For there are so many awful examples,
of violence against humans in society,
and we do not seem to be human at all.

I am feeling uncertain

I am feeling uncertain,
feeling uncertain about life,
and I am looking for love,
in a world that isn't right,
and I am feeling uncertain,
and not really having the time of my life,
and I am looking,
I am looking for a wife,
for I, in me,
I do not feel complete,
and I hope,
and I pray every day,
but what are the chances of love,
I do not know but love,
it always seems to pass me by,
and I always spend far too much time,
with a troubled heart,
and a troubled mind,
and though love seems to be,
the cure, life is so unkind,
life is so unkind, and I can only sigh,
I can only sigh,
and wherever I am,
it is not where love is,
and love it far too often passes me by,
and I wish I knew,
I wish I knew why,
I wish I knew why.

I am going abroad

I am going abroad,
I am going abroad,
for a holiday,
for I have no time left,
to save my own sanity,
and by staying here my sanity,
will only be eroded away,
it will be eroded away,
and it is no good for me,
for life is as dull as it can be,
and I do not enjoy it at all,
and what is the point of life,
if it is only but a misery,
none for it makes no sense to me,
and I have no time for misery at all,
so, I am off on holiday,
off on holiday abroad,
where I hope my sanity will be restored,
for it cannot get any worse in this dull life,
because I am just working all hours in the day,
of which I truly do deplore,
and no,
sadly, I never have a smile on my face anymore,
so, I am going abroad for a holiday,
which seems to be,
the only sane choice to me,
and on holiday at least,
I will have a smile on my face once more.

I Am not all

In me,
in myself,
I am not all,
I am not all that bad,
and I am not all that happy,
and I am not all that glad,
and I am not at all terribly sure,
and I am not wishing,
for anything in particular,
not wishing for anything in particular at all,
but I never wake from this state,
for the world is a savage place,
and I will be most likely be,
prevaricating,
until the end of the human race,
and in my indecisions,
in my indecisions I can only wish,
that this is not forever the case,
and I wish the world,
was not so stressful,
because I can see,
why there are so many suicides,
and it is a sad fate,
a sad fate, and yes, it is not for me,
but I am too busy prevaricating,
over every little thing,
over every little thing,
and it probably will always be the case.

I sit here inspired

I sit here inspired,
inspired but slightly tired,
I sit here and I think of the year,
and of what I admired,
and I find inspiration for next year,
is already forming in my mind,
and I find solitude in the closure of time,
and I find a peace,
knowing that you are at rest,
in your grave,
and knowing that for you I did my best,
and I am glad that the year,
was not filled with sadness,
and I am glad that we, all us friends,
had laughter and smiles,
and travelled far and wide,
and I am glad we had so many things to learn,
and so many new people to meet,
for what a beautiful thing is life,
when it is so full and busy,
and with happiness replete,
and yes, you had a good life too,
and I sit here at the end of the year,
and as the end of the year comes to a close,
I look up at the stars,
and I ponder them,
and I ponder how quickly life goes,
how quickly life goes.

In the world

In the world where I exist,
there is peace and solitude and a little kiss,
a little kiss or two,
from such inspiration that may arise in solitude,
and I do not mind living in a bubble alone,
alone and far away,
far away from everyone,
for it is much better for mental health,
and there are so many people,
so many people who do not care,
about mental health at all,
so, many people,
who will try to drag you down in the world,
so many people who will mentally abuse you,
and belittle you,
and torture you,
with their own ignorance,
and yes, you are better off,
far away from it all,
better off far away from it all,
and in the world where I exist,
there is peace and solitude and a little kiss,
a little kiss or two,
from such inspiration that may arise in solitude,
and I do not mind living in a bubble alone,
alone and far away from everyone,
where I can think more clearly,
and I can rise above it all.

Inside

Inside the coat,
a gun,
inside the coat
a note, a note for his mum,
a shopping list,
something for dinner after he has finished killing someone,
and inside the coat a bottle of rum,
and inside the coat a gun and upon his face,
the early evening sun,
and in his mind killing time,
killing time with no cares in the world,
and work to be done,
work to be done,
and with thoughts of blood and bodies,
he smiles because he is not right in the head,
but he is keen for fun, keen for fun,
and oh, how he will laugh sadistically,
for he gets paid extra to be crazy,
and he lives to put fear into people,
and until he has the work,
he is not truly happy,
until he has murdered someone,
and then he will go back home to his mum,
and give her some money,
from the money he has earnt killing someone,
and she will smile at him and pat him on the head,
the favourite son,
the favourite son.

Killing time

Killing time,
killing time,
is not as fun as it should be,
and time it drags so slowly on,
in life's multiple miseries,
and I wish it was not so,
for time is not meant for wasting,
and wasting time,
is not what life should be about,
but it happens far too regularly,
because all we seem to have is,
a fraction of our lives to enjoy ourselves,
and it is not the way it should be,
for we so often try,
to escape the mundanity,
and we live our lives so automatically,
and it is mostly a blur,
mostly a blur and all we do is kill time,
and feel empty and wait to cram happiness in,
wait to cram as much happiness as we can,
into a small-time frame,
a time frame,
which is much smaller than it should be,
and the time of our lives,
well, there are barely any to see,
barely any to see,
and barely any to remember,
and it crucifies humanity.

Looking

Looking at things afresh,
looking at the mess,
looking at you and what you did to me,
I can see how you were to blame and not me,
for you chose to leave and you kept yoyoing back to me,
and how painful it was to me,
and no, it should not have been,
it should not have been,
but it was as if a terrible dream,
because we kept arguing constantly,
and breaking up and everything in between,
and it was hard to leave you,
for there was great chemistry between us,
and it was explosive and though I loved you,
our love was like a flame to petrol,
and we exploded more often than we were at peace,
at peace in our love and I had to leave for my own sanity,
and I am truly glad to be free,
for it was only a destructive relationship,
and it shattered me into pieces constantly,
it shattered me into pieces constantly,
and I was always trying to pick myself up,
and it was harder than it looked,
and I grew more tired and weary,
and the love it slipped away,
and I grew more and more depressed and distressed,
and oh, how awful relationships are,
when you are as fiery,

and as indecisive as you were with me,
and I am glad to be free,
glad to be free but it took such time,
and the pain well,
it was a terrible shame, but we were not meant to be,
and so too we were not meant to be,
me and you,
me and you and your bombacity,
and your ferocious tenacity,
your ferocious tenacity,
and your capability at being spiteful,
and as bitter as can be.

More or less

More or less take a wild guess, take a wild guess.
Tattoos and crazy eyes and high,
On drugs and out of your mind and in a mess,
yes, the psycho who likes to fight,
the psycho who likes to start arguments,
and who likes to carry a knife,
carry a knife out in public,
and who likes to leave people in tears of distress,
and a person who is a savage, a barbarian,
a lunatic who smashes windows, and cracks open heads,
yes, there you are at the bar in your leather jacket,
yet again, ah yes.
I will get a taxi home to avoid you,
when you have had more than a few,
and when you are in a mood to leave people in a mess.

Moving along

We are moving along,
past a man on a bicycle with chickens in a basket,
and a hat on,
as we weave in and out of the traffic,
in Vietnam, with the rock and roll on,
and we head for Hanoi,
whilst imagining the hell of the Vietnam war,
and the falling bombs,
yes, we are moving along,
moving along to the rock and roll of our favourite songs,
and we are glad to be alive in the Vietnam sun,
glad to be alive,
amongst the ghosts of the Vietnam war,
that continue to live on,
and we are heading for the temple of Bach Ma,
and the market of Đồng Xuân,
and we will visit the memorials of the fallen and gone,
and we look forward to more welcoming smiles,
that we have already seen in the many places,
where we have already been,
and we will enjoy the food,
and think ourselves lucky to see peace,
in a country once totally devastated by war,
and we will pay our respects wherever we go,
for the dead are the reason that we can be here,
and they are the reason for peace,
the reason that we can enjoy Vietnam,
and its beauty in the Vietnam sun.

Nice to meet you

It was nice of you to pass on by,
nice of you to say hello, and thanks for stopping to say hi,
and it was great to meet you,
even though it was just,
in the blink of an eye,
in the blink of an eye as you flew,
as you flew quickly on by,
and it was a short hello and a short goodbye,
to a person in a small plane,
of who I do not know who you are,
or your name but I am glad you came,
so,
hello,
farewell and goodbye,
yes, it was great to meet you in the blink of an eye.

No respect

No respect for eavesdroppers,
no respect,
no respect for gossips or curtain twitchers,
the lowest of the low,
the most obnoxious of pests.
No respect for eavesdroppers,
no respect,
no respect for gossips or curtain twitchers,
no respect for the invasion of people's privacy,
and mental health, in their massive show of disrespect.

There is no trust

There is no trust here, only dislike and fear,
there is no trust here, yes, no trust all,
for the country is filled with lies and liars who despise,
liars who despise you when you tell the truth,
and who are generally rather uncouth,
and there is no trust amongst any of us,
and there is no trust in a country,
where a psychopathic dictator rules the roost,
and there is no trust but only fear,
only fear, executions, murders, and tortures,
and if you live to an old age, it will be a miracle,
and if you do not disappear it will be a miracle too,
for there is only trust in you and paranoia and fear,
paranoia and fear throughout the country
and blood and bodies,
and people who seemingly for no reason disappear.

Out of this

Out of this I had a wish,
I had a wish for more,
for you shone like the sun and there was only lust,
and a little gold and I wanted more,
but you are so elusive in the streams,
where I mostly stand forlorn,
and I rarely find you, the gold of which dreams are made,
and of which lives are changed but nothing came,
nothing came today,

and little rarely comes at all,
and out of this,
I had a wish,
I had a wish for more,
but you lay hidden from me mostly,
but I will be,
coming back to look for you once more,
and maybe one day,
I will get lucky,
I will get lucky once more,
and if I am truly lucky,
my life will change completely,
and I will have no worries,
about money anymore,
I will have no worries at all,
and what a pleasant thought that is,
what a pleasant thought,
and what I would not give,
to be able to live off the gold,
I find in the streams,
but it is but a dream,
but a dream,
and I can only cross my fingers,
and wish and hope for it to become reality,
and what a reality it would be,
to find a piece of gold,
large enough to set me up for life,
and how truly truly,
happy I would be,
forevermore.

Poverty

A taxi driver asleep, in his cab at the side of the road,
as car alarms go off in the street,
and people walk past boarded up shops,
and empty bottles in the gutter,
and broken people with broken lives,
pull out guns and knives, and swear far too many times,
and shout at every other person who they see,
people who walk quickly away in fear,
people who fear for their lives,
people trying to get home to their children,
and their husbands and their wives,
people, people trying to stay alive,
people in the city, people scared to go out night,
people in the ghettos who live where there is great poverty,
and yet, only a mile down the road there is great luxury,
and what a contradiction between the two there is,
and it is not the way that it should be,
but unfortunately, it is the reality, the reality,
a grinding misery, a devastation upon society,
and an inequality that ravages all who live in its shadow,
and that damages people's mentalities,
and poverty is a disease, a disease of ill thought and greed,
by those in power and those not,
and those corporate companies,
and people who have more than they need,
and who pay far too little tax,
and who get richer whilst the poorer,
continue to live in misery and cannot relax.

Pretty

Pretty as a picture,
pretty you are with a smile upon your face,
as you sit in the cool air,
and as you wander here and there,
as you wander here and there in your memories,
and as I look at you,
I look at you and I linger in your eyes,
and they are full of care,
they are full of care and how beautiful is your gentility,
that with me you share,
and oh, how beautiful,
and what sentiments and sensitivities there are,
and how gently you hold me,
and how you cuddle me,
when you are finished with your thinking,
when you have run out of thoughts,
and of your intellectual pursuits of,
in which you try to fix the world,
and always of them you have a lot,
and I,
I am glad when you come down from out of the clouds,
and when you look at me and you kiss me,
and we revel passionately in the love that we share,
for you are as pretty as a picture,
pretty you are,
and oh, how time flies,
how time flies,
next to you my beautiful shining star.

Quick

Quick,
quick,
slow,
start,
stop.

Rain,

I wish,

I wish you would make up your mind,
for I have things to do,
and of them rather a lot,
so, please can you not rain,
when I go outside?

For my life,

it seems to be far too often,
far too often,
dictated by you,
and it is not,
what it should be,
more often than not.

Quick,
quick,
slow,
start,
stop.

A rather a tiresome lot.

Oh, rain,

oh, rain,

I wish that you would stop.

Ready

Ready,
ready upon the roof to see the proof,
to see the proof of the mystery,
yes,
if we are a lucky maybe we will see,
something heavenly shooting across the sky,
on its way so rapidly,
so, rapidly to somewhere that we do not know,
something unknown,
something more rapid than a blink of an eye,
something as incredible as anything that we,
as the human race have ever seen,
for there have been so many sightings,
so, many that I have never seen,
and though I wish it could be,
let us cross our fingers,
and we shall see what we shall see
but hopefully it will be,
hopefully, it will be a UFO,
for it is about time that they come and visit you and me,
and if they are friendly,
if they are friendly maybe they will make us a cup of tea,
and if not, maybe we will never be home again for tea,
but let us look amongst the stars, and cross our fingers,
and wish upon the meteors that pass so rapidly,
and maybe we will be lucky and see a UFO,
but otherwise,
we will have to conjure them up in our dreams,

and if we are lucky,
maybe we will see,
something heavenly shooting across the sky,
on its way so rapidly,
so, rapidly to somewhere we do not know,
something unknown,
something more rapid than a blink of an eye,
a mystery to you,
a mystery to me,
a UFO from another place and time,
an intelligent being,
probably much more intelligent than you,
and me if they can fly,
fly faster across the universe,
than humankind,
and what a wonder,
it would be to be so surprised,
by a UFO only known to us,
in poor quality videos,
and in our imaginations,
and oh, what an inspiration it would be,
but what are the chances of it stopping,
to say hello,
probably not much at all,
but what a vision it would be,
upon the rooftops,
if a UFO appeared,
out of the heavenly skies,
even if only to say hello,
hello, goodbye.

Return #2

You returned and I was surprised,
I was surprised to see the look in your eyes,
because I thought that you were gone forever,
and that was no lie,
no lie,
and you threw your arms around me,
and you began to cry,
and I had mixed emotions about you,
for you had left with no real reason why,
and here you were with tears in your eyes,
and massive sighs,
massive sighs of regret,
but why?
Why had you returned?
You said you wanted to be forgiven,
and that you were ashamed,
and that you had learned,
and I was glad to see you too despite the pain,
despite the pain,
and I still felt for you,
and I told you that there was no shame,
and I immediately about you felt the same,
and how quickly you can forgive these days,
how quickly if you try,
but will I always be treading on eggshells with you,
will I always be expecting you to leave again,
it is possible,
but I still see love in your eyes,

I still see love in your eyes,
and when I look at you,
with your tears,
I hold you and I crumble,
and my mind,
is easily made up,
and yes, I will take you back,
I will and in time again,
we will see,
if we were truly meant to be,
and as we stand here,
I will hold you,
until your tears have dried,
and we will try again,
you and I,
you and I.

Send me a letter please

Send me a letter.
Send me a letter please,
tell me how you are,
tell me how your day is,
tell me what you see,
and tell me what you feel,
and bring some jollity to me,
for this coronavirus,
is depressing me,
and the Postman,
well, he needs the work you see.

Seventy-seven eleven

Seventy-seven eleven,
at home you and me,
seventy-seven eleven,
our house number,
the number of our home,
the house with the large garden,
where we climb,
the tree at night,
and sit in the branches,
and look at the heavens,
and admire the moon in its beauty,
and where we stare at the stars,
that shine down so gloriously,
and where we hold each other close,
and we look up at the heavens,
and their majesty.

Seventy-seven eleven,
a happy home,
where we are as happy as can be,
happy in the light of the heavens,
and the starlight,
that sparkle in our eyes,
so gloriously.

Seventy-seven eleven,
heavenly glory,
and you and me,
arm in arm,
and kissing up in a tree.

Shore

Shore,
sea,
sure,
beauty,
beauty in front of me,
and a sunny day and me,
me floating free,
floating up and down in the waves,
the waves that bring me great calmness,
great calmness far away,
from the worries of most days,
and in the beauty of the sea,
oh, how my soul is lifted,
and how my heart,
it races in the power,
and in the excitement of liberation,
and the freedom,
that the sea brings to me,
and oh, what a great place it is to be,
what a great place it is to be,
looking at the shore,
looking at the sea,
admiring its beauty,
its beauty in front of me,
upon a sunny day,
with me floating free,
and as happy as can be,
as happy as can be.

Should I

Should I go away, should I go away for my heart aches,
and it breaks upon the rocks of yesterday,
so, should I go away, should I go away forever and day,
for you lured me onto the rocks,
and destroyed me with your vicious ways,
and you did not care truly for what I had to say,
and you were barbarous with your ways and savagery,
and you left a bitter taste in my mouth,
a taste that I could not get rid of, and I am bitter to this day,
and you are far away, and you are happy,
and I begrudge you your happiness because I am in misery,
and broken upon the rocks, broken upon the rocks,
that I cannot still seem to get up off of to this day,
such is life's way and far too often filled with shocks.

Smashed

The twenty first century, frustrations everywhere,
a man smashes a chair into pieces a man pulls out his hair.
A man jumps up and down upon a table,
a man shouts he does not bloody care.
A man, short of temper and often in despair.
A man annoyed at the world and aggravated by everything,
a man who is worn out but all he can do is shout,
and wave his fists in the air,
wave his fists in the air whilst swearing at the sky,
why God why why God why do you not bloody care?!!
Why God do you not bloody care?!!!

Streets of anger

Streets of anger, streets of rage.
People with angry hearts and angry brains.
Streets of anger, streets of rage,
streets filled with poverty and savagery,
where a barbarian's war is waged.
Streets of anger, streets of rage,
poverty and savagery,
gun crime and knife crime, and robberies and rapes,
and despair in the air wherever you walk,
and how terrible it is,
that poverty seems to deprive,
so many people of their morality,
and it should not be, and it is sad to see,
and sad to see it so often in the news,
and with my eyes as I walk through the streets,
as I walk keeping a look out and wary of all,
wary of all who I see,
and it is not how I should feel,
and not the way that society should be,
but these streets they are filled with anger,
and they are streets of rage, and poverty and savagery.
Streets of rage where a barbarian's war is waged,
streets of anger, streets of rage.
Poverty and savagery,
gun crime and knife crime, robberies, and rapes,
and in the despair in the air, wherever you walk beware,
beware for look who goes there in this all-pervading air,
in this all-pervading air.

Sweat

Sweat.
Summer heat,
a glorious day,
bottles of water upon the beach.
A cool breeze,
a book,
some food and a place for the mind to be at ease,
as the sun shines down,
and the water sparkles magnificently as I read,
and usually,
there is not much time to read except on holiday,
not much time at all,
and oh, how I devour,
the words off of the pages,
the large and the small,
and how easily I escape my normal life,
and how easy it is in a book,
to escape the struggle and the strife,
and how beautiful it is by the seaside,
reading Dostoyevsky,
and Kant and Graham Greene,
and the words how they fill my imagination,
with visions and dreams,
visions, dreams, plots, and schemes,
and what a wonderful day it is always by the sea,
reading,
reading with a smile upon my face,
in the heat and in a gentle breeze.

Tears

Tears.

Tears in the rain.

No more,

no more years,

no more years to complain.

Tears,

tears in the rain with an umbrella in hand,

and the end of love and an argument,

an argument that has left you,

without love and short changed.

Yes tears,

tears in the rain watching the one that you love,

watching the one that you love walk away,

yes, tears,

tears in the rain,

tears in the rain.

That mountain

That mountain,

it has not moved for years,

and that mountain I think it could only be moved with tears,

the tears of the heavens and an earthquake or two,

for the mountain it does not like humans,

and it is too beautiful to erase from view,

but how impeccably you stand,

as you glower and stare menacingly at me,

but I will tell you this,

I have no plans to climb you or anything that grand,
for I have enough mountain inside of me,
enough obstacles to climb and you are better off alone,
because I have enough mountains in my mind,
and though you are beautiful, you are not my type,
and my mind is enough of a mountain on its own,
enough of a mountain on its own,
and I already have enough mountains to climb inside me.

There is little time

There is little time,
far too little time to cry and far too much wasted time,
and far too much time spent not truly being understood,
yes, there is little time,
only time for sighs,
only time for sighs in this world or so it seems,
for we live our lives chasing dreams,
we live our lives chasing dreams,
dreams that are mostly never realised,
never realised and there is little time,
far too little time to cry,
and far too much wasted time,
to achieve nothing or so it seems,
for how frustrating life can be and how irritating,
and it is like pushing back the tides of the sea,
a never-ending struggle,
a constant misery,
a constant misery and it should not be,
it should not truly be.

Time to end the day

Time to end the day,
time to end the day,
yes, it has been okay,
but I did not see you,
yet again today,
or this month,
or the last,
and my heart,
it felt at a loss without you,
to talk too in person,
and yes, even though you are reachable by phone,
it is not the same,
and our friendship has drifted little,
and I wish you had have been here,
and how I wish, for I was lonely,
I was lonely,
and the sadness,
for the whole day would not disappear,
it would not disappear,
and when I think of you,
when I think of you so far from here,
when I think of you it saddens me,
for we used to be so close,
but now we are nowhere near,
now we are nowhere near at all,
and over you,
over you I shed a tear,
I shed a tear.

To

To you
to you,
though I do not know your name,
but you brought me into this world,
just the same,
so, here is to you,
here is to you I say,
I say, as I am surrounded by friends,
and we all have smiles on our faces,
and how lucky we are to be here,
because of the game of chance that life plays,
that life plays.
So, I raise a glass of wine to you
and I raise a glass to you,
though I do not know your name,
though I do not know your name but thank you,
thank you just the same,
because without you I may never have been,
and my life may never have existed,
so, thank you,
for your care and for your compassion,
and thank you for all you did for me,
for my life is blessed,
and I am grateful,
I am truly grateful,
and always I will be,
to the Doctors and the Nurses,
who into this world delivered me.

Trapdoor

Trapdoor leading down to the barrels,
where the wine is stored,
now, how about some red,
five years old or more,
and then we can talk war,
war,
and we have a plan don't we,
a plan to decimate and destroy hate,
and intolerance,
and ignorance,
and racism,
and sexism,
and inequality,
for we are sick of it are we not,
in the twenty first century,
because it really is awful,
because by now should not we be more educated?
More educated than we have been before,
for it seems insane that we cannot seem to eradicate them,
and people continue to be ignorant,
so, let us drink a few bottles more,
and let us pound our chests and go to war,
go to war with them all, yes, let us go to war,
and let us not tolerate them anymore,
for they are a sickening disease upon humanity,
and this evil scourge should not really exist anymore,
it should not exist, so, let us drink and think,
and let us eradicate them forevermore.

Until

Until the day is done, until the day is done,
I shall not be worried at all,
for I shall worry in my sleep,
and by the morning,
I will have done with it all,
I will have done with it all.

Variable

Here I am in a society, so frustrating and irritating,
and in which I am of variable moods,
variable moods and wandering here and there,
and wandering like a headless chicken with a frustrated air,
wandering unable to see,
and not sure where to go and not sure if I care.
A lost soul, a lost soul in a goldfish bowl,
a lost soul losing his sanity far too often,
and pulling frustratedly at his hair.

Waiting

Waiting for food,
and of a mood, and waiting for you,
and picturing you,
picturing you getting dressed up,
and putting your earrings in,
and looking in the mirror at you.
Oh, how beautiful you are, au naturelle,

au naturelle with no makeup,
and with black hair,
down to your shoulders,
and the fragrances that you wear,
and I can imagine them,
and it is as if,
they are already in the air,
already in the air,
and when I think of you,
I pull a snapshot of you,
from my memory,
a picture of you in the mirror,
that makes me smile,
and with a smile upon my face,
as I wait for you,
and of a mood,
of a mood in my solitude,
oh, how my heart it revels in you,
how my heart it revels in you,
and happily, soon you will be here,
here in the candlelight,
and sat across from me in your magnificence,
your magnificent beauty,
and how great your company is,
and the elegance,
and the love that you exude,
and oh, what beauty there is in the elegance,
and the love exuding from you,
oh, beautiful you,
beautiful you.

I wanted to kill you

I wanted to kill you,
I wanted to kill you,
I wanted you to be dead,
for you had caused such agony,
and such pain inside my head,
and I wanted to kill you and I still do,
I still do want to kill you,
and believe me when I catch up with you,
you will be glad it is over,
because you caused such agony and pain inside my head,
that I am ready to rip you apart,
and tear you physically to shreds,
and I am ready,
ready to put a bullet in your head,
yes, you,
you, who caused such agony and distress in my head.
I wanted to kill you,
I wanted to kill you,
I wanted you to be dead,
and I still do and believe me it is true,
yes, it is true,
that I am ready to rip you apart,
and tear you physically to shreds,
and yes, I am ready,
ready to put a bullet in your head,
because of the obnoxiousness,
and the ignorance of you,
though probably only verbalising it is best.

Woman

Woman,
woman on a window ledge,
lost her head,
lost her head.

Woman on a window ledge,
who with voices in her head,
and with suicidal thoughts,
and driven by life,
literally to the edge,
driven literally to the edge,
because she,
she cannot take anymore,
and society,
society with her brain is at war,
at war and she,
she cannot take it anymore,
for life is no good anymore,
and she wants to end it all,
and she is just one second,
one second from a fall,
from a fall,
and how sad it is,
how sad it is,
that so many people are driven insane,
by the pressure in society,
and there are so many people,
who want to end it all,
who want to end it all.

You drove

You drove your car through a wall,
you drove your car through a wall,
and you stuck a picture of God on the front,
and you drove into a religious centre,
and they were not impressed at all,
and you thought they would be,
because he had not appeared for thousands of years,
and you were beginning to doubt,
that God would ever appear at all,
so, you drove your car through a wall,
and you shocked them all,
but they were not impressed at all, no, not at all,
but you were happy, and you went to heaven early,
and hopefully saw God after all,
otherwise, it was a wasted journey,
and well really,
there was not much point to it at all.

You made me

When I first saw you,
I looked at you twice,
I had to do a double take,
a double take of you, you with those tempting eyes,
because you mesmerised me,
and I fell for you,
and into those eyes so blue,
and your eyes,

how they sparkled like the ocean,
and there was a gentility in you,
and I looked you,
I looked at you and I knew,
I knew that you were the one for me,
and how easily the words,
of my first conversation with you slipped out,
and how I revelled in you,
how I revelled in glorious you,
and upon the beach,
how beautiful you looked in the sunlight,
as I stood next to you,
and you laughed at a joke or two of mine,
and oh, how your face lit up with a smile,
and how you beguiled me,
and in seconds how quickly I felt something for you,
I felt something for you.
Something powerful,
something primeval,
something magnificent,
something glorious in emotions heaven sent,
and oh, how my heart leapt with my first feelings for you,
how it leapt as if to the skies,
so beautifully blue,
and how you looked at me so captivatingly,
and in the first moment that I met you I knew,
I knew that I felt for you,
and what a glorious moment it was too,
and how you endeared me to you,
with your way with words and your intellect,

and how incredible you made me feel,
for in just a couple of seconds by you, I was truly blessed,
and it really is incredible how little time,
how little time it takes the heart,
to feel something so powerful as love,
or the beginnings of love,
and love how it creeps up on you,
and seemingly without any preparation,
and how it works its art into your heart,
and how it fires the imagination with such passions,
such inflamed passion from the senses,
and from looking at you,
and gazing into those eyes so blue,
the complexities in an instant,
with a simple look and some conversation,
are more packed with sensuality,
than all the words in the dictionary,
that could be used to describe it,
that could be used to describe it and you,
and love, I was not expecting it,
but you walked up to me from out of the blue, and I knew,
I knew from the first moment that I laid eyes on you,
I knew that I felt for you,
and oh, how powerfully it grew,
how powerfully it grew,
that connection between me and you,
and how it blossomed like all the flowers of summer,
and you came to me as if an angel,
you came to me with great surprise,
and right from the start I knew,

I knew and I here today,
how grateful I am for you,
and that chance meeting upon the beach,
where I first saw you,
and I looked at you twice,
and I had to do a double take,
another a double take of you,
you with those tempting eyes,
oh, how you mesmerised me,
and how I fell for you,
and into those eyes so blue,
how I fell for you and into those eyes so blue.

You stole

You stole a watch.
You stole a clock,
you stole some jewellery,
you stole some money,
yes, you.
You kleptomaniac,
you kleptomaniac with a grin always doing stupid things,
always doing stupid things, but to you it is not a sin,
and how you enjoy spending other people's money,
after robbing them blind,
now, how could you,
how could you enter people's houses and be so unkind,
how could you?
Do you have no morals,
well, it seems not, and it is a shame,

that you with your kleptomaniac ways,
make more than most Doctors and Nurses these days,
but you do not care,
and you carry on anywhere and everywhere,
and you take all that you can find,
for you have developed,
quite an art at being unkind,
quite an art at being unkind.

You turn

You turn to me.
I turn to you,
and for each other there is nothing that we would not do,
and you turn to me,
and I turn to you,
and we can depend on each other, and we stick together,
we stick together through thick and thin,
and we pull together me and you,
and that is understanding and listening for you,
and if we can understand each other,
why cannot the world,
and we talk about it often we do,
we talk about it often, and it is perplexing to us,
and it is confusing for everyone,
but we still as the human race,
fail to understand each other,
we fail to understand why talking and listening,
should be so difficult,
and why there are so many people,

who about getting along we do not give a damn,
when it is the most useful thing,
we as humans can ever do,
because look at history,
and look at all the mistakes' humans have made,
and look at all the wars that we have caused too,
because it is a terrible shame,
a terrible shame that we have caused so much pain,
and it can be prevented if we talk more,
and listen more too,
and yes, it is not that difficult to do,
and you turn to me,
and I turn to you,
and for each other there is nothing that we would not do,
and why cannot it be like that for the world,
I wish I had a clue,
I wish I had a clue.

Your mind

Your mind it beguiled me with your wiles,
it beguiled me and it mesmerised me,
and your language how beautiful it was to me,
how beautiful it was,
because you charmed me as if out of a tree,
but the opposite way around,
and you made me float up off the ground,
and how glorious I felt floating so free,
floating so free,
and bless your gentle heart,

for oh, how gentle and caring you are to me,
and oh, how the light of your eyes,
they shine in mine,
and how we,
how we in our synchronicity,
we are set like clocks,
set like clocks, and we are unified in our love,
and in our feelings and in our sensations,
for in our togetherness,
there is wonderment,
as we hold each other in the sunshine,
whilst kissing in front of the sea,
whilst kissing so tenderly in front of the sea,
kissing as the sea it flows,
backwards and forwards,
and we in our synchronicity and in this simplicity,
are as happy as can be,
and how your mind it beguiles me with your wiles,
it beguiles me,
and it mesmerises me and it captivates me,
and you truly are,
you truly are the best of me,
the best of me.