

(willcox)
I can feel summer at last from the heat
In the red-brick city
The evening light pulls a veil of linen
Over the night time
Life's a gas
Will I walk there again.
In the sleeping Vale of Evesham
Lies a shady town in market garden land
The abbey, demonic and provoking
I have laid across its stones
The back street pub where Bowie sang
"Is there life on Mars"
While the boys in the back room
Pumped heroin into their veins
The girls, my friends determined
Not to succeed
Pregnant by unknown fathers by fourteen
Mocked me my ambition
The tramp we thought we killed
Had us running scared
Deeper into night
>From fight to fight
The transport cafe from which
We'd steal our golden dreams
So few survived and
Those who have,
Have disappeared just flowers on their graves
Born with broken hearts yes,
Thank you world for my crucufied icons
Lovers of the impossible dream
T.V.'s suicides, mass sacrifice
We're just buzzing in the hive
Born with broken hearts.