

Concrete Feet

Apologies, I Have None

Sat in Vicky Park
Let it all out, to a bottle, on a bench
He said "This city is a criminal, a highwayman, a thief
It stole my perseverance
made off with my mental health
dumped me off of Tower Bridge
with concrete on my feet and I'm struggling

"I'm looking for some guidance
can you spare an ounce of strength
so I can take this fucking sorry arse of mine back home to bed?
"

and the bottle, it said,
"Everybody makes decisions they regret sometimes,
everyone makes certain judgments
based on plans that never seem to find their way to a conclusion
They change tack and double back on promises they made to themselves
But you won't find the answers at the bottle of a bottle
cheap cider never paved the way for any kind of progress to be made
but for what its worth there's one thing that I know;
You've got to let some parts die to let other parts grow."

You'll always make mistakes
you'll always fuck shit up
You'll sometimes make bad choices
and blame that shit on bad luck
You will often face decisions
that you do not want to make
and find yourself on paths that
you did not mean to take
There is always an answer
there is always a lesson
a lining of silver about every situation
and asking for help is not the same thing as failing