

Green Green Mabley Green

Apologies, I Have None

This headache pushed me out the door, down the steps onto the street where that midnight bitter cold was waiting patiently for me and as I walked across Mabley Green looking for pain-killers or alcohol, the city was alive when I thought it was asleep. A sundown is the signal for a working minority who sleep through daylight and start shifts in buses and markets and fields and factories, but these hours will take its toll and spirit will give in.

At what point did we decide to live like this?

At what point did we decide we were going to give in?

I feel so lucky that out of my window I can see green in this grey city but those lights up in the distance that peek over the canopy remind that there's one person for every light shining out these towers, making patterns in the sky.

It's not just the working class tonight.

These streets won't clean themselves and these petrol pumps need filling up.

Who's going to drive the bus to take us home?

We rely on one another; one can't exist without the other.

It doesn't matter what you've got because we're all in this together.

And we've all got a rope that ties us to home.

We've all got aspirations; desires to put certain plans into action and I will crack on.

I won't let this city swallow me up or this headache slow me down, I won't let this fucking headache slow me down.