

If you learn to drive,  
I can use the train and the bus.  
When you're mobile, we'll go.  
Take my toys and your cat with us.  
We'll leave the violence,  
we'll have something to do.  
With a couch-bed in the front room for when we fall out or when  
our friends come through.  
It's painting a kitchen that's keeping me going  
and we've already named the seeds I'll be sowing.  
And when they've grown up (that's hoping that I don't shoot bla  
nks), could we move right up north,  
find a house near the shores and the banks?  
With a big fuck-off telly,  
a brand new stereo system.  
We'll meet old friends at funerals  
and pretend that we've missed them.  
And if they were here,  
they'd say it was shocking to find  
we've already named the dog we'll be walking.  
It's choosing a mattress that's keeping me going  
and we've already named the seeds I'll be sowing.