

That's Entertainment

Busted

A police car and a screaming siren,
A pneumatic drill and ripped up concrete,
A baby wailing and stray dog howling,
The screech of brakes and lamplights blinking,
That's entertainment.

A smash of glass and the rumble of boots,
An electric train and a ripped up 'phone booth,
Paint splattered walls and the cry of a tomcat,
Lights going out and a kick in the balls,
That's entertainment.

Days of speed and slow time Mondays,
Pissing down with rain on a boring Wednesday,
Watching the news and not eating your tea,
A freezing cold flat and damp on the walls,
That's entertainment.

Waking up at 6 a.m. on a cool warm morning,
Opening the windows and breathing in petrol,
An amateur band rehearsing in a nearby yard,
Watching the telly and thinking about your holidays,
That's entertainment.

Waking up from bad dreams and smoking cigarettes,
Cuddling a warm girl and the smell of stale perfume,
A hot summers' day and sticky black tarmac,
Feeding ducks in the park and wishing you were faraway,
That's entertainment.

Two lovers kissing amongst the scream of midnight,
Two lovers missing the tranquillity of solitude,
Getting a cab and travelling on buses,
Reading the graffiti about slashed seat affairs,
That's entertainment.