

## Goldfish And Paracetamol

Catatonia

A dead loss,  
No fun, just glum  
Lying next to someone  
So don't mention the war  
Don't question where we stand  
Or where we fall  
North, south, east where's best?  
If I head left  
It turns out directionless

And needle point aside  
I always find  
Embroidery leaves me blind  
Cos I'm too weary to rest  
Since I noticed  
Coming second best is close to ideal

What fools boredom breeds  
So much to do  
So many goldfish to feed  
And paracetamol  
I take them all  
They line my stomach wall

With customary thirst  
I search a water glass  
But gin hits first  
Oh don't believe the hype  
Expectancy will always spoil a party

It's tourniquet by crochet  
My waters break  
Don't drive for pity's sake  
Cos I'm too weary to rest  
Since I noticed  
Coming second best  
Is close to ideal