

The nicest bloke I've ever known
Got locked up in a nursing home
Some disorder of the brain
It had a scientific name
They filled him full of pills and then
Left him with a marker pen
With no paper to his name
He started up a little game
Wrote upon the t.v. screen
And the beverage machine
'Out of order' - wrote on chairs
That someone else was sitting there
Wrote on exit doors 'return'
Wrote on curtains 'will not burn'
Wrote on the telephone 'lines are dead'
Wrote 'on his head' on his head
Even though he was insane
Driven mad by the constant strain
Of repetition and empty scenes
Where everything is and nothing means
Subverting symbols back to front
Proved he was intelligent
So they let him out and left me behind
Now I got his pen and plenty of time
All of this just goes to show
What words can do with the status quo