

## Bold Street

Eugene McGuinness

Black cabs, snapping at the heels of the ladies  
Brushing windswept hair and scarves waving  
Big Issue man threw a salvation by a penny  
Please give what you can  
A penny if you have any

Coffee aromas, swimming past the fruit stand  
Drag at the corner in a pink polka-dot headband  
Schoolboys are mean, but who knows what they're hiding  
Time washes clean the masks in which we cry in

Oh, will I be lost in twilight limbo  
Oh, me oh my  
I always find myself on this road

A fake American diner plays me Mr. Mustard  
But Orpheus is really an old accordion busker  
The Mayor recites a Shakespearean sonnet  
Saturday night, Bold Street's caked in its own vomit  
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Burberry check, curbside sex and police cars  
She cuts through the chaos, through the canvas like a shooting  
star  
All slow motion now, can't quite believe my black eye  
This dark angel landed and obviously missed a war cry

Twinkle, twinkle little star  
How I wonder what you are  
Like a diamond in the sky  
Will I make it out alive

Oh, will I be lost in twilight limbo  
Oh, me oh my  
I always find myself on this road

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