

No Reptiles

Everything Everything

Slip from the threes
to the dirt to the menace to the wild to the car,
under snow, cut to ribbons like coral to your shin,
like a manacle to swing

Fresh from the breast now a river running rat,
to the manor born a rat,
to the manor born a flea,
to a flood to a drain,
now a rubber now a chain

I was in the war
You were in the war

Plump from the sugar-water pump,
with the city at your back, to the cannon with a match,
from the milk into a mass grave, never mind that
I can take that bones in a bowl like a toad-in-a-hole
take the shape of the mould, like a mummy on a pole,
and a merry little head bob around when you're dead

I was on my knees
You were on your knees

And no reptiles!
Just soft boiled eggs in shirts and ties,
waiting for the flashing green man
Quivering and wobbling
just like all the eggs you know

I'm going to kill a stranger
So don't you be a stranger

Oh baby it's alright
It's alright to feel
Like a fat child
In a pushchair
Old enough to run
Old enough to fire a gun

Just give me this one night
Just one night to feel
Like I might be on the right path
The path that takes me home
Wise enough to know mysem

Old enough to fire a gun...
Just give me this one night
Just one night to feel