

I Pity Inanimate Objects

Godley & Creme

I pity inanimate objects
Because they can't move
From specks of dust to paperweights
Or a pound note sealed in resin
Plastic Santas in perpetual underwater snowstorms
Sculptures that appear to be moving
But aren't
I feel sorry for them all
What are they thinking
When they arrive at a place
Do they sigh with disappointment
And when they leave
Do they have regrets?
Is a sofa as happy in one corner
As it is in another
And how does the room feel about it?
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I pity them all
Physics isn't fair
Is a tree as a rocking horse
An ambition fulfilled
And is the sawdust jealous?
I worry about these things
Peppercorns don't move
Until they contaminate the ice-cream
Three weeks later
Is the gold in Fort Knox happy gold?
I care about these things
Some things are better left alone
Grains of sand prefer their own company
But magnets are two faced
No choice for sugar
But what choice could there be
But to drown in coffee or to drown in tea
The frustrations of being inanimate
Maybe its better that way
The fewer the moving parts
The less there is to go wrong
I wonder about these things
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I pity them all