

# Confessional

Ian Anderson

Gerald the Banker

I made my millions, stashed the pile in Swiss bank havens, lost  
the lot  
when Inland Revenue got wise. So, I did my time, my time for wh  
at?

Gerald the Homeless

On the streets, a pretty pickle. I met a man who lifted me.  
Took me home for slap and tickle, in civil partnership, pledged  
to me.

Gerald the Chorister

Enough of twisted overkill, Hellfire, damnation, voices shrill.  
I was rumbled, de-frocked and tumbled from grace and favour, ca  
ught hand in till.

Gerald the Military Man

Invalided out of theatre. Civilian rehabilitation.  
My time now given to help my brothers find cold feet, lost buil  
ding nations.

Gerald: A Most Ordinary Man

Sold the shop, flicked off the power switch. In silent siding,  
Mallard must stay.  
Carriages and sleek coal tender packed in boxes, sold on eBay.  
Sold on eBay.