

# 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 what?

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, caught 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 building 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.