

Toad in the Hole

Ian Anderson

I walk along the Strand
to catch the late ride home.
Shuttle through the evening gloom
knowing I forgot to phone.
The back door's open.
There's a chill blowing in.
Take your warm hands off me.
Let the night begin.
Shush your mouth.
Listen to me.
I won't say nothing ---
just let me be your
toad in the hole.

Kicking through the wet leaves lying
all along the Station Road.
Past tired graffitti wailing,
raw emotion to unload.
There's coal in the fireplace
and money in the bank too.
Deep-pile carpets, tinsel wallpaper.
Still got the back room to do.
Don't be late.
Got a day's work behind me.
Feel a little devastated
but my nights are assigned to you.

Toad in the hole.

No tom-cat creeping, now
could ever be so bold
to hang around our place tonight
when I come in from the cold.
There's a straight-six in the garage
and some fine wine to cool.
Labour-savers in the kitchen,
room in the garden for a pool.
Shush your mouth.
Let imagination run
here in bed-sit heaven
where all the best wishing's done
to warm toad in the hole.