

## 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.