

Sitting on a park bench  
eyeing little girls with bad intent.  
Snot is running down his nose  
greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes.  
Drying in the cold sun  
Watching as the frilly panties run.  
Feeling like a dead duck  
spitting out pieces of his broken luck.

Sun streaking cold  
an old man wandering lonely.  
Taking time  
the only way he knows.  
Leg hurting bad,  
as he bends to pick a dog-end  
he goes down to the bog  
and warms his feet.

Feeling alone  
the army's up the rode  
salvation á la mode and  
a cup of tea.  
Aqualung my friend  
don't start away uneasy  
you poor old sod, you see, it's only me.  
Do you still remember  
December's foggy freeze  
when the ice that  
clings on to your beard is  
screaming agony.  
And you snatch your rattling last breaths  
with deep-sea-diver sounds,  
and the flowers bloom like  
madness in the spring.