

## Twenty Years Ago

Magazine

You turn pandemonium  
into pantomime for one  
twenty years ago I used your soap  
So what!  
you've got a name for it  
yesterday goes on and on  
inbetween the devil and the deep blue sea

You thrash about in your room  
no space for thought  
look no strings, look no strings  
no visible means of support

Twenty years ago I used your soap  
How did you ever come to move a muscle in this space!  
The dollar's adrift  
Twenty years ago I used your soap