

Vacancies

Piano Magic

Well, you never asked me
so I never said.
Though I tattooed the answer
so I wouldn't forget.
Oh, there's much I can offer
if you'd open your eyes.
The night is young but life is short
so come inside.

On a council bench
on the Park Estate
I have carved our names
with a carpetblade.

"They came here often
and they loved it so..."
The view is bleak so what's to love
we'll never know.

Well, phone me
if you feel the need.
My days are vacancies
my heart, it tends to bleed.

But I know a place
where they're kinder to our kind.
Tonight, it rains a sorry drum.
Come inside.

If love would be so blind
the rest of us might blossom.