

Junkyard Chandelier

Radical Face

TV sets on fire,
I sit and watch the flames,
As the laugh tracks come tickle,
Our hairs.

There's car parks in the yard,
Let's hang them from the rafters,
And call it our junkyard chandelier.

We may not have much,
But it's enough to keep us living,
The lawns out of luck,
Because it's never going to grow.
The sink is full of dust,
There is water in the ceiling,
But it's all that I've ever known.

The branches hit the ground,
As the winds attempt to whistle,
I'm not going out there, no way.
As Nature does her rounds,
It's like we're in a snow-globe,
One shake, is all it takes,
To ruin things.

We may not have much,
But it's enough to keep us living,
The lawns out of luck,
Because it's never going to grow.
The sink is full of dust,
There is water in the ceiling,
But it's all that I've ever known.

The floors creek and moan,
The shower is just a trickle,
The lightbulbs fall and flicker out,
The kitchen is still a mess,
The window never closes,
We've got it all figured out.