

Little Comedian

Rialto

Here comes the star of the show, but he's got piss on his clothes - still he's the man with all the front. Ladies and gentlemen, let's have your warmest welcome for the world's biggest little cunt.

There's no curtain call, no screaming applause.

Little comedian, flat on my face again; and no one's laughing, little comedian.

Knock knock, I wonder who's that? Knocking everyone's drinks back and treading shit into the rug. It's the boy with the poison inside. The funny-man with the weak little spine, still he's his mother's favourite thug.

There's no curtain call, no screaming applause.

8am, last nights dawning. I feel the bathroom calling, with my 3 minute sickness warning.

Head hung over the basin, memories of last night racing, to the mirror with sick face in

There's no curtain call, no screaming applause.