

# A Solitary Life

Richard Thompson

Sometimes I long for the solitary life  
Parents long gone, no kids, no wife  
Sister, somewhere in Australia  
Never did keep in touch

Sex, no more than a, how do you do?  
With a copy of Penthouse in the loo  
Socially a bit of a failure  
Nice not to have to try too much

A solitary life  
A life of small horizons  
Dull as the pewter skies over North West Eleven

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Dull as the governmental sky over North West Eleven

A serious hobby in the garden shed  
Model trains or soldiers in lead  
Join the suburban boffins of Britain  
Experts on trivial things

And holidays in the Yorkshire Dales  
Or cycling tours of the North of Wales  
Unenvious of those flea bitten  
On continental flings

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Excitement comes by subtle means  
The satisfaction of routines  
Small revenges at the office  
Smug little victories

You work on your pallor, complexion like paste  
Like the gray defeat on an inmates face  
A life spent adding losses and profits  
Resigning by degrees

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And come to the end, sad and alone  
A steady reliable tumor you've grown  
From selfish years, while all your peers  
Have stressfully jogged to health

In life you always were quite numb  
And foggier now, you soon succumb

In drab St. Barts on the new by-pass  
Death overcomes by stealth

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