

## The Life Auction

Strawbs

Row upon row  
Of drab colourless houses  
Bowling low  
Before high rise blocks  
Varicosed housewives  
With sweaty armpits  
Scrimping and scrubbing  
Their husbands' socks  
A limp polluted flag  
Flutters sadly in its death throes  
While crippled trees in leg irons  
Wearily haul themselves  
Through another diluted acid day.

The Auction  
(Cousins/Lambert)

The vultures stood outside the gate  
Quite unaware that fate  
Is never kind to those who wait  
In vain. Their pride  
Betrays the means of their destruction.

Take my rings and trinkets bright  
But leave my eyes which give me light  
My tongue which gives me leave to speak  
The rest is yours and welcome.

The wolves will suck the bones they bought  
Those over which they fought  
Their elders always having taught  
Them envy. Their greed  
Explains their total lack of conscience.

The auctioneer is seldom lost  
Our paths have sometimes crossed  
But he has never failed to count the cost  
Of passion. Desire  
Is the whole point of his existence.

Now you have given cause to bleed  
You join the wolf pack as you feed  
But now you find yourself in need  
Of comfort. But peace of mind  
Has no home for the loveless.