

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.