

## Early Years

The Auteurs

Early years  
were a shroud man  
Only a grey cloud  
Shot in the dark  
Hanging out  
with your dad  
His plans for revenge  
In some hick-town  
caravan park

Never keep  
a good one down

Early years  
were a dreadnought  
Waiting to tread board  
And my work  
down the pan  
Hanging around  
By the back door  
One foot in  
the stage door  
Some disaffected  
fly-by man

Got wired by a cable  
Got wild on a table  
Scared the shit out of me  
All for the free state  
The snow and  
the greasepaint