

Advice from a Roving Artist

The Cribbs

Can't go home right now, and that's the truth
Julie Burchill's drinking free champagne on my roof
The front door's off limits, at least to the likes of me
See right here, right here, this is my story

Slept in a stranger's flat in all my clothes
In the morning I took a bus across the city to feel safe and closer to home
Passed a sign on the door, and a couple more
Saying welcome to hard times, welcome to hard times

I thought of a friend whose window looks out onto nothing but fields
While outside mine
The book shop was closing down
It's closed now

And it starts to look unlikely
As people leave around me

Helen King wrote a letter to me
Sent May 19th, the day of my birthday
From a desk in a library in some far off country
I'm a roving artist now. It's alright, it's okay

It said there's no magic left in crystal balls
I'm not sure there ever was at all
But listen, what will happen, the favourite question
Is best left for the last line of the poem

And it starts to look unlikely
As people leave around me

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