

## Charlie Cake Park

The Mekons

Like an identification parade  
Feel like death while the children grow  
A young grey face in the shade of the Armley P.O.  
Pushing prams or walking sticks  
Getting the money from under glass  
clothes don't fit too well  
Down in Charlie Cake park  
You can hardly walk on your heels  
stagger out blind between the bikes and cars  
Frozen in the headlights glare down on Suicide Road  
Walking under ladders for a living  
You know we should be running round the pubs and bars  
We know we'll never go short  
And we'll never grow tall  
In a flat above the chemists  
Andy and Claire are dressing to kill  
But they don't come out till after dark  
In Charlie Cake park  
You can't avoid the broken glass -  
When you're ground and weathered like a stone  
leaving footprints in the mud like the words on a grave  
So unlikely so mundane  
Scatter breadcrumbs in the rain  
With a paper bag for a mask  
In Charlie Cake park  
as the chronic illness brews  
We know we should feel a fraud  
But the whole place never moves  
And nothing will change