

Friday On Hope Street

Torture Garden

Hazy lazy faintly shady
Weary from another day
Crumpled suits and tired eyes
Homewards to that other life
Daisy off out to the bingo
Best bonnet and floral dress
Bus pass grasped and at the ready
Meeting Mabel weekly treat

Crazy Dave out on the pull
Looking to forget himself
Party girl Trish spent hours in her lair
Caking on make-up and braiding her hair
But they all died that night
With 'if only' on their lips
Astounded by the lightening flash
And when the sky enveloped them
They slept beneath a blanket of ash