

## Ring Road

### Underworld

I want you to be the way I want you to be and when you're not it hurts me like shredded tape, something sticky for security wrapped tight around a metal box to imitate security there's a blue sky over me but the fear is on me.

In a place where ball games are strictly forbidden luxury two bedroomed apartments overlook the traffic lights next to the rails it's a hot day, it's a, it's a hot day a lazy day for some but I'm bringing from the inside all these things I see a wall, I know it's gonna fall down maybe hurt somebody after it's been tagged I fly past it, it's a rush job, it looks good for long enough Knock 'em out, sell 'em, move on, it's a fast buck and the race is on to get in, get out, get what you want, get out it's the short term, the long term can look after itself unless you happen to be living here, I've gotta stop.

People are squinting to block out the sun complaining or soaking it up, praying for rain the next minute for a scorched earth what's it worth, enough is never enough, let's have a little more and put the world to rights, sit back and watch it all slide by it's a view from a train, pay somebody else to drive see the suits, I see the suits sunning themselves on the steps of the supermarket and I think of you when I'm alone like this burning from the inside.

I found a new door, I didn't know where it went I went through, I came out in this shopping mall where boys wear England shirts and West Ham shirts and Arsenal shirts and the boys from Dagenham wear jackets called Harlem grinning at the door of the Anne Summers sex shop it's St. Georges day and all the old people smile, the young people look hungry looking for a new door I'm in the sun at the back of the shops where the purple wheelie bins are pushed up against the doors that say "fire exit" the smell of grease, there's a broken glass thing under my feet the boys stop for a smoke in the sun and watch girls cross from the job centre to the station a drunk stands in the door of a pub, a bunch of pea sticks in one hand a cheery carrier bag hanging in the other, hanging in the other.

Girls in England shirts read the papers and giggle at the table in a cafe offering home made dinners, it's good food, but your clothes come out smelling of grease I got my back to the rail at the end of the alley by the by-pass you might just see me scratching all these things inking it out, deliver us from temptation and doubt there's an abandoned trolley called safe and radio one on and on and on and on and on and on and on and another England shirt out in the sun spring falls in pink on the black top and cracks black and yellow tape covers the scene of a break

k in and every time I think of you I get my peace back.

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