

It might come in a letter,  
Darkness falls in a telephone call;  
I await the unexpected  
With one ear to the party wall.  
Is it the pricking of the conscience,  
Is it the itching of hair shirt,  
Is it the dictionary definition  
Of a precipice to skirt?  
It's the nutter alert.  
Though this face is familiar  
Something in it has bred contempt;  
I never asked for your opinion  
Or your back-handed compliments.  
Oh, but here comes that special nonsense  
All the words out in a spurt,  
The unhinging of the trolley  
As the mouth begins to blurt...  
it's the nutter alert  
I can see we're in trouble  
From that glint in the eye you've got;  
There's no sense to the story,  
Comprehensively lost, the plot.  
And how contorted is that logic  
You so forcefully exert:  
You're a car crash in the making,  
Head-on, that's a racing cert.  
It's the nutter alert,  
this is the nutter alert.