

## Bad Worn Thing

Wire

Jam sandwich filled with Uzied peelers  
Frisking pimps and dawn car dealers  
The Fat Controller's transport inches  
When stealing lives, he never flinches

Observe the poker party aces  
In champagne bars, unlikely spaces  
Unnerving, swerving shifty places  
Where little works or convinces

Follow me! No explanation  
The future sold, the Chancellor paces  
The growing pains, associated  
With a past which no-one faces

They clip their speech  
They clip your wings  
The absent tribe  
Of missing links  
The absolute  
Of vodka kings  
The over crowded  
Nature of things

It's a bad worn thing!