

Goldfish And Paracetamol

Catatonia

A dead loss,
No fun, just glum
Lying next to someone
So don't mention the war
Don't question where we stand
Or where we fall
North, south, east where's best?
If I head left
It turns out directionless

And needle point aside
I always find
Embroidery leaves me blind
Cos I'm too weary to rest
Since I noticed
Coming second best is close to ideal

What fools boredom breeds
So much to do
So many goldfish to feed
And paracetamol
I take them all
They line my stomach wall

With customary thirst
I search a water glass
But gin hits first
Oh don't believe the hype
Expectancy will always spoil a party

It's tourniquet by crochet
My waters break
Don't drive for pity's sake
Cos I'm too weary to rest
Since I noticed
Coming second best
Is close to ideal