

Feeling Peaky

Sleeper

Monday morning fiction on the tube then sorting out the daily mail

Nasty habit read the horoscope then pick the skin around her nails

Are shiny, made for making love or kissing indiscreetly, at the weekend

Miss the drink that leaves you feeling peaky

Tuesday lunchtime itchy in a suit all dressed up for the pantomime

How d'you know though when you're getting on or when you're getting back in

Line-up strung-

up listen to the sound of someone else's fun fair

Always racing they'll catch you when you thought you'd just got somewhere

There's nothing you can do, I'll make it up to you

You're feeling just like them

Tonight we'll find a different world or sign a different treaty

Love makes you forgetful so completely

You're always looking, read about the lives that loiter in non-fiction

While you're waiting, someone stole the courage of your conviction