

Running Away

The Saints

On the train back to Paris it was raining in the
carriage
I was talking to the window it was ignoring me
the ageing seargent major drinking whisky from brown
paper
terrorized the tourists who thought they were on TV
this drunken son of empire threw up in the corner
accosted everyone in sight all through the noisy night
& they were all running away from home
I'd done a runner from the asylum
hitched a ride with the matron
began selling cardboard cutouts of my own disease
I'd no respect for the institution
I wasn't seeking absolution
there was talk of a revolution
but I missed the wheels going round
& as the rich get richer
the ditches that you're digging
are no deeper than the ditch
you get eventually...
& we were all running away from home
They was a crowd at the station
like a carnival of thieves
the cripples & the gypsies wre begging on their knees
ignored & abandoned I could not find relief
I couldn't listen to their speeches
I wasn't standing on my own two feet...
I lost the plot in the graveyard
drank some wine on the boulevard
began talking in an american accent
to see if they could undersdtand me
three college girls on vacation
seemed to adore the masturbation
of the sycophantic sophomore
I was pretending to be
meanwhile back in the asylum
with Joesephine & Napoleon
I was just about to speak
when she made it quite clear
That we were all running away from home.....