

This Be The Verse

Anne Clark

They fuck you up, your mum and dad
They may not mean to but they do
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you
But they were fucked up in their turn
By fools in old style hats and coats
Who half the time were sippy-stern
And half at one another's throats
Man hands on misery to man
It deepens like a coastal shelf
Get out as early as you can
And don't have any kids yourself