

## Big Things

Bryan Ferry

I get distracted  
Big city tonight  
At the periphery of an establishment  
I nibble a Sidecar  
Bigger things, they say  
Down the line

I spy the manager  
The manageress  
A glitch between them slips  
Through gaps in conversation at the bar  
I breathe pepper  
The dreadful carpet  
Pickle me here  
I pick up my telephone  
Hello  
A lit match catches one drop of orange oil  
From a piece of peel  
No  
Not on time  
I am pending fashionably late  
As per instruction  
The palms of my hands are tight  
From turpentine but who could tell  
A bell sleeve falls over my thumb  
Turpenteen  
Says the Scotsman of my mind

The length of a school day  
Is an arbitrary measure  
But one I find useful  
I lay about with my pens and paper  
For a school day  
Climbed out from the bath  
And knocked up an ensemble  
The entire half of my wardrobe  
Under a waistcoat  
No nerve for transport  
I walked the underpass  
Felt my reflection in a motorcycle mirror  
And sped up  
We are freer under a road than on it  
I say to the receiver  
And hang up