Demolition

Bryan Ferry

The bonnet of the car was open
Propped up with a branch
The oil was done
Grapes were bunching on the vine
It was just morning
I had put on a belted coat to come outside
They're tearing down the building next door
She said
Twisting at the cap, face down, elbow out
The dew was close enough to miss her
On the grass all around
I held two cigarettes in two hands
These are yours, I said
Come away from there
Am I allowed, she said
To smoke with you now?

Since that day
I have forged a deal with next door
I had some waste to dispose of
Mainly unspeakable rubble
I walked up to the building site
Tilting back my head
Here, I said
I live just here
Might I suggest a trade?
They said, good woman
The larger the skip
The more it is yours
Well, I said
A hot drink how about it
They said
We've had just about enough of those
And I tipped in the stones with delight

I kept what I could for them
My best conversation
An infectious smile
I had no work of my own at the time
Nothing, they say, in the pipe
No smoke
No money
Not a coin
I lived on a thin pole
I had learned to instigate connection
But very little more

The demolition took less of a turn
With each day that passed
In one day fifty bricks were unstuck
Eventually the mortar chipped off
The buyer came
The workers shook off their tabards
And scattered
When I saw the house
Where the house had been
My mouth parted

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