

## Grandma's Lawn

Caravan

Knees on legs, toes on feet  
Hair on chest, itchy vest  
Woolly pants, nylon socks  
Leather boots smash down the grass  
Oh, grandma's lawn has just been mown  
Ten feet tall, overgrown with weeds

Cold blue light, warm red light  
Blue-green grass, jangling glass  
These things I bought, Comisio sauce  
Lima rice, water cress and Miso soup  
So spare a thought for Albert Gott

Coloured lights, see-through tights  
Moist-wet lips, heavy hips  
Silvery sheets, crumbling thoughts  
Parting legs, curried eggs  
The meal we had was very bad  
Too much Yin and not enough Yang

Lost my plec, bloody heck  
Who's got my plec, break his neck  
The rent's due, feeling blue  
Got no bread, so in the street  
We all will meet with nothing to do  
No place to eat, nowhere to glue dolly friends

To my surprise, in a teardrop reflected  
A scene - there is you  
Surrounded by vast carpet of bell-blue  
There is me too