

Hopeful Dystopia

David Keenan

Where is your Valerie from the gallery?
Where is your Francis, Neil & Joan?
They're in horrors shot to pieces on the bed like a pile of clothes
I have been emptied of tradition in hopeful dystopia
I heard you had then set out alone for the tomb of the unknown
gurrier
With ten pages neatly pressed and piled
On which you wrote ten fantastical lies
Made a shrine which you inscribed
In truth I'd rather him than I

Blow out your candle it's four in the afternoon
Blow out your candle it's four in the afternoon
And the world it should be ending very soon
My blue eyed boy

Where is your Valerie from the gallery?
Where is the sunken Lusitania you'll forever row?
Back to the hovel, down the rabbit hole
Further down this time with your fork tailed coat
And trusted guide by your side
The heavy air in here it could be lit like fossil fuel
And though the light swings from its neck
I could never ever think any less of you
When was your last decent deed?
You are the hollow tune that is whistled from a mouthpiece in a
hollow room

Blow out your candle it's four in the afternoon
And the world it should be ending
Blow out your candle it's four in the afternoon
And the world as you once knew it will be ending soon
My black eyed boy

The early days of courtship are the best
I miss being on buses late at night with you
We are scum, unadulterated scum
Though the butterfly phase has begun
We are scum, unadulterated scum
Though the butterfly phase has begun with immediate effect

Don't let your coffee go cold

Where is your Valerie from the gallery?
Where is the fake Francis Bacon triptych you said you owned?