

# Philomena

David Keenan

Brief erroneous love  
Sanctimonious scum  
The doornails are dead  
Surreptitiously I read fear on the face of a coward in the corner  
Who would sell you for buttons in a heartbeat  
Who would live inside your ear in an instant  
In truth I had squandered the humility I'd hoarded for some time  
Wilfully scorning, consuming hard drugs and vile wine

Philomena, tell me a story  
Sing me to sleep  
I've been in the wars

Without warning I walked straight for the door  
Jo soap may yet rise from the lukewarm bed  
In the clothes of a stranger I wobbled and I wobbled and I wandered  
Directly towards the holy cesspool  
Not a single sinner in sight  
As the working class magi narrates  
You can take the lad out of the council estate  
When we were younger it always seemed to be sunny  
We'd steal cigarettes and buy clothes from a man in van

Philomena, tell me a story  
Sing me to sleep  
I've been in the wars

Sing me to sleep, can I stay with you during the week  
We could feed the wee birds...

The slum queen rose up  
The cracked king cried poor mouth  
The slum queen gave one look  
And the crack king was crying poor mouth, poor me, poor me, pour me a drink  
Death is doing backflips  
We could feed the wee birds...