

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 wibbled 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...