

Wasteland

Gene

Meet me on the wastelands
Later this day
We'll sit and talk and hold hands maybe
For there's not much else to do
In this drab and colourless place
We'll sit amongst the rubber tyres
Amongst the discarded bric-a-brac
people have no use for
Amongst the smouldering embers of yesterday.
And when or if the sun shines,
Lighting our once beautiful features,
We'll smile, but only for seconds,
For to be caught smiling's to acknowledge life
A brave but useless show of compassion
And that is forbidden in this drab and colourless world
Meet me on the wastelands
the ones behind
The old houses the ones left standing pre-war
The ones overshadowed by those monolith monstrosities
Councils call homes
And there amongst the shit
the dirty linen
The holy Coca-Cola tins
the punctured footballs
the ragged dolls
the rusting bicycles
We'll sit and probably hold hands.
And watch the rain fall
watch it, watch it
Tumble and fall
tumble and falling
Like our lives
like our lives
Just like our lives
We'll talk about the old day
When the wasteland was release
when we could play
And think
without feeling guilty
meet me later
But we'll have to hold hands.
Tumble and fall
tumble and falling
Like our lives
like our lives
Exactly like our lives.