

## Terminus

Half Man Half Biscuit

[VERSE 1]

Camped out on a lower slope, dog tired at the toposcope  
Hot soup in the aftermath, salad days in many ways.  
Then time creeps up unseen  
And it puts me back at the front of the bus,  
Hands I once held no longer there,  
Grey falls on the green  
As I try'n get used to me and not us  
Where I'm going I'm not sure that I care.

[VERSE 2]

Still thought I could play out wide, felt sure I could stay on  
side  
But stiff limbs and a shin which looks like Inter's end on derb  
y day day.  
Time's crept up unseen  
And it's stuck me back at the front of the bus,  
Bound who knows where, free of charge  
The situation's lean

Though it could be worse so I don't make a fuss  
Still evading capture, still at large.

[BREAK]

Somebody's mumbling Galatians  
Somewhere a rope print fleece needs 90 degrees  
Pushchair related confrontations  
Pastoral conceits, Italian fancies, comic glees.

[VERSE 3]

No stroll of a summer's eve, neck brace and a shower sleeve  
Hot soup in the afterlife, got my fingers crossed because  
Old Father Time's a lie  
And he's sat by me at the front of the bus.  
Here I am as there I was before  
Things I hold dear  
Held in place by means of a surgical truss  
Sorry, not in service any more.