

# The Man Who Wrote Thriller

Little Comets

Picture the instant  
When it dawns in your mind  
That the things that you wanted  
Were never so kind  
How will you react  
To this seminal moment?  
To be down like a soldier  
Left to pick all the fights

So many nights  
When I'm wound up so tight  
I just cling to the thoughts  
That the man who wrote thriller  
Lives in Scarborough  
With his dog  
Getting on with his life  
There's hope in my bones  
(My emotions will not tire)  
While the man who wrote thriller  
Lives in Scarborough

Those several moments  
That threaten to  
Define your life completely  
They devour like chips  
From a cheap foam cup

On a beach in Whitby  
If I ever get majestic  
And grow perfunctory eyes  
Just wind in my neck  
And hope that I will be wise

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(So daft that I nearly reacted to  
The people with the manifold action  
Who don't see life as a body of water  
So please bless me with a son or a daughter)