

# The Penultimate Clinch

Maxīmo Park

Bury me  
Like dangerous waste.  
I'll lay dormant  
For a thousand years.  
But it's like dismantling  
A decommissioned spacecraft.  
Some parts you can't destroy.

She fidgets too much.  
I've got a bee in my bonnet.

Stay aspirant  
To avoid accident  
On my return  
I will smother you.  
In everything that I've learned  
Until you turn blue.

Now is never a good time  
When you're ready to engage.  
My newsprint fingers are turning a page.

Oh, she fidgets too much.  
I've got a bee in my bonnet.

Soon enough our lips will linger  
And you start to pull away  
But before this chance is torn asunder  
Your hips begin to sway.

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Lasted the longest  
It's the penultimate clinch  
It was the warmest  
A deliberate pinch  
Sounded the warning  
Of a prudish flinch  
I found it appalling

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