

The Glassblower

Peter Doherty

Fire and famine
Pestilence and sin
But there's no surviving a hike in the rent
Bottles on my vertebrae, vases are my mainstay
For I am the glassblower, shards the heart of the pain

Fashions, they come and go
Well fashionable crowds, they know
They know who is the glassblower
And wherein is his lair

Wine like a siren threads between the lives I've led
Wind swims in my naked head with my legs in the air
My veil is two centuries long, I sing forgotten songs
Amongst the sarees and sarongs therein is my lair

Fashions, they come and go
And fashionable crowds, they know
They know who is the glassblower
And wherein is his lair

Split and re-patched seams
Badly re-patched dreams
Underfunded council schemes
And my legs in the air
Fire and famine
Pestilence and sin
But there's no surviving a hike in the rent

Fashions, they come and go
And fashionable crowds, they know
They know who is the glassblower
And wherein is his lair
And says I'm only fair

Her legs in the air