

## German Overalls

Peter Hammill

Manheim; rainy Saturday with no money nor friend,  
only Tequila can end the boredom.  
Try to reach London for a pocket of hope;  
we're children, we grope in the dark.  
Hugh spends his last Mark on coffee and cheese...  
I feel just like a refugee...  
Rathaus-keepers and traffic police,  
middle-aged maids with rotting teeth  
industrial magazines and old Sunday Times;  
reading material/bleeding lines.  
What are we doing here?  
Memorial manace, eager for revenge,  
has begun to bend our minds.  
Shower-curtain imperative in the presence of acid;  
now, feeling placid is death.  
I try to hold my breath as the P.A. comes down...  
here we all are in Ktown!  
The Big Wheel never fails to grind around;  
it drags me up/draggs me down  
Seven sentences wonder 'Can this be real,  
or am I become a performing seal?'  
Why are we dying here?  
I walk the streets alone, try to find a sign of love,  
I've crushed the plaster-bone in the freaky clubs,  
I have bit the fruit  
but all I live for is to play  
and I'm tired of the nights and the days  
of airports, taxis and motorway showers,  
grooping for a key in the afterhours.  
David takes to travelling in the van,  
He knows that we all can understand;  
we're at the mercy of the Kosmos Tour,  
making a pilgrimage to the German Lourdes...  
but we're still crippled here.  
Cathedrals spiral skywards, I think I'm getting vertigo,  
I think I don't know what is real.  
On a more sudden spotlight, one more madness is over...  
I must not show a sign of fear.  
Words echo round my ears, I think I'm going to laugh...  
think I'll just go and take a bath, Guess I'll wash my clothes,  
don't you know I'll grow to go and make my name,  
maybe a servant in the Fame game;  
stake my sane and rest my life on the line...  
Now lay me asunder and rend my mind;  
at the fall of the curtain let this be my ghost...