

Dead Dog in an Alleyway

Richard Dawson

Dead dog in an alleyway, dusted with snow
On a bed of burst bin bags
Underneath the big fans
Behind the Premier Inn and for your eyes only
No fit place to spend the night -
Maybe I can go in the pedestrian tunnel
Stag do's and football dicks
They give me the most shit

"Disgusting animal"

Ahh

Over there in the labyrinth of neon
You can hear the voices lift through the icy air
Hooting and projectile vomiting
And the distant sound of sirens

Dead dog in an alleyway, dreaming of home
In the moment just before I awake to a savage kicking
Blows rain down upon me through the blackness of my sleeping bag

Help me, help me, please help me
Won't you please help me?
Anyone?

The city melts away into a crisp new day
I am still here
Ahh

Drifting off at the glowing Nando's
You can hear the families chatter with each swing of the door
Music, tinkling cutlery, and the laughter of the little ones

Ahh-ahh, ahh-ahh
Ahh-ahh, ahh-ahh
Ahh-ahh, ahh-ahh
Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh

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