

A Solitary Life

Richard Thompson

Sometimes I long for the solitary life
Parents long gone, no kids, no wife
Sister, somewhere in Australia
Never did keep in touch

Sex, no more than a, how do you do?
With a copy of Penthouse in the loo
Socially a bit of a failure
Nice not to have to try too much

A solitary life
A life of small horizons
Dull as the pewter skies over North West Eleven

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A serious hobby in the garden shed
Model trains or soldiers in lead
Join the suburban boffins of Britain
Experts on trivial things

And holidays in the Yorkshire Dales
Or cycling tours of the North of Wales
Unenvious of those flea bitten
On continental flings

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Excitement comes by subtle means
The satisfaction of routines
Small revenges at the office
Smug little victories

You work on your pallor, complexion like paste
Like the gray defeat on an inmates face
A life spent adding losses and profits
Resigning by degrees

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And come to the end, sad and alone
A steady reliable tumor you've grown
From selfish years, while all your peers
Have stressfully jogged to health

In life you always were quite numb
And foggy now, you soon succumb

In drab St. Barts on the new by-pass
Death overcomes by stealth

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