

Point It At Gran

Robyn Hitchcock

Alone and pointless by her mouldering self
She stares at the tin of sardines on the shelf
By a paraffin lamp in a dingy brown room
Gran sits and broods in the thickening gloom
It's a gloom that congeals; it's so greasy and thick
You could cut into strips and roast on a stick
And hand round to friends but there's nobody there
Just Gran, on her own, in a miserable chair
So don't point it at me
Point it at Gran
She needs it more than I do
And more than Princess Anne
When Princess Anne's eighty-two
And living in a one room flat in Hackney
Maybe she could do with a bit as well
Don't point it at me
Don't point it at yourself
Just point it at Gran
And the sardines on the shelf
Don't point it at me
I've had more than enough
Just point it at Gran
She could do with plenty of stuff
Don't point it at me
Point it at Gran
Well, it could be a firehose
Or it could be a flan
Now some people are happy
And some people are bored
And some people are left
And completely ignored
So why should your life end on a dismal note?