

Twenty Three

Stephen Duffy

I moved to town at 23
And launched myself in society
From a squat in Archway, N19
Looking for a thrill
I fell in love with Ecstasy
Which seemed to fuel my vanity
I swore to write just poetry
And live upon a hill
It wasn't her my love, it was me
Looking for another way to see
Looking for another place to be
I sang my songs of Birmingham

How did you relate to them?
Did you dig the proleterian way
I got it wrong?
I bet you never thought I'd dream of you
More than that I'd fall for you
Walk just to bump into you
Like you bumped into this song
And I'd betray my childhood
Betray my class if I could
For a moment truly understood
A reason to believe
In ornamental flower beds
There in blooms the memory
Of all those who can't come back to me
The love we have to leave