

Bumper Cars

Stephen Fretwell

Beds and threads and two hats for our heads
Is not the kind of jazz I can commit to yet
Only let you down
Only mess you up
You should only play
with dodgem cars that you know you can cut up

Stood staring at the green observatory
Where they look up at the stars like you and me
Only lets them down
Only screws them up
You see they only play with bumper cars, they they know they ca
n cut up
And selfish as it is, and though selfish never brings
I lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie lie face down in the quart of
gin

Are you on your own? Are you running down the Strand?
Are you falling to bits? With a staple gun and a trowel?
Did it only let you down?
Did it only screw you up? Did they pull out each and every worm
?
Did they try and trip you up?