

## Advice from a Roving Artist

The Crips

Can't go home right now, and that's the truth  
Julie Burchill's drinking free champagne on my roof  
The front door's off limits, at least to the likes of me  
See right here, right here, this is my story

Slept in a stranger's flat in all my clothes  
In the morning I took a bus across the city to feel safe and closer to home  
Passed a sign on the door, and a couple more  
Saying welcome to hard times, welcome to hard times

I thought of a friend whose window looks out onto nothing but fields  
While outside mine  
The book shop was closing down  
It's closed now

And it starts to look unlikely  
As people leave around me

Helen King wrote a letter to me  
Sent May 19th, the day of my birthday  
From a desk in a library in some far off country  
I'm a roving artist now. It's alright, it's okay

It said there's no magic left in crystal balls  
I'm not sure there ever was at all  
But listen, what will happen, the favourite question  
Is best left for the last line of the poem

And it starts to look unlikely  
As people leave around me

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