

A Place In The Queue

The Tangent

II. Two For The Queue (part one)

You'd been alive for thirty minutes when you filled in your first form,
With blood taken from your left heel just to prove that you were born,
And they filed away the papers and you took your place in the queue.

Through the years of quiet childhood they plotted out your fate,
They had you on their system, there was no hurry, they could wait!
So by the time you'd finished schooling,
You'd learned your place In the queue.

Shaping the line into order, filtering the ones who will rule,
Positioning their appointed marshalls,
In the churches, the youth clubs and schools.....

They were there when you got busted and they now have prints to say,
That you spent three weeks in the U.S. and you stole a coat from C&A
They can look you up at any time,
And gauge your place in the queue.

I walk this world as a number,
No face, no name, no character, no point of view,
And they tick me off and file me and save me to their drives,
But never know completely why or who....

I walk this world as a number,
A statistic in the spreadsheet on the pile,
I interact with others who they let cross my path,
We entertain each other for a while,

II. Shaping The Line

III. Heirarchies

In every situation there's a heirarchy, Someone IN CHARGE, some ladder to climb,

From collecting stamps to national government,
there's always a front and a back of the line.

You may say that you're immune,

The world dances to your tune,

But be honest, is that your name on the score?

The mastermind "dons" of the East-End gangsters,

The president of your local Round Table Club,

The man who represents you on the local council,

The technician who controls your local network hub. (No offence Adam)

And you may try to "break on through",

- It's sometimes good, but when you do.

You just find yourself moving one place up in the queue.

IV. The Escher Staircase

You could walk that Escher Staircase,

Or push the Sysyphean Stone,

You could stand on bridges, screaming,

For a place to call your own,

or you could call it "fiction",

(feel the roughness of the sands of time in your hands again)

Give no heed to false position,

(Stand and observe all the colours and the feelings in these lands again)

You might never find the goal that: you were hoping for,

You might search for rites of passage but never see the door,

Outside the world is waiting, bated breath, for any words that you have to say

While you sit contemplating the queue and the problems that face your world today.

And far away in a land we built when we were younger,
Our dreams stand tall and our hopes still flare with youth,
But we sold them, we sold them all for the price of a B.M.W,
Adding our names to the spreadsheet and
Taking our place in the queue.

Take on board the lying commercials, the promises of kings,
We're inviting the very virii that hold our feelings, in.
Or we could take the high road, look down on the cheating and the con-men,
Who've held our lives so long,
or we could "Do As We're Told".
Wait in line forever, until the end of our life's little song.

V. An 'elping hand

VI. Two For The Queue (part two)

Fools and politicians, paupers, Kings and Popes,
All guided to their futures by the eternal purple ropes,
Taking castoffs from the man in front and
Passing them back down the queue

I walk this world as a number
A statistic in the spreadsheet on the pile,
I interact with others who they let cross my path,
We entertain each other for a while.

VII. The Escher Staircase