

Experience

The Walker Brothers

Here's to memory, old age and every
Here's to the people who live in a shell
Here's to memory, one more for every
One for the road where pedestrians dwell

So self-assured, complacent and bored
Our hero opens a box on the shelf
Containing advice, so worldly and wise
Welcomes his children to help themselves

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He hasn't time for riddle or rhyme
Too busy fighting machines at the plant
He married young, his path is his pocket
Beginnings and endings escape from this end

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Baptized, materialized, no time to realise
Caught in the current and drown in the well
Went about fifty, stubborn and empty
Hands out the world for his children to sell

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