

Priest with Balloons

Tiny Ruins

Not regular party size;
Waves crash on either side
He's wearing polypropylene
Clutching at straws, holding onto string

What was he looking for -
Truth, or was it Heaven?
Or did he just want to go out with a bang
So to speak?

He's put his helmet on
Steps out floats on into the sky
Goodbye!

It's funny, but I can understand why:
I want to live where the traffic controllers
Are ballet dancers
And billboards painted over with colours;
Where unkindness is fined
In numbers of roses
And nobody feels like taking the commons
Nobody feels like taking the commons

While some were meant for sea, in tug-boats
'Round the shore's knee
Milling with the sand
And always coming back to land
For others, up above
Is all they care to think of
Up there with the birds and clouds, and
Words don't follow
There are times when I sit down to tea
Some well-meaning companion will ask me:
How's it going with everything?
Quite nicely, but I want to live

Where the traffic controllers are
Ballet dancers
And billboards painted over with colours;
Where unkindness is fined
In numbers of roses
And nobody feels like taking the commons
Nobody feels like taking the commons
Nobody feels like taking the commons

'Though time has soldiered on
I still think upon him;
Waging with the sky, he's crying Goodbye!
What was he looking for -
Truth or was it Heaven?
Or did he just want to go out with a bang
So to speak?