

The Poet

The poet he had lots to say, I think he could have talked all day
What he was saying I didn't grasp, I think he was talking out his ass
Rhyming couplets, metaphors, I must be careful not to snore
I'd like to leave, to depart, but that might, I fear, break his heart.

Because the crowd is really small, hardly anyone here at all
I don't know why I wandered in, I think the offer of cheap gin
From the bar there, meant, I thought, I wouldn't care
How bad the words because the booze, meant I could have a quick snooze.

But no instead it stimulates and I find I'm wide awake
Listening to a load of crap, from this old pretentious twat
I think he's giving his life tale, at the speed of a bloody snail
I think there's forty years to go, why oh why is he so slow.

I've never liked this personal stuff about a life that has been tough
Keep your troubles to yourself, don't tell about your bad health
Nor your love life that's a real mess, I don't want to hear you confess
Of how you've screwed up, been untrue, that should just be between her and you.

And descriptions of city streets, using metaphors so bad you'd weep
One that's like a jungle track, weeds growing through the cracks
Another like a war zone we're told, lots of huge, nasty, potholes
And abandoned trolleys, derelict bikes, not at all very nice.

Or of country fields of golden hue and the sky azure blue
Silver bark, wattle green, describing things we've all of us seen
And don't need your tortured prose, it's really getting up my nose
A picture's worth a thousand words, much better than your words absurd.

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