

## SONG FOR A FIVE-STRING GUITAR

I still play guitar though it don't mean much up here,  
I mean, who the hell's to hear?  
I broke a string too and you can't find guitar-strings  
a hundred light-years beyond Proxima Centauri.  
The others are all dead,  
something moved through the crew like a rumour,  
the computer's dead, the guidance system's gone,  
I'm all alone now, but if I could be anywhere  
I'd be back home on a bench in the park, even with a cold ....

Sometimes I hear noises in an air-lock,  
I wish I could roll a decent spliff,  
I used to imagine I'd be somehow nearer God out here  
so I started praying but the conversation drifted,  
now either God zoned out or he just don't exist ....

What I'd give just to hold a woman,  
I've been thinking a lot about you,  
there were as many different yous as there were raindrops,  
sometimes you were as fragile as a paper ballerina,  
sometimes it's like I just I made you up to help pass the time.

Mallon left some douche-bag rock star's biog,  
I laughed myself all the way to despair ....  
Right now I feel like I might drift forever,  
it's a long, long time since I last felt immortal,  
before my life turned out as shapeless  
as the arse of old leather jeans ....

Maybe I'll crash-land on some planet,  
get some repairs done to the ship and head for home,  
I always was a sucker for a happy ending,  
that's why I sit here strumming like some bargain-bin Apollo  
on a five-string guitar I can't even be bothered to tune.

'SONG FOR A FIVE-STRING GUITAR' WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY LYNDON MORGANS.  
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