

## THE QUEEN OF THE £10 DEAL

Peggy says I care too much, that it's only life,  
I'm watching the windows grow dark,  
and her legs so pretty in the firelight and the fire spitting sparks.  
She reckons all will be well in the end and if not, then it's not the end.  
And she cooks up a spoonful, ties off her arm, dabs off the blood and whispers amen ....

I raise a dirty glass to this fucked-up land with its plague-wind howling down the road  
and to the diners and dive-bars and donut shops and to the goodtime groovers of old  
and to the anarchy sticker on the lamppost outside  
and to the hell-bound everywhere  
and to the rain that fell the day I was born  
and to the guys on the picket-line over there ....

You'd never think Peggy was a convent-school girl,  
The queen of the ten-pound deal,  
She could talk Jesus right down from His Cross but there's poetry in her spiel.  
She's all chipped nail polish and cheap perfume,  
she'll pull a string of coloured flags from her coat.  
She knows how to poke me wherever it hurts,  
she blows holes in the hull of my boat ....

I've got scores to settle and tears to shed,  
the past will tug at our sleeves all our lives,  
Peggy'll bury my ashes in her window-box,  
say a few words of holy jive ....  
So roll another severed head down the temple steps,  
live for the fuck of it, anyway .....

And Peggy's going to help me keep my mustard hot,  
she sparks and she sizzles and she hits the spot,  
I take her halfway to heaven,  
she says is that all you got?

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