

MY OWN WORST ENEMY

She sent me south by and by, my lips against her thigh,
I felt her body clench, "Baise-moi" she said in French.
I was happy to comply, but then I don't know why,
this voice inside my head said
"Read her a poem instead".
I'm just my own worst enemy.

I was walking the dunes one night,
I'd had a drink so I felt alright.
I met a pilgrim walking by,
he was about as handsome as a horsefly.
"Bless you, brother" I said.
He said "You a pinko? Some kind of red?
And what the hell did you say?"
He beat me red as a junkie's tourniquet.
I'm just my own worst enemy.

I was busking outside some dive,
songs nobody needs in their lives,
death-bed ditties and balls-ache blues.
There's Dirty Nina in white suede shoes,
I recognise her, she's heading my way,
she's the coolest DJ of the day,
she comes up, smiles right in my face,
throws up in my guitar-case,
I'm just my own worst enemy.

Asleep tight by Olive's warm alabaster arse,
verily it came to pass
I heard war-drums up Asda way,
I said "It's here! It's revolution day!".
but when I got there there was no-one around,
the sun lay low in a cave of clouds,
that revolution never did show,
I might as well have been awaiting Godot.
I'm just my own worst enemy.

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