

OF GODS AND MEN

Orpheus lost his lyre, Pegasus is lame,
Chester's boss says he's missed all his targets and it's a crying shame,
life's often had him cornered though, he's cursed many a dawn
since he'd mumble hymns in assembly on a cold, wet winter morn.
The undertaker's got a sale on, it's all going for a song,
with funerals as cheap as these can we afford to just live on?
Heaven's reception desk is empty, nobody's hearing anybody's prayers,
God's not exactly dead yet but he's lying in intensive care.
Shirley spent ten years confessing to a stone-deaf priest,
she's as hot as a twig from the Burning Bush, a walking masterpiece.
She shoplifts all her clothes, wears her skirts tight to the knee,
she has no time for her husband, though, "Don't lay that heartbreak shit on me".
Time's hammering the door like a battering-ram, its been raining hard since Lent.
Bernie the Scorched Spoon's epitaph reads: "He came and he went".
Bernie was the straw that stirred the drink, fluent in all life's codes.
The night butters a thick layer of fog curling over empty roads.
Mephisto's ten kinds of crazy, a real why-the-hell-not kind of guy,
he dines on class As, peach schnapps and sweet potato pie.
Some nights he feels a shudder run through the world and all it contains,
so much lawless desire, so much pain.
Those winklepickers scraping on the gravel, that'll be Jolly Roger Day,
he's mostly wedged behind a piano in a pub on Hellbent Way.
It stinks of exhaust fumes and vomit down there, no flowers ever grow,
was that a smile or a twitch on Roger's face, I guess we'll never know.
Tubby looks at you like a gibbet would, he's as skinny as two drumsticks,
his wife's the shizzle, she could make a rockface come, she's 36-24-36,
life laid her down before Tubby like a trump card in a game,
but he knows one day she'll dissolve back into the sunset whence she came.
Champ sits listening to the fridge hum, watching his future melt,
he goes back over all the days of his life and all he ever felt.
Once there'd been a woman he'd loved till he'd lost her one hot May day,
it's a vision he'll never forget, her hair fanned out on the water that way.
I'm the man who came last in the loser's race, though I had dreams to take your breath away,
but I always did struggle to connect, I never could catch a wave.
A bee bumps against my ceiling, my dog turns three times in his bed,
Moody Mary'd like to get to know me, though, whatever's left of me, she said.
The boarding bell is sounding for the Ship of Fools, the hour's growing truly late,
in all the silent mansions, in the cataleptic estates.
There'll be no mercy, we'll all throw down our crutches and fall,
life's a suicide mission for gods and men and all.

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