

AND ANOTHER THING...

Everything is smaller,
Mars bar and the opal fruit
No place to complain now,
As our letters are on mute.

Supermarket checkouts
Becoming less and less
Several staff are laid off
In this DIY mess.

Query with a bill
You now have to Email
Sent into the ether
To a faceless grail.

You may indeed be lucky
An automated message
Query remains unanswered
And poorly written usage.

Going on a holiday
Once pleasurable experience
Now herded like cattle
For the airport's convenience.

There's no sense of order
Our police are abused
Do anything anytime
"No comment" can be used.

Our motorway signs
Don't do drugs and drive
No hard shoulder stranded up ahead
And a terrible waste of time.

Our morals and behaviour
Are a vile and twisted jungle
I'm old and out of touch
Even Radio 3 is in a tangle.

I can't hear church bells
Or birdsong or running streams
Only the dross of cars and tills
And debt in the extremes.

But I play by the rules
I sing alone my song
I'm wrong for doing right
Laughed at and, so-on.