

Camberwell Now, The Ghost Trade

We can only blame ourselves for this sickly Ghost Trade,
Action turns to gesture, ideas are soon clichéd.
Man is but a hat and coat, woman becomes torso,
Conveyor-belt of shadows of our former selves.

Nothing is quite what it seems.
We never say what we mean.

No strings attached, we stand or fall left to our own devices,
We live our lives all dressed up in Emperor's new clothes.

Vectors of pockets and stomachs.
Vistas of pain and sorrow,
Handfuls of poison and money.
Exchange and martyr.

This life is hard, this life is cruel.
Childhood occupied zone,
In this war of material,
I am a cog,
We are a wheel.

All we ever wanted was sanitary plumbing,
Straight roads and a sense of belonging
To a community of interest
That could reasonably call itself civilised.
Toeing the party line,
Keeping the faith,
There's no reason to despair,
We are only building upon thin air,
Empire-State-Building-Society.