

Eurythmics, Stars On Sunday

a man walked into a bar
and said oooooooooohhhh
and the barman said
ooooooooohhhh where did you get that suit?
and the man said
give me a drink
and the barman said oooooooooohhhh
closed circuit t.v.
spins round zooms
on a packet of cigarettes
stays on the ashtray
and fingernails
and the barman said oooooooooohhhh
maybe I just had a bad day
program crashing
disenchanted
I hope nobody tries to get in my way
solid traffic
faces frozen

she came home
with cigarette papers
no compassion
just a companion
she was cooking
a casserole empty
no connection
to our problem

ice on the window
hands on the wheel
the glove compartment
holds a secret
stars on Sunday
you on Tuesday
I don't know
if you can hear me