

New Academics, Change Up

I pull up to the stop street, fingers tapping to the beat
Smile and point at the Big Issue on my passenger seat
A couple months out of date, but it's still working great
"Why fix what isn't broken?", as the old proverb states
Which I guess I should relate to my rusty garden gate
A couple hinges short of swinging with the fence that it truncates
I wince, turn my thoughts to matters of great import
Drop the handbrake to the floor and ease my car across the tar
Eyes ajar, mind far, far away
Just enough grey matter to move my body through the day
I sway to the breeze and fluttering oak leaves
Trapped against my engine fan, leading to this driver's tan
From just above my elbow down to my right hand
Digits fly in the wind tunnel, to the rhythms of my favourite bands
That pan left and right in the headphones
Because the radio's long gone, boosted right outside of Stones
(chorus)
Because, you can't believe all the things that you read
It's time to wake up
If you struggle up the stairs when the lift's down for repairs
It's time to shape up
If you are lying to yourself about the feelings that you felt
It's time to break up
When you're cruising 'round the bend with the revs up in the red
It's time to change up
You can change to Mainstay with the ship and the wave
I'd rather stay as I am, my liver's turning to jam
Traffic slams, a snarling beast in the February heat
I turn the volume up in an attempt to compete with the
Minibus taxi carving new lanes through the street
Zigging and zagging as if the driver's three sheets to the wind
On Skokiaan, battery acid works a charm
The constable can only watch and make adjustments to his crotch
For behind the Ray-Ban lies a complicated man
Though his methods may be crude, they're all part of the grand plan
Mediterranean moustache a reliable indicator
That his mood swings more violently than a South-American dictator
Catch you later, I slide through a gap in your smile
If you want to get home, you've got to be in the zone
Where time slows and we're all pros surrounded by average Joes
My foot sinks to the floor, 1300 can still roar
(chorus)