

September When, Broke

If the sea was as calm as my mother
And my boat was as big as a ship
If we all could care a bit more for each other
Then we might all go on that trip
I don't have time to explain this
But you would soon get the feel
I have enough with myself to look after
'cos I am so poor I could steal
I'm talking serious poverty
I don't want this to sound like a joke
Don't ask me if I'm coming out
'cos you know that I'm broke