

Caravan, Grandma's Lawn

Knees on legs, toes on feet
Hair on chest, itchy vest
Woolly pants, nylon socks
Leather boots smash down the grass
Oh, grandma's lawn has just been mown
Ten feet tall, overgrown with weeds

Cold blue light, warm red light
Blue-green grass, jangling glass
These things I bought, Comisio sauce
Lima rice, water cress and Misco soup
So spare a thought for Albert Gott

Coloured lights, see-through tights
Moist-wet lips, heavy hips
Silvery sheets, crumbling thoughts
Parting legs, curried eggs
The meal we had was very bad
Too much Yin and not enough Yang

Lost my plec, bloody heck
Who's got my plec, break his neck
The rent's due, feeling blue
Got no bread, so in the street
We all will meet with nothing to do
No place to eat, nowhere to glue dolly friends

To my surprise, in a teardrop reflected
A scene there is you
Surrounded by vast carpet of bell-blue
There is me too