

Farse, Broken Record

They slip, crackle, vinyl, mirrors me,
and this broken record glass,
just look at us now,
the gramophone replacing,
the heart sleeves used to have,
they look at us stall,
out greatest hits edition,
spins back and forth,
school boys lines written,
it's the songs that end,
and it's the rules we bend,
stylus please remain my friend.

The déjà vu box set,
one song, one line, one girl, just no end,
beneath the bubble wrap,
a sharp edged tool, perfect for my back,
started to break down again,
started to leave doubt again,
repeat to fade end.