

George Fox, Bastard Son

Urban enzyme digest slowly
eating crust and crouton wholly
Cut up news with froth and frolic
hero doomed and alcoholic
not a picture prized or pretty
burning engines in the city
not a word now could be tainted
when ivory teeth come golden plated

running frowning waving madly
came from nothing returning gladly
he said strip, strip, shout it out
you've done me over, now let me out
the bastard son of.... the bastard son of you know who.

flashes lighten grime and gravy
instant when it's bright and maybe
happiness will someday bite
from eating starbeams in the night
crunch it chew it spit it out
strip the flesh and suck it out
between the teeth of envy plain
come bits of cosmos fire and rain

Will you ever know how it feels
no mother or father to depend upon
will you ever know how it feels
to be alone in this world - all alone