

Hitchcock Robyn, Gran

Alone and pointless by her mouldering self,
she stares at the tin of sardines on the shelf.
By a parafin lamp in a dingy brown room,
Gran sits and broods in the thickening gloom.
It's a gloom that congeals it's so greasy and thick,
You could cut into strips and roast on a stick.
And hand round to friends, but there's nobody there,
just Gran, on her own, in a miserable chair.
So don't point it at me, point it at Gran.
She needs it more than I do, and more than Princes Anne.
When Princess Anne's 82 and living in a room room flat in Hackney,
maybe she could do ... with a bit as well.
Don't point it me, don't point at it yourself.
Just point it at Gran and the sardines on the shelf.
Don't point it at me, I've had more than enough.
Just point it at Gran, she could do with plenty of stuff.
Don't point it at me, point it Gran.
Well, it could be a firehose, or it could be a flan.
Now, some people are happy and some people are bored,
and some people are left and completely ignored.
So why should your life end on a dismal note?