Subhumans, New Boy

In the lounge of class distinction
Rank and number neatly sprawled
In the luxury of income
Sat the new boy feeling cold

Sat there thinking "Where's the toilet?"
Dropped his cigarettes and coughed
Waiting for a chance to pick them up -
That's when the lights went off

Sat there thinking it was funny
Fears subsiding with the lighting
"Turned the lights on" someone shouted
Found himself alone and smiling
Shattered by his own deception
He looked round for helpful clues
Men in suits and glaring glasses
Calmly watched him look confused

Carpet silence stifled whispers
When did something mean so much?
Just the emptiness of silence
Just the feelings, not the touch

Nervous words of introduction
To the instant silent stares
Felt as if he wasn't wanted
And finally he wasn't there

Then he wished that he was back
To somehow make the silence crack
Concluded, like we all have done
Some people make you feel no-one