The Church, Volumes

Borrowed grapes from stores of gold
Put plastic back where metal's sold
Men in quarries connect their bomb
One two three a new Saigon
Check the bottle is it full?
Have you found which pin to pull?
Boys in shirts get dirty hands
Smoke kills seagulls on the sands
They have pages, they take ages
To read and to learn they're heavy to carry
And easy to burn
Volumes have secrets, take them on holiday
Book them a room, save them a moment
Swallow their swoon
Pretty things all in a row
Flowers who can't seem to grow
Finding the pearls then finding the blood
Then finding the water is wood
The something I wanted has just flown by
It looked at me sideways and told me to try
I hope it's a message from someone obscure
I hope it's the man next door