

# The Divine Comedy, Lost Property

Postcards and letters  
T-shirts and sweaters  
Passports and Parkas  
Mobiles and chargers  
Two tennis rackets  
Blue Rizla packets  
A new sheep-skin jacket  
I lost it all

All through my life there have been  
Many rare and precious things  
I have tried to call mine  
But I just cannot seem  
To keep hold of anything  
For more than a short time  
Possessions of a sentimental kind  
They were mine, now they're not

Gym-kits and trainers  
Asthma inhalers  
Silk-cuts and Bennies  
Ten-packs and twenties  
C-class narcotics  
Antibiotics  
The holes in my pockets  
I lost it all

All that I'd like is to know  
Just where do those lost things go?  
When they slip from my hands  
Then one night in a dream  
I passed through a sheepskin screen  
To a green, pleasant land  
I found them all piled up into the sky  
And I cried tears of joy