

# Trash Can Sinatras, Obscurity Knocks

Always at the foot of the photograph - that's me there  
Snug as a thug in a mugshot pose  
Owner of this corner and not much more  
Still these days I'm better placed to get my just rewards  
I'll pound out a tune and very soon  
I'll have too much to say and a dead stupid name

## CHORUS

Though I ought to be learning I feel like a veteran  
Of "Oh I like your poetry but I hate your poems"  
Calendars crumble I'm knee deep in numbers  
Turned 21, I've twist, I'm bust and wrong again

Rubbing shoulders with the sheets till two  
Looking at my watch and I'm half-past caring  
In the lap of luxury it comes to mind  
Is this headboard hard? Am I a lap behind?  
But to face doom in a sock-stenched room all by myself  
Is the kind of fate I never contemplate  
Lots of people would cry though none spring to mind

Know what it's like  
To sigh at the sight of the first quarter of life?  
Every stopped to think and found out nothing was there?

They laugh to see such fun  
Playing Blind Man's Bluff all by myself  
And they're chanting a line from a nursery rhyme  
"Ba Ba Bleary Eyes - Have you any idea?"

The calendar's cluttered with days that are numbered