

Trash Can Sinatras, Thrupenny Years

That reminds me of the time I felt
It's time for sin and catholic guilt
Two years later to the day
I had reason to confess
With her hair a shining shade
Of bus-conductress blonde
Tales of music and movement
Were told in grip and groan
But to put these thoughts
In songs like theirs
Of the honest truth
There'd be no trace
Just lying out loud

Meanwhile back here in wonderland
A sorry sight with flowers in hand
Pours his heart out till his thirst
For college girls is satisfied
Standing there with ego
Proudly on tip-toe
All the time I'm thinking
Well, well, here we go
Another perfect song of grief
Brings the house down to its knees
By dying out loud

One more awful dancer
Steptoe's son a song and dance of love
When I think of soap operas
And what makes them so popular
The answer's posing in front of my eyes

Here comes our hero in hand-me-downs
Strutting to the strain of
'Send in the Clowns'
Troops his true colours
When no-one's around
And his desk-top tales
Are the best around but
Putting pain to paper reads
Like a lunge at fame and greed
Just crying out loud