

Oh Mighty Engine

Neil Halstead

Cindy writes a paragraph
Says time is passing
But the bubbles in her heart
Are everlasting Yeah, she gave her life to art
And who could blame her
Its pretty major, fraught with danger
And stuff like that Oh, mighty engine of good intention
Youre purring softly beside me
Grinding gently inside me
Tapping totally madly for you
For you Says the plot is getting strange
Taken all new meaning
And the heros run away
And no one stopped him
But she cant control the page
Its taken over Theres people dying, colons crying
And full stops finding fault
Oh, what a dolt Mighty engine of good intention
Youre purring softly beside me
Grinding gently inside me
Tapping totally madly for you
For you, for you, for you Cindy writes of kerosene
And broken bottles
Says the troubles were apart
Of someones childhood But she cant get past the point
Where someones dying
Its pretty minor, a pithy liner
Should sort it out
But he wont die, he just mucks about
Oh, its so hard Now weve broken out the gin
It helps her thinking
And given into sin
Were breathing deeply
But some things on her mind
A chapter stirring
Her mind is whirling And off she trots
To tap her keys to the top
Oh, shes off Mighty engine of good intention
Youre purring softly beside me

Grinding gently inside me
Tapping totally madly for you
For you, for you, for you

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