

Feeling Peaky

Sleeper

Monday morning, fiction on the tube
Then sorting out the daily mail
Nasty habit, read the horoscope
Pick the skin around
Her nails are shiny, made for making love
Or kissing indiscreetly
At the weekend, miss the drink
That leaves you feeling peaky
Tuesday, lunchtime, itchy in a suit
All dressed up for the pantomime
How d'you know though when you're getting on
Or when you're getting back in?
Line up, strung up, listen to the sound
Of someone else's fun fair
Always racing they'll catch you
When you thought you'd just got somewhere
There's nothing you can do
I'll make it up to you
You're feeling just like them
Tonight we'll find a different world
Or sign a different treaty
Love makes you forgetful so completely
You're always looking, read about the lives
That loiter in non fiction
While you're waiting
Someone stole the courage of your conviction

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