Rama Lama

Rocky Sharpe

On a blue antique night
In early October
His wavy brown hair
Stuck wet to his shoulder

And its click, click, click
Go the heels of his feet
Listen
How long has it been since the boyfriend has visited

The milk's in a pile by the door
Her series is playing on terrestrial T.V. the neighbours they don't even know
And its click, click, click
Go the heels of his feet

Listen
Did you hang her out to dry?
The meal that she was going to eat for her dinner
Is left on a plate by the stove

While there's unopened bills and letters and junk mail
All strewn on the mat by the door
And its click, click click
Go the heels of his feet

Listen
Did you hang her out to dry?
Rama lama lama
Shake, shake, shake, shake

How long has it been since the boyfriend has visited
The papers are filling the close
While she's face down on porcelain
An inchful of bathwater

The neighbours they don't even know or care
And its drip, drip, drip
Goes the tap on her ankles
Listen

Did you hang her out to dry?
Rama lama lama
Shake, shake, shake, shake

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