

Confessional

Ian Anderson

[Gerald the Banker]

I made my millions, stashed the pile in Swiss bank havens, lost the lot
when Inland Revenue got wise. So, I did my time, my time for what?[Gerald the Homeless]

On the streets, a pretty pickle. I met a man who lifted me.

Took me home for slap and tickle, in civil partnership, pledged to me.[Gerald the Chorister]

Enough of twisted overkill, Hellfire, damnation, voices shrill.

I was rumbled, de-frocked and tumbled from grace and favour, caught hand in till.[Gerald the Military Man]

Invalided out of theatre. Civilian rehabilitation.

My time now given to help my brothers find cold feet, lost building nations.

[Gerald: A Most Ordinary Man]

Sold the shop, flicked off the power switch. In silent siding, Mallard must stay.

Carriages and sleek coal tender packed in boxes, sold on eBay. Sold on eBay.

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