

Beside Myself

Foremost Poets

Small child messing down, messing down
In the streets of Bombay
Cities like this have no shame, no shame
Indeed, why should they?
Out in the middle distance
Several tragedies are playing
I'm beside myself
I'm beside myself
Big sister, can you hear him
Can you hear him? I'm beside myself
Big sister, can you see him cry
See him cry? I'm beside myself
I saw you taking money in the shadows
In the shadows by the station there
I wish you up a silver train
To carry you to school, bring you home again
Strip off that work paint and put a cleaner face on
I'm beside myself, yeah, I'm beside myself
Hollow faced mother with her babe in arms
Babe in arms looks through me
Behind forgotten charms
Forgotten charms to soothe me
Between the guilt and charity
I feel the wimp inside of me
I'm beside myself
I'm beside myself
Out in the middle distance
Still more tragedies are playing
I'm beside myself
I'm so proud of you
Swimming up from the deep blue
Which one of me do you run to?
I'm beside myself, beside myself
I'm beside myself
Small child messing down, messing down
In the streets of Bombay
Cities like this have no shame, have no shame
Indeed, why should they?
Out in the middle distance

Several tragedies are playing

I'm beside myself

I'm beside myself

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