

# Writer's Block

## Incompetentia

I must have got up about twenty to seven  
Had a shower and had breakfast  
And had a couple of pieces of toast  
You know, forced it down  
Then had a cup of coffee  
It was pouring with rain  
And I thought oh God  
You know, good old England  
I get this writer's block  
It comes as quite a shock  
And now I'm stuck between  
A hard place and the biggest rock  
In my own head consumed  
I sit back in my room  
It's like the tapestries of life  
Get tangled in the loom  
I'm like a butterfly  
Caught in a hurricane  
My pulse is quickenin'  
As my heart plays a new refrain  
I'm lovin' Mary Jane  
Flyin' with Lois Lane  
On board a bullet train  
Don't know yet if I'm glad I came  
Don't know yet if I'm glad I came  
(Obviously this helped me I think)  
Don't know yet if I'm glad I came  
Don't know yet if I'm glad I came  
(I always hoped that it would happen)  
(But I never thought it really would)  
Sometimes at night I think too much  
About life and love and music and stuff  
I mustn't sort of build  
My hopes was too high  
I'm livin' in the past  
My clock's an hour fast  
Should really go and make a coffee  
But I can't be arsed  
I've lost my mobile phone

You'll have to call my home  
On second thoughts, just leave a message

When you hear the tone  
My grimy windows show  
The early morning glow  
Another day, another dollar  
In my one man show  
I'm lovin' Mary Jane  
Flyin' with Lois Lane  
On board a bullet train

Don't know yet if I'm glad I came  
Don't know yet if I'm glad I came  
(Obviously this helped me I think)  
Don't know yet if I'm glad I came  
Don't know yet if I'm glad I came  
(I always hoped that it would happen)  
(But I never thought it really would)

I fell out with Mary Jane  
I don't speak to Lois Lane  
And I missed that bullet train  
But now I know I'm glad I  
I fell out with Mary Jane  
I don't speak to Lois Lane  
And I missed that bullet train  
But now I know I'm glad I  
I fell out with Mary Jane  
I don't speak to Lois Lane  
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