

Craig Morris

"The Nice Girl"

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I sat silent talking hot-air like a washroom device,
The passing gentry did nothing for me, I was the Three
Blind Mice.

My name was a number posted on the wall.
My fingers were aching, my face numb, I waited in the
hall.

She was beside me,
Woe betide me,
Too far gone to see.
She was inside me,
There to delight me,
I threw up on my knee.

My name sounded nasty, Pontious pushed passed me,
I'm not a criminal,
My limbs were limp-weak, come mock the frightened
freak, I am no animal.
Used as a scapegoat, denied my right to vote, the
over-paid read out my story.
The bomb was plutonic, my headache was chronic, in
my weapon inventory.

She was there with me,
There to forgive me,
Too blind drunk to see.
A plea of insanity,
Ruptured my vanity,
What else could I be?

My defence was innocence, and as a consequence,
Lack of sense or deliberance, my failure's a
subsequence.

You said to be stronger so I waited longer but that left
me in a whirl,
You said to go with her, your tone made me shiver, she
was the Nice Girl.
For richer for poorer I'll always ignore her, always there
for me,
They say I'm crazy, I'm nothing but lazy, I like to live

carelessly.

And she was beside me,
She never defies me,
I drank some hot coffee.
I counted my blessings,
Believed my confessions,
Then threw up on my knee.

My disparage was a miscarriage,
Used as a leverage,
The prosecutions ridge was average,
I dreamed of the nice girl.
I dreamed, I dreamed, I dreamed,
I dreamed of the nice girl.
Of the summer, of the late nights,
Of the garden.
I dreamed. I dreamed. I dreamed.

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