

Blueline Medic "Cathedral"

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Seventy-two now and as mad as they come,
But even so, now on occasion there's a few come and help.
Put a crucifix, a portico just like there is at the white house
But the stain still needs more glass.
I think more of red than I could see anything else.
It's one of the arguments in the caf for small talk of a town.
I'm no engineer they say, I'm no architect they say,
As if they don't already argue enough for
It's such a lonely order that I've taken on my own;
That in a house you helped to build.
I suppose you're guaranteed a room,
How should it matter being better held together?
The rains have proved as only they can more for faith than mortar.
I want it left to the diocese
But that idiot that a bishop be so ungrateful,
Like it was some dislocated eyesore;
So near and not to see it finished.
The holy college seeks only to adjust it
And put out of place my columns but no,
They wouldn't be found dead helping me dig out the crypt.
I didn't need elevations then.
I'm not looking for them now, not for all the small talk in a town.
Neither sane nor fool enough is the good word going round.
I built the cathedral almost on my own.
It stands in a house you helped to build.
You're guaranteed of a place to be.

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