

Catatonia

"Goldfish And Paracetamol"

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A dead loss, no songs
No fun, just glum
Lying next to someone
Don't mention the War
So don't question where we stand
Or where we fall
North, South, East we're's best
If I head left
It turns out directionless
And needle point aside
I always find
Embroidery leaves me blind
'Cos I'm not too weary to rest
Since I noticed
Coming second best is close to ideal
What fools boredom breeds
So much to do

So many goldfish to feed
And paracetamol
I take them all
They line my stomach wall
With customary thirst
I search a water glass
But gin hits first
Oh don't believe the hype
Expectancy will always spoil a party
It's tourniquet by crochet
My waters break
Don't drive for pity's sake
'Cos I'm too weary to rest
Since I noticed
Coming second best
Is close to ideal

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