

Max Tundra

"Merman"

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I'm feeling flirty
Must be you heard me
My knee is hurty
I'm nearing thirty

I'm taken to task evade
Distractions fill up my nights
"Look at the cakes I made"
I sing through a pair of stretched tights

Continuing down the page
The queen of Haverstock Hill
Onto a marble stage
Arrives and tells us about the

Cassettes and catgut
A squealing sack but
I toast a pine nut
And serve it in my hut

Downstairs they're playing trance again
That awful bendy guitar
Up through the floor again
It's 9 am, 'til I cry

And Time And A Word, my friend
Inspires me more than guitars
Playing in four that end
Exactly how they began

Six months without an argument
A girl with tresses like yours
Is what I always meant
I should have done this before

The second or third attempt
At making somebody mine
Seems to have worked for now
I think I'm going to be fine

