

Tishamingo

"Julius Seizure"

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Second Plebian: Peace! Let us hear what Anthony can say.

Anthony: You gentle Romans-

All: Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

Anthony: I come to praise, not to bury, the shoddy and the rooted -

To lament for the passing of those men, Safari suited, Who'd flatten you with mindless glee when they got really newted.

Behind the bottleshop you'd see the roughest justice done:

Yeah, it was assault and battery - but with a sense of fun,

And a drink together after, when the ambulance had come.

Who would have thought you'd ever miss the barmaid's brutal snarl

And guys looking at you strange while she says,

""What's yours, darl?""

""Wanna go?"" is all you recall, before the blow and grand mal.

""You gotta fucking mouth on ya,"" those moustached jobs would say

Back when being literate was something to hide away

And being mediocre meant you played in the V.F.A.

But now everyone is talking, and it's oh so tres witty:

All those fucking DJ's and their flashy repartee -

It's always breakfast down in Hell, and radio

compulsory.

From McGuinness to McGuire to Douglas fucking Aiton

There's a whole new type of person that's takin' over this damn nation:

And I'm not talkin' some racist crap about Asian immigration -

If you're a yobbo now, you're rooted; no one says, ""I'll 'ave ya, pal"" -

Listen to Adrian Martin, Jon Casimir, et al:

Excellence is demanded, or the critics give you hell.

Everyone's got a fucking voice - there's personae right and left:

They must learn this stuff in school: I mean, what

fucking next?

Even the E.G cadets crap on, then move to the London desk.

Who needs another columnist to point out

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