

Admiral Fallow "Four Bulbs"

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And I wake to the wail.
Like moan of a bus as it groans to a standstill,
Around the block from the place that I'll leave soon;
Four bulbs later, bulbs from the lamp that my dad
bought me.

So I'll hit the ground running and tear up the streets.
But complain about my face and the pain in my feet,
As I notch up another year until we're all past it.
And the noose around my neck's tightened too much to
take.

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