

**P.F.M.**  
**"Just Look Away"**

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Scraping his bow  
The old violinist plays out of tune,  
Blues on his fingers.  
The people hurry by  
As he plays upon his corner,  
Sometimes throw a coin  
And if they see the pain in his eyes  
They just look away.  
Old men in the park  
Spitting at the world  
Just count the hours  
Faded flowers  
Left up on the shelf,  
Trying to keep warm  
In an overcoat of memories,  
Soon be dead.

Scraping for fuel  
This crazy old world is quite out of tune,  
Too many trumpets  
The people hurry by  
All looking for a corner  
And if they meet a friend  
Who asks them to repay some old favour,  
They just look away.

Old men in the dark  
Sitting on the world  
Play cards with words,  
So absurd,  
The devil's harmony.  
Each man to himself  
In a well cut suit of selfishness,  
Just looks away.

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