

## An Cafe "Once"

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E C  
Once, when I was dead,  
A G e  
And lying still upon a dirty bed,  
E C  
A hag went through my clothes  
A G e  
- her fingers cracked and dryer than a bone,  
I screamed (but just in my head)  
This corpse which lay upon a farmer's bed,  
But my watch, my wallet was gone;  
She was deceived and disappointed at every turn,  
A battle - that's what had passed,  
And me just a footsoldier killed in the mud,  
With a hole next to my heart;  
At least that's what it seemed like just at the start,  
But the hole was filled by her hand  
As she groped around for something she could take,  
I guess, the spoils of war  
Should just lie back and then complain no more,  
So this - could this be the key?  
To my general sexual inability -  
To feel, the victim of theft  
And me without a heart left in my chest

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