

The Leisure Society

"Save It For Someone Who Cares"

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Hunting spires
And an audience in the house of God
Such strange times
Pull me from my knees, genuflect and leave
Braving the weather, evading the stares
Save it for someone who cares

City life
In the glory of pink communal skies
Jostled bones
Hang in dying air breathed a million times
Down through the marching of beggars and heirs
Save it for someone who cares

We are the cats in the flea bitten folds
We will collapse with the weight of it all
Should we attack
Or be caught unawares
Save it for someone who cares

We get by
Swilling with the taste of the now and then
As we type
All our problems we will relive again
Echoes of violence, and office affairs
Save it for someone who cares

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