

Fall, The "Shoulder Pads"

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All these fads
It's shoulder pads

On New Year's Dawn
To my surprise
All the Macca lads stayed at home
Picking antiques
Encloses
Cosy fleck with green bits
Main undercurrent, white spermatozoa

My powers
Against them, half-useless
My senses
Alive have party

Was embarrassed but stuck with them
Walked, at shoulder, down the street, ridicule
They couldn't tell Lou Reed from Doug Yule
Suppressed hate romance

It was like being back at school

My powers before them resound
My powers heard language, two-time doom

Win populace, internal defeat
Their mob had a coup d'etat
Realize what they'd always wanted
Knew I was right all along
It wasn't then a Beatles song
Superhero in harlequin kecks
Dim-wit lecture, half read
Cursing black singers ten years dead

Was a clown in victim hat
Was shouldered and spurned

Then my powers did return....

