

## Tism

### "The Men's Room"

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The fucking kids are whinging  
They can't get a job;  
The photocopy repair man  
Is a smarmy smartarse knob;  
I've been running this office  
For so long I can't recall -  
I've gone and pissed thirty years  
Up against a wall.

"Good morning Mr Jenkins,"  
The office girls all say;  
"Gentlemen," I tell the board,  
"What's the agenda for today?"  
I play the part so desperately  
Because the truth so appals:  
I've gone and pissed thirty years  
Up against a wall.

The fingers that knot my tie  
Are fat with some success;  
But they tremble - still so slightly,  
So far only I notice:  
In the far off wilderness  
A lone hyena calls:  
I've gone and pissed thirty years  
Up against a wall.

Off I go to the men's room  
For the seventh time today:  
My bladder no longer hears me,  
No matter what I say.  
I count the tiles in front of me,  
And wait as the trickle falls:  
I've gone and pissed thirty years  
Up against a wall.

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