

**WHAT TO DO IF TRAPPED IN A LIFT WITH A DENTIST** by [Marcus Freestone](#) is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 Unported License](#).

For other books by Marcus Freestone go to [my Smashwords Page](#)

[marcusfreestone.com](#)

[Facebook Page](#)

[contact](#)

## CONFESSION

Hello, my name is Marcus and I'm a poet.  
Before you ask, yes, I do know it  
for how could one be a poet and not know what one was?  
It sounds like a confession I know:  
Hello my name is Marcus and I'm an alcoholic  
Hello my name is Marcus and I'm a drug addict.  
Hello my name is Marcus and I'm guilty of fraud, perjury,  
insider trading and perverting the course of justice.  
Oh no, that wasn't me, that was Jeffery Archer.  
Hello, I'm Marcus and this is a poem.  
I'm not quite sure where it's going  
I'm not quite sure where it's been  
or if it's ever been heard or seen.  
Does it exist as I write this line?  
Will I finish this poem in time?  
Will I accidentally commit a crime?  
If I did would it help the rhyme?  
What is this poem all about?  
Will I read it in a whisper or shout?  
In constructing the verse will I flout  
the acceptable forms of linguistic structure, rhythm and rhyming scheme?  
I still don't know what I'm writing about  
so therefore I can't do an about turn  
until I learn  
to discern  
between transitory, incoherent ideas that flit through my mind and those that are actually suitable for inclusion in poetry.  
Sorry.

## THINGS I WAS PROMISED BY 'TOMORROW'S WORLD' WHEN I WAS A CHILD AND HAVE SUBSEQUENTLY BEEN DISAPPOINTED BY THE ABSENCE OF

Where are my x-ray specs?  
Where is my hovercraft?  
Where are my silver trousers?  
I know it may sound daft  
but I was promised these things  
when I was in school  
perhaps all those presenters  
were playing me for a fool  
I realise that making a spaceship  
is probably quite hard  
but I expected to have my own by now  
thanks to William Woolard  
All these things were promised  
to me and all of us  
but when I want to go somewhere  
I still have to take the bus  
I don't have a teleport bracelet  
I don't have a hover car  
I've never seen robot slaves  
or a titanium bra  
I don't have a time machine

or a personal dinosaur farm  
I don't have my meals in a tablet  
or a bionic arm  
It's not that we need these things  
they are not necessary  
but we were promised them all  
by those people on the telly  
Still they have not materialised  
within the world at large  
but I suppose if we all had jetpacs  
there'd be an airborne congestion charge

## 10 THINGS YOU WOULDN'T WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

A dead robin in a sock, a relaxation CD  
that appears to be voiced by Ian Paisley  
A pair of trainers pickled in bree  
A vague sense of inadequacy  
A perambulating hamster nailed to the knee  
of a disgruntled member of a select committee  
A piano where every single key  
has been replaced by a rotting flea  
A rotating vicar nailed to a tree  
A swarm of traffic wardens exploding with glee  
The bill for Elton John's latest spending spree  
Some feces in a hammock I think you will agree  
You wouldn't want these presents and neither would me

## THE IDIOT'S GUIDE TO RELIGION

Old and wrong ideas, superstitious fears  
killing in the name all gods are the same  
none of them exist just ghosts in the mist  
that fall across a mind and say that death is kind  
'they're in a better place'? Come say that to my face

Empirically you're wrong, another empty song  
it's gone on for too long no faith can be that strong  
god's boot stamps on your face yet still there is no trace  
of doubt within your heart that you still stand apart  
from those who don't believe and those who don't receive  
god's guidance and love and all those myths from up above

Just wake up and see, it's wrong logically  
you are just like me, a random entity  
the universe has no soul and neither do we  
we're just byproducts of chemistry  
Impersonal laws, no purpose here  
but this is not a cause for fear  
we're all free to decide  
our own will so choose with pride  
choosing gives you life you see  
don't abdicate responsibility  
there's no need to subjugate

your freewill or live by fate  
wake up and define yourself  
seize your essence live your life

it's not nihilism, it's just realism  
it's just real  
it's just truth  
it's just life

## **WHY I DON'T WATCH TELEVISION**

Death and destruction, another new faction  
waring religions, old superstitions  
too much bad science and too much reliance  
on opinion polls by who alone knows  
I can't watch the news, the bigoted views  
the stupidity it terrifies me  
here's what to think and how much to drink  
then expect me to vote it's beyond a joke  
my intelligence insulted each day  
I cannot believe anything you say  
daily the lies burn into my eyes  
all of your fears burn into my ears  
opinion as fact tell me how to act  
tell me what to think push me to the brink

That's why I don't watch television  
because I hold you in derision  
a media prompt for every decision  
politics and truth a mighty collision  
statistics are lies the government tries  
as they patronise with wool over eyes  
democracy fake they're all on the take  
for their own sake election mistake

Entertainment stultifies, paint drying before your eyes  
watch the news absorb the lies as media opinion tries  
to make you scared of everyone feel the fear as you succumb  
to their desire for fear and hate divide and rule so they create  
an enemy for everyone to be against so we become  
a nation scared to move or breathe and government can rule with ease  
cos frightened voters don't protest when they know government knows best  
so don't accept what you are told and don't believe the lies you're sold  
think for yourself be smart and proud don't just do what is allowed  
by men in suits who live for power stand firm and we will have our hour

## **5 THINGS YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO READ IN A TEXT MESSAGE**

1

Hope you're enjoying your evening out, I've just burgled your house,  
I've left the fridge and cooker and a squashed, dead mouse.  
Other than those three items, I've taken the bloody lot  
oh, and your tooth brush has been up my arse  
yours sincerely, John Prescott.

2

I saw you last week on the train, you noticed me I think  
I wore a loin cloth and trilby can I take you out for a drink?  
I followed you home that night so I already know your address  
I also went through your wardrobe can you please wear that bright red dress?

3

I've just been checking my list and it's time to come for you  
I'll call to collect you tomorrow at around half past two  
if you could please be ready to take your last breath  
I'll be wearing a cloak and scythe  
Yours sincerely, Death.

4

You don't know me but I'm your real father

5

Your phone isn't working, you must be imagining this sentence.

## CLONING AROUND

I heard on the news today they've cloned a sniffer dog  
and now there's global panic that they'll go the whole hog  
and clone a human being for some nefarious reason  
which to the unscientific is tantamount to treason  
“They'll be cloning Hitler next, or Stalin or Hussain,”  
the ignorant will cry without trying to explain  
*why* anyone would want to clone a dead dictator  
or *who* they actually think would be the instigator  
of such a pointless act, who would even bother?  
One Hitler was bad enough we do not need another  
But that's okay because it's all impossible  
you'd have to copy everything, experience and all  
You can't copy someones life revive their history  
so even a genetic clone has a new personality  
so, you see, there'll be no new Hitler or Stalin or Hussain  
so let's get some perspective, back to normality again

## EMPIRIC DILEMMA

Sometimes the corner of my eye deceives me into seeing things  
that are not there, do not exist. What is this falseness my eye brings?  
If we can't trust the evidence of our own eyes then where are we?  
Do we believe in anything in this world that we think we see?  
Some people think that they've seen ghosts or aliens and UFOs;  
some people think they've talked to god who tells them how to solve their woes.  
Are any of us really here or are we figments in a dream?  
Descartes thought he really was but are things as they really seem?  
Can we be sure of anything? Is life just one big massive lie  
that we don't get an answer to at any time, and then we die?

## JUST CHANGE YOURSELF

It's not going to happen  
You want to save the world  
nice idea but you'll still fail

You can never change anything  
except yourself just change yourself  
The world is too big and complex  
everything runs on chaos theory  
No one can predict the outcome  
of their actions we can never  
kill the planet only ourselves  
We are not that important  
and the universe doesn't know we're here  
mother earth is as anthropomorphic  
as the big guy sitting on a cloud  
We must all wake up and accept  
that we're nothing more than random chemical events  
In humanity there is no divinity  
just a lot of stupidity  
and that's what calls the shots  
cos the guys who run the world  
all want the fools gold  
which they covet so much  
that they stamp on us all to get to it  
but we'll have the last laugh because

None of them rule the world  
we are not the world  
we only move in our own tiny circles  
and it's time to adjust our view

It's not going to happen  
We can't change the world  
only ourselves  
so let's do it and make the world  
a better place for *all* by removing the stupidity  
and false values that blind our minds

If all the people in the world  
starting thinking for just five minutes  
each day then we will have  
markedly improved our lot  
and someone like Bush can never rise again

Just change yourself  
Repeat as necessary

## **JUST LOOK UP**

Sometimes at night I look up to the sky  
the infinity of stars makes me want to cry  
not from unhappiness but out of sheer awe  
at the sense of infinity the sky is big, for sure.

Some of those distant lights are bigger than our Earth  
yet still people think there's something special in their birth  
that they are so important when they are patently not  
cos even our whole planet is a dot upon a dot

An infinity of space-time should give us pause for thought  
and make us quick to question the huge arrogance we're taught  
so look up at the night sky and just take in the view  
there's nothing special about me and nothing special about you

But that's not a cause for heartache cos we're here and it is now  
so let's crack on with living  
before we take our final bow

## **WHAT TO DO IF TRAPPED IN A LIFT WITH A DENTIST**

If you have brought your own wolf with you then obviously all is well.  
If you have forgotten your wolf you will understandably start to panic.  
However, providing the dentist is in agreement, an adequate substitute  
is to whistle the chorus of 'Too Shy' by Kajagoogoo  
until the emergency services arrive.

## **WHAT TO DO IF TRAPPED IN A LIFT WITH A DOCTOR**

The procedure for wolf replacement is similar to that outlined above  
but involves playing the theme to 'Test Match Special'  
with spoons and matchsticks.

If you have forgotten to bring your spoons and matchsticks with you  
then a comb and paper will just about do, but be warned that whistling will have no effect.

## **WHAT TO DO IF TRAPPED IN A KIOSK WITH A CABINET MINISTER**

If you have forgotten your tear gas then it is legally permissible  
after ten minutes has elapsed to release your wolf.  
Anyone foolish enough to enter an enclosed space with a cabinet minister  
without adequate wolf protection deserves everything they get.  
It is, however, advisable to ascertain their exact cabinet position.  
If you discover that they are only a junior minister  
then you must wait twenty minutes before releasing the wolf.

## **WHAT TO DO IF TRAPPED IN A KIOSK WITH MICHAEL HESSLETINE**

Run like fuck.  
The wolf will be of no use.

## **HOW DO THEY DO IT?**

How do they do it the murderers, the rapists and bully boys?  
Inflicting pain and violence treating people just like toys.  
I don't know how they sleep at night or what could motivate  
a human being to become such an incessant ball of hate.  
What do they think they've achieved? Is it something they enjoy?  
Does it fill their hearts with glee when they seek out and destroy?  
Do they think they're better than the people they abuse and kill  
and will they just go on and on never having had their fill?  
It mystifies me every day that somebody gets such a thrill  
from ruining and taking lives it must be such a special skill.  
The politicians aren't exempt I don't know how they sleep at all  
after each and every busy day of shoving us against the wall

of intransigence, low intelligence, no recompense, on the fence.

I've always wanted a quiet life and those I meet are much the same  
they seem to realise that life is merely an absurdist game  
that nothing is worth dying for and nobody's worth killing  
that we're all equal in this game nobody has top billing  
but still I see that I'm obliged to do no harm to others  
and not to bully or harass my sisters or my brothers  
so why can't everybody see that this is just the way to be?  
Why is there so much penury so many inflicting misery?

How do they do it? Why do they do it?  
What are we going to do about it?

## WHITE COFFINS

When I was twelve a friend of mine died. He was eleven and I went to his funeral.  
In the back row of the chapel I ogled the girls from his school  
and thought how nice they all were even though they were visibly distraught.  
The dreary, depressing music piped up and we all stood up.  
I became aware of movement behind me and four men came in  
carrying a wooden box.

I'd never been to a funeral before and I'd never been two feet away from a coffin.  
As it passed slowly by my head a horrible thought leapt unbidden into my mind:

“Oh shit! Mark's in there!” Then I thought “Hang on, no he isn't.”

Then I thought “If *he's* not in there, what *is* in the coffin?”

I was suddenly stuck in a metaphysical paradox  
and as a man chanted the meaningless liturgies and platitudes  
my mind was racing in all directions at once.

At the end of the pointless service of empty words and false comforts  
I realised that I'd cried enough to leave a large puddle on the stone floor  
and it struck me as odd that my face could contain that much liquid  
and also, absurdly, that perhaps I should offer to clear it up.

Throughout the service I looked fixedly at the back of the pew in front - anywhere but the coffin.

Why do they put kids in white coffins? It's a fucking horrible thing to do.

It seems to say “This person never had a life”.

Small coffins are bad enough anyway but *don't* use white ones.

Afterwards, all the adults were stuffing their faces with food and drink,  
and laughing and joking. I was really puzzled and angry.

“Hang on,” I wanted to shout, “we've just cremated an eleven year old boy,  
what the fuck are you doing?”

Now I understand: they ate and drank to *experience* something  
to use their senses, to feel *alive*.

They laughed and joked about trivial things  
because nobody wanted to talk about why we were gathered there and what had just happened  
because there were no words to speak.

Now I understand - it's known as displacement.

Twenty three years later I understand all too well.

At the time I didn't, couldn't, didn't want to, delete as applicable.

So I went outside and sat alone in the middle of a large field.

It seemed like days, that half an hour, and it changed me forever.

Never such innocence again.

I looked up at the sky and shouted aloud



“Okay, you bastard, explain this one.”

I closed my eyes and sarcastically awaited a reply. None arrived, of course:  
no answer to my anthropomorphic gesture of desperation  
because there are no gods, no angels, no heaven, no hell, no answer.  
The only things in the universe are physical matter and abstract concepts  
and you can't have the latter without the former because ideas only exist in the mind  
and a mind is only a metaphysical abstraction of a physical brain.  
Consciousness is electricity and chemicals and nothing else  
and so is the universe.  
Therefore I received no answer, but I never expected to  
so eventually I got up and rejoined the party  
In one sense, but never in the other.

## WHO BRED ALL THE REPUBLICANS?

Who bred all the Republicans? Let's see if we can find out.  
Which pharmaceutical laboratory or government agency was responsible?  
They certainly can't have arisen by the process  
we've come to know as natural selection  
Cos they're all twisted and wrong  
and most definitely *unnatural*.  
They're very much the duck-billed-platypus of the political world;  
ugly and pointless.  
In any case, Republicans are mostly bible-bashers  
who don't believe in natural selection  
Despite the fact that we all have fish bones  
in our necks from our evolutionary past.  
They really should have stopped breeding a long time ago  
even before Reagan began to appear in cowboy films  
Where did all the Republicans come from?  
Who was responsible?  
Please tell us so we can find them  
and beat them around the knees and ankles  
with sticks and raw sewage.  
Oh dear, now we come to the Bush family?  
Such an abomination of nature  
they're even more twisted and wrong than the previous lot.  
They're so faulty and inbred  
they could even be members of our very own royal family.  
What sort of a gene pool do they have in Texas?  
It's so small it may even be *subatomic*  
Similar in size to a quark or even a Higgs-Boson  
and that's a very small particle/gene pool.

## REPETITION

Life consists of experiences  
That's all we have  
except memories of previous experiences  
Why do we seem to prefer to live in memories  
rather than experiencing something new?  
And how much of our experience  
is genuinely new anyway?

So much of what we do and think  
is merely repetition  
of a previous action or thought  
Memories are inherently unreliable  
they are not an accurate record  
they are coloured and shaped by our present mood  
If memories aren't really memories  
and experience and thought is mostly repetitious  
then what do we actually have?  
What does human existence really consist of?  
Ah, there's the question  
The one that poets and philosophers  
have been begging for years  
begging for an answer  
May I posit that, like matter  
what we have is Potential Difference  
We all have the capacity to reach above the mundane  
to transcend the daily grind of anxiety and doubt  
to silence the incessant, futile chatter of our fragmented minds.  
So why don't we?  
Why do so few even try?  
There's no indication that this will cease to be the case any time soon  
and therefore no indication that the chaotic mess of human society  
will be resolved any time soon.  
Until then, we will always have poets and philosophers.  
I've been a slave to poetry and philosophy all my life  
I don't mean that I look to poets and philosophers for answers  
though that used to be the case  
but rather that I write in order to understand  
I now have most of the answers I always sought  
If I had all of them, would I still write?  
Sarte said that people write in order to understand life  
Does that mean that when you understand life you stop writing?  
Writing *is* my life  
I don't really do anything else  
nothing that interests me anyway  
So if I ever had all the answers and was completely content  
would I actually be worse off?  
If you can pass each day happily  
without thinking about all this stuff  
then be thankful you're not a poet  
It's a filthy job  
But somebody's got to do it

Well  
I have to

## **PORNIFICATION**

Some of us men have sense  
Don't stereotype us all  
I personally hate violence  
and porn and football.  
I'm deeply disturbed by adverts

with women in revealing tops  
clearly dressed as schoolgirls  
displayed on our bus stops.  
What message should I take from this  
and does it matter much?  
Does it bother other people  
or am I out of touch?  
Is it a post modern joke  
I wasn't invited to?  
I don't want porn at bus stops  
But some obviously do.  
I once saw a girl of twenty  
and written on her t-shirt  
was 'I'm gagging for an F.C.U.K.'  
is that how modern girls flirt?  
For half a horrid second  
a primeval side of me  
pictured what I'd do to her  
up against a tree.  
I'm a gentleman  
I'd never cross the line  
but others often do  
not just from time to time.

The bus stops are bad enough  
but this was so much worse  
I felt physically ill  
at my testosterone curse.  
I wanted to warn her about  
what had flashed through my head  
but it would doubtless be  
a tricky path to tread.  
I loathe this kind of branding  
that doubtless comes from men  
provoking my libido  
again and again and again.  
You may think I'm overreacting  
but listen to the next verse  
and then tell me that  
this isn't all a terrible curse.

Once I saw a girl of eight  
with mini-skirted hips  
her hair all in bunches  
and scarlet painted lips  
the image of a prostitute  
she walked with her mother  
I wanted to punch that woman  
but of course I didn't bother.  
Instead I bottled up my anger  
and a violent urge to cry  
'when did this start happening  
and someone tell me why?'  
Why would a mother do that

does she think it's fancy dress?  
Where do you buy those clothes from  
who are they meant to impress?  
All they did to me  
was leave me in distress  
what did the future hold  
for this junior mistress?  
Not to mention the 'Playboy' skirts  
And 'porn star' t shirts  
Is that what people now aspire to?  
I really wish I had a clue.

This isn't unconnected  
to the adverts using sex  
to sell me everything from razors  
to Vitamin B Complex.  
It's all so disturbing  
I don't know where to turn  
from the provoking images  
into my eyes they burn.  
I don't know where to go now  
but I thought I'd write this poem  
Cos if you're a woman  
these things are all worth knowing.  
They may not have occurred to you  
but here's my point of view  
is this how things should be?  
Is there anything we can do?  
That woman with the t-shirt  
is of course not to blame  
and part of me liked it  
to my everlasting shame  
but I wouldn't be surprised  
if she thinks a suffragette  
was an early 80s punk band  
that's how bad things can get.  
Emancipation isn't  
getting your tits out  
and drinking tons of lager  
and behaving like a lout.  
Being a man isn't  
competing in stupidity  
so grow up now  
And find some lucidity  
And stop the post-modern rape jokes  
And stop acting like blokes  
And act like a human being instead  
Start thinking with your head  
We all need higher ideals  
To feel what our neighbour feels  
Embracing humanism  
Isn't high idealism  
It's just realism.

## PACKED LUNCH

Once in junior school  
I couldn't stomach the food  
my mother had given me  
cos it wasn't very good  
sandwiches I didn't like  
filled my tupperware  
every day at lunchtime  
I wished that they weren't there  
I tried to eat a bit of them  
but couldn't manage a sliver  
so on the way home  
I threw them in the river

The next day once again  
I had some similar muck  
packed up in tin foil  
just my rotten luck  
I don't know what was in them  
whether it was fish or hog  
and so it was, when I got home  
I flushed them down the bog  
Sadly, though they floated  
and were soon discovered  
and therefore I was punished  
they locked me in the cupboard

That last line was a lie  
but I couldn't find a rhyme  
for the events that actually happened  
when I was told to apologise but wouldn't  
and ended up standing on the landing for an hour  
looking at my fish tank  
They had a weird idea of punishment in my family

## 1 2 3 4

1 2 3 4 hundred times  
I wish you'd shut your face  
I cannot stand your idle thoughts  
I wish you knew your place  
It's further down the food chain  
than a human should reside  
but that's your place cos you're  
something amobeas can deride

1 2 3 4 thousand times  
I cringe at things you say  
you never cease to amaze me  
it just gets worse each day  
Ideas drip from your mind  
I just wish they were fewer  
cos everything you say is

like the outflow of a sewer

1 2 3 4 million times  
my skin crawls when you speak  
it makes me questions Darwin  
that a mind can be so weak  
If you see a book it frightens you  
and science is a far off land  
there was nothing natural in your selection  
you cannot have been planned

1 2 3 4 billion times  
you fail to think each day  
a life of hate and ignorance  
is your moronic way  
you're pointless and redundant  
there is nothing you can do  
however many times I try  
I can't see the point of you  
Forgive me if you think  
this is just bitter polemic  
I wish you were just one person  
but you're now an epidemic

## **WI-FLI**

I wonder  
if a mayfly  
ever thinks  
about the good old days,  
when it was only lunchtime?

## **8 THINGS YOU CAN DO ON A TRAIN**

1

Go to the toilets and rub  
a dead fox across your face  
it may just possibly  
improve the smell of the place.

2

Sellotape a photo of Hitler  
onto a beer mat  
and then smear his face  
with a gallon of pig fat.

3

Pretend you're using a laptop  
by folding some cardboard in half  
and writing a windows error message  
to make the Mac users laugh.

4

Pretend you're using an i-pod  
by placing a bee in each ear  
and holding a gaudy pencil case  
to be in a pain in everyone's rear.

5

Entertain the passengers  
stretch your legs for a while  
by frantically goose stepping  
up and down the aisle.

6

Pretend to be tory,  
read the Daily Mail and smile  
and, to be extra convincing,  
goose step down the aisle.

7

Creep up behind Michael Portillo  
while he is unaware  
put his elbows in a soda stream  
and just leave him there.

8

When the guard comes around  
pretend to be asleep  
refuse to produce your ticket  
as a protest against the extortionate prices and poor service.

## 15 YEARS

I should've been here 15 years ago  
but I sat and wasted so much time  
on self doubt and pointless misery  
I never stood to claim what's mine

Now I'm where I always wanted  
living on my own happy and free  
others' opinions no longer fill my head  
I've climbed out of the family tree

To a land where my mind is clear  
free of doubt and pressure from outside  
now I carry out plans successfully  
walk forward through my life with pride

The rules say I should be dead by now  
and I would be if others had their say  
the world did its' best to get rid of me  
but now I'm stronger and here to stay

You can still doubt me if you want to  
for not having a mortgage or a car  
but I can do without those encumbrances  
I know where I'm going and that's far

So far away from you, you can't conceive  
of where I am already at  
cos now I am no longer holding back  
I'm running free and that is that

A fact you cannot even comprehend

cos you don't know what freedom means  
you're just a drone who plays the lottery  
perpetuating recessive genes

Success to you is living hell to me  
I wouldn't go there for any price  
No one can ever buy me now  
I see straight through you in a trice

So from now on it is my life  
To do with whatever I choose  
I won't ever see things your way  
or walk a millimeter in your shoes

Cos I am self perpetuating  
I make my choices for myself  
Now my path is clear in front of me  
I've got down from the dusty shelf

Where people sit and waste a lifetime  
being a drone or sheep or clone  
I don't need your advice or platitudes  
I can succeed now on my own

Cos it's my rules, my terms, my strategy  
I'm playing now in my own game  
Don't you dare to try and copy me  
cos you and I are not the same

You must decide upon your own path  
don't look to me or anyone  
It's not society you should look to  
think for yourself, that's lesson done

## **21<sup>st</sup> CENTURY BLUES**

I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> century blues  
I'm a man out of his time  
I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> century blues  
Politicians lies and crime  
Everywhere things going wrong  
Does the human race have long?  
We haven't evolved  
in the last 40,000 years  
Perhaps that explains  
all our confusions and fears  
Still fighting tribal battles  
internecine strife and hate  
Outdated racial conflict  
battles between church and state  
Archaic superstition  
Informs political decision  
religious contradiction  
leads us all into perdition



I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> century blues  
a planet swallowed by the internet  
I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> century blues  
So many things we just forget  
Like how to speak to people  
conversation face to face  
Can we get off this insane path  
or will Bush have the last laugh?  
With his finger on the button  
as god whispers in his ear  
a delusional fool  
creating hate and fear

I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> century blues  
Will I live to see a change  
I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> century blues  
In this world it's me who's strange  
Cos I don't need a belief  
For existential relief  
You call me infidel  
and want to send me down to hell  
but there is no such place  
so blow the smile off your face  
When I die I'm going nowhere  
and you will rot like me  
In the end we're all just microbes  
the truth you refuse to see  
Your world view so distorted  
that your mind is never free

I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> century blues  
but at least I am still me  
I've got the 21<sup>st</sup> century blues  
but at least my mind is free

## **ODE TO A BAG OF LEAVES**

I really, really, really  
love a cup of tea  
it's tasty  
it fuels me  
it makes me happy

## **SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTION**

At what point  
should a towel  
be washed?

## **WAITER**

I went up to a 34 waist  
and in haste

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

