

Rooms

In all those big bright rooms you see
Alone at night and all at sea
Perhaps inside there's someone there
Locked up beneath the attic stairs.
And I wonder just how can it be
While Mugs and Co. are having tea
Spread out in other rooms although
With curtains when you learn too slow
That two and two add up no more
And algebra unlocks the door
That takes you down past Friday night
Through blackboard jungles ruled in fright
On walls that trap the candlelight.

Where shadows steal away like ghosts
The cheques they sent you in the post
While Charm lays on in lots of jokes
The planning application strokes
Then steals away through public bars
With deputies and senators
Who standing orders all agreed
With chairs and tables who decreed
For sound pure economic sense
That tax on virtue recompense
The once removed from minding hens
Their shiny new Mercedes Benz.

While trial runs that never end
With silk and briefs reward their friends
Who'd charge an arm and leg to plead
The law according to their needs
A mean result you may depend
When you've broken down around the bend
Where Doctor who, what, where, and when
He'll diagnose you with his pen
And casting bones discern what ills
Could supplement his purse until
The patients waiting patient here
Pass on in corridors of fear
These rooms go on for years and years.

That's right...just rest.
These gentlemen know best
Your eyes and watch the clock
Time flies.

