

Preparing For War

Written by Graeme Lockhart

a pound for your pity or a clean break with the city is all,
all that you reasonably need, to keep your nose clean,
get your head from the bed,
put your fear in your pocket and say fuck it,
and walk out,

there's no reason nor rhyme, no conceivable sign,
you put a toe through the door, you're preparing for war,

has it always been, has it always been so,
you never felt so alone,
amongst a million odd souls,
are you invisible, invisible,
you shouldn't look quite so quizzical,
why do you find it so difficult,
to turn the other cheek,

there's no reason nor rhyme, there's no conceivable sign,
you put a toe through the door, you're preparing for war,

and she said and she said you better learn to get over,
you've never bothered, you prefer to lay low,
but there's always some shakedown, breakdown,
someone with their nose to the floor,
that just won't leave you alone,
that just won't leave you alone,

there's no reason nor rhyme, there's no conceivable sign,
you put a toe through the door, you're preparing for war,