

Fiery But We Know

By David Clarke

I became shallow there for a moment
Lost myself again
Like I did many years ago
Unrelenting strain upon me
I was driven to death and being lost
Then the wild world
Every bully was an angel in disguise
I grew wise because of it
And adept at ducking
But at least I never ran
Each drink is a jolly reprieve
From work, shell-shocked existence
On a mean planet
I have transcended class and religion
Dominated by mothers
Leaders are emasculated but fiery
It's like being mugged by your granny
They are woolly bullies
Let it be said now
So that we can all understand
The great art of expression
Never again unrelenting pressure
From the fiery woolly fiends

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