

## Peter Brophy Don't Care

Lindisfarne

Your nose is in your pipe, but you don't care  
Your tattered tweeds and walking cane  
All feel real  
The monocled face with the knowing eyes  
See it all go by  
But you don't care

You dance your pants and sing with the Jew  
Who knows your face from a different place  
You don't care  
You just don't care

Bow down, in out, feeling fine  
Drinking bottles of American wine  
You don't care  
You just don't care

Lift the cracked old cup up to your mouth  
And toast the feet that walk the street  
From north to south  
Walking kitten on a leash  
A smile, a bow, a quick how-now brown cow

You don't care if the vicar's hair is falling out  
He's still got a beer pout  
You don't care  
You just don't care

Brown hot-cross buns in the bakery window having fun  
With the sausage roll that's underdone

You don't care