

Last Daze of an Empire

Murray Head

Hey wait for me!
The young man cried aloud,
Running across the street
He couldn't find the crowd.
The streets were paved with garbage
The size of motor cars,
While businessmen were drinking cocktails
Somewhere - laced with caviar

Meanwhile in a basement,
I am listening to the rain
Thinking about the day going by.
And wasn't it a shame,
I'd let the kettle boil dry.
And I'd forgot to buy myself a T.V. guide

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Will be the first rays of hope

I saw and heard the news today,
Fifteen times or more;
It helped me keep informed all day,
Of what's going on outside my door.
I read the papers in between the bulletins
On the radio and T.V.;
I didn't have to move an inch,
I felt as solid as a tree.

I looked out of my basement window,
At a cat lying fast asleep.
The street looked like the aftermath
And the sky was turning grey.
The crowd had moved on somewhere else -
The young man talked to a garbage heap.
As I looked down at my feet,
I felt nothing left to say, but then,

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