

Cloud Cuckooland

Roy Harper

The punters gather at primetime
On the flat screens of their dreams
To vote for dumb celebrity
And witter into gathering storms
Of universal screams
The great shampooed are stranded
With the cowgirls in the sand
Here in Cloud Cuckooland
We are condemned
We are condemned
To make
The same mistakes
Over and over and over and over
And over and over again
The bankers slide their stethoscopes
Into the public purse
To track genetic foreclosure
From coitus to delivery
From ovary to hearse
They creep around the spreadsheets
With the dodger's sleight of hand

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The corporations occupy
The moral middle ground
Selling weapons to the world
As socially acceptable
Religiously immaculate
Enforcers of the crowned
While necessary evil
Lends an ever willing hand
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The same mistakes
Over and over and over and over
And over and over again