

Gary Gilmore's Eyes

The Adverts

I'm lying in a hospital
I'm pinned against the bed
A stethoscope upon my heart
A hand against my head
They're peeling off the bandages
I'm wincing in the light
The nurse is looking anxious
And she's quivering in fright

I'm looking through
Gary Gilmore's eyes

The doctors are avoiding me
My vision is confused
I listen to my earphones
And I catch the evening news
A murderer's been killed
And he donates his sight to science
I'm locked into a private ward
I realise that I must be

Looking through
Gary Gilmore's eyes

I smash the light in anger
Push my bed against the door
I close my lids across the eyes
And wish to see no more
The eye receives the messages
And sends them to the brain
No guarantee the stimuli
Must be perceived the same

When looking
through Gary Gilmore's eyes

Gary don't need his eyes to see
Gary and his eyes have parted company