

# Perineum Millennium - The In-Between Years

Tim Minchin

Rust

Crawls down the side of my water tank life, Cuts like a knife,  
Sluts like my wife, And you'd like her too. People usually do.

Puss

Seeps from the seams of our festering souls, Mostly just drippi  
ng, Ghostly and gripping,

Slipping, Slipping.

And if only I knew. And if only I had the questions, And the mo  
ment to ask. If only I had the shoes in which to dance, To take  
a chance to free myself Enough to paint a portrait Of my pater  
nal grandma Nude in public, Rude and pubic, Rubix. Cubic.

Sex

Resides in the core of my labyrinth mind. Masturbating minatour  
, Saucy and sinister, Half man, half bullock, Large swollen bol  
locks, Mostly just swinging, Itchy and stinging.

Stinging.

And there will be times, there will be times, When sunset falls  
Like a wingless bird - Never to sing again, Never to wing agai  
n, There was an old man called Michael Finnegan, He grew whiske  
rs Like magical Mr Mestopholes.

In the room the women come and go. Talking of threesomes and Re  
ality shows.

But if only they knew! And if only they could see the light. If  
only they could watch me try to write The songs I long to writ  
e, And right the wrongs I thought I might, I mixed my colours w  
ith my whites I fight the tie-dye fight in Mighty tight trouser  
s, And really big shoes. And nothing to lose But my stiffy.

I grow old, I grow scared I shall wear my pre-  
worn trousers flared.

And while the shadow may lie Between ideas and facts One can ly  
rically wax The more interesting gaps Like the soft bit that si  
ts Twixt your arseholes and sacks We're living in the Perineum  
Millennium The in-between years Not front bum or back bum Not f  
iction or factum Nor ideas or reality Nor the shadow nor the ho  
llow Not a bosom for a pillow Not Dante's big whinge About crui

sing round Hades The Perineum is yummy As taties and gravy It's quite big on the boys But just small on the ladies And can break all together When the ladies have babies And still we insist On being brisk with the topic In the fear the affair will turn Colonoscopic And we all know what Sigmund Would say about that As you lie on your back Etherised on a table Like the fabled evening Spread out against the sky Let us go then, you and I... Fuck that, Freud you perverted Viennese prat Just cos you're a crack pot Just cos you wacked off lots As a little tacker Your little pre-genius eyeball Glued to the keyhole When your mum's in the loo And you, aged just 2 Sneaking a good ol' peep At certain half-deserted streets The fluttering retreats Of your ma's "meat Venetians", As she bent over the bath, Your future stared back Like a glittering path, Gilded with that golden Guilt, Upon which you built Your Oedipal empire.

But always you searched For the soft bit unseen Like text beneath the pages Or the years between The anal and genital phases. The perennial quest Life's only true task The only real test We humans must pass Begins at the testes And ends at the arse.

This is the way the world ends. This is the way the world ends.  
This is the way the world ends. Not with a full stop But a colon.