

Karl Marx in the Bath

Tom Rosenthal

You, you used to read Karl Marx, alone in the bath, whenever
You were low, whenever you were low.
You made cakes out of love and love out of hugs
Cos that is what you do, that is what you do.

You made a paper boat and you sailed all across the floor to
The harbour by the door

You caught a bug in a jar and you named it Escobar
But your mother let it go, your mother let it go.

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