

## Friday On Hope Street

### Torture Garden

Hazy lazy faintly shady  
Weary from another day  
Crumpled suits and tired eyes  
Homewards to that other life  
Daisy off out to the bingo  
Best bonnet and floral dress  
Bus pass grasped and at the ready  
Meeting Mabel weekly treat

Crazy Dave out on the pull  
Looking to forget himself  
Party girl Trish spent hours in her lair  
Caking on make-up and braiding her hair  
But they all died that night  
With 'if only' on their lips  
Astounded by the lightening flash  
And when the sky enveloped them  
They slept beneath a blanket of ash