

Steve Cartwright

CURTAINS

Look, there behind the curtain
Something's there of that I'm certain
I can see the folds all wobbling
And the dangly bits all bobbling
And look there's something sticking out
I can hardly make it out
By Jove! I think it is a boot
Belonging to some fiendish foot
A burglar must have gotten in
Bent on a bit of burglar-ing
bet he's waiting 'til I'm nodding
hen he'll come and bash mi noggin'
ick mi silver and mi china
Stck `em in his black bin liner
Get away, leave me for dead
Wiv blood all spoutin' from mi head
What shall I do, attack the drapes?
He might be six foot bloomin' eight
Perhaps I'll draw the curtains back
Say "Come on in my dear old chap"
"Sit you down and have a beer
Leave your shotgun over here
Take what you want just come on in
But please don't bash mi noggin in"
Oh sod it all - here I go
Through the curtains Tally Ho!
My God! Who took the window out?
I'm twelve floors up and falling out
All tangled in this mighty drape
I look like Batman in his cape
I'm diving headlong upside down
I'll soon be splattered on the ground
I'm surely going for a Burton
It's curtains now for me I'm certain
Unless by some amazing chance
The gusset on mi underpants
Gets ripped and catches on the edge
And flings me back onto the ledge
But no, it seems my chance has gone
I had not got no knickers on
One consolation there will be
No scorch marks to embarrass me
Oh God! Please give me one more chance
And fling me down some underpants
But no, it seems I am undone
My earthly race is surely run
In just a second you will see
Strawberry jam is what I'll be
So as I take my final bow
Grant me this I beg you now
On my gravestone let there be
No mention of stupidity
Nice and quirky let it be
Perhaps these words you'd write for me
"He left this earth we know for certain
Still clinging to the final curtain!"