

Steve Cartwright

Bill



I'm hopelessly lost and don't I know it jack Where did I go wrong eh?
Bill just strolled in
Plonked his thrusting chest across the bar And shyly over the invaders We got chatting.
Him first, big and soft, about the old lady That he carried out Into the ambulance One night
Full of love and beer Soft eyes squinting Proud as sweat
She died he said...three days later
Room for summat more than a grunted ooah you'd think but Nooah
I shrank for fear of Bill
More personal than pants And warming to his subject