

When I was in prison

Cold tiled walls  
The smell of industrial detergent stings your nostrils  
Constant slamming of doors and faint shouts from the needy  
And parcels thrown out of the windows by the vile

This aint living  
It's dying  
Sick a trying  
This aint living  
Cos your in prison  
Got caught stealing  
No good at lying

The smell of wounded food  
And dirty looks all day long from everyone  
Including the wing staff and the admin  
The occasional smell of flowers or a different disinfectant  
Is a solemn comfort  
Depending on what kind of nights sleep  
You may not have got.

And you change your clothes  
And the replacements itch  
Because they use industrial powder  
On purpose  
Cos we aint really human  
Why should we have care or concern administered

And you look in the library  
For books about how to escape  
New religions  
And spiritual developments  
Yet you come away  
With Houdini's life story  
It's the closest your gonna get  
To the dream of escaping  
From this brutal inconvenience.

You can't have a wank in bed  
Cos it's three to a cell  
Your on the top bunk  
You hear the grunts  
And the farts  
And the yelps  
And the groans  
and they shit in a bucket  
And the broken songs  
you can taste the shit

all night long  
some talk in their sleep  
All through night  
Sleep becomes the holy grail  
unreachable state of grace,,

The stinking shoes don't fit  
Everyone hums the same song  
Like an allegiance in shallowness  
They make you wear ill fitting flip flops  
You wont run too far in those snow shoes.

Trying to read a letter  
That they have already edited to pieces  
with four different coloured felt pens  
Scouring it for hidden clues  
Wringing out any hint of affection  
that may emanate from it.

In the showers  
You have to watch your front, back and sides  
Some like to stare  
others fancy your hide

the soap is the same as they use in doss houses  
it gets rid of lice and scratches your skin  
it burns your eyes out  
and smells like vim.

Then there's the visits  
If your lucky to have one  
Sat across a table  
As you check who is wearing stockings  
Something  
To pull your wire over later  
As you knead some hope  
Back into your crumbling bones

You taste their perfume  
Hear them cackle like harridans  
Adjusting their modest mounds  
Flicking their fags  
Like a new weapon  
And crossing their legs as if it will change the weather  
Or the reality or anything

And the screaming kids  
They all pretend to love  
I'm doing this for you  
Do it stood on my head

Bed and breakfast darling  
I'd repair it myself  
It's just that I've lost the thread

Then you get released  
You can breath again  
Leave the rags behind  
Exchange phone numbers with the dead  
Outside the gate  
You see the sky  
You smell the cars  
your heart touches the noise  
The bus doors open  
Like my Mothers huge arms,,,