

1/2 MACCOLL E. BAKER
221029

I HEAR THEIR FOOTSTEPS, AS THEY COME UP THE STAIRS
MY SCREAMS ARE USELESS, THERES NO ONE THAT CARES
THERES NOWHERE TO HIDE, THERES NOWHERE TO RUN
WHY DO THEY DO THIS, WHAT HAVE I DONE

KEYS IN THE LOCK, MY DOOR OPENS WIDE
TWO GORILLAS IN BLUE, STEP QUICKLY INSIDE
WITH ARMS IN THE AIR, I'M SEARCHED UP AND DOWN
"HEY, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE TOUCHING," I SAY WITH A FROWN

THEY FINISH SEARCHING ME AND BEGIN ON MY CELL
"NO, NOT THE BED BOSS, I'VE MADE THAT QUITE WELL"
THEY GIVE ME A SNEER AS I'M PUSHED OUT THE DOOR
AND SAY, "GUESS WHAT, YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT ONCE MORE"

I WATCH THE DESTRUCTION, WITH PAIN IN MY HEART
AS I SEE MY POSSESSIONS, GET TORN APART
THEY LAUGH AND THEY CHUCKLE, TELL EACH OTHER JOKES
AS I WATCH THEM TEARING OPEN, ALL MY PACKETS OF SMOGES.

MY COMPLAINTS ARE USELESS, THEY START TO FROTH AT THE MOUTH
THE GORILLA HOLDING ME, HAS LITTLE REGARD FOR MY HEALTH
I STRUGGLE HARDER THAN I EVER DID BEFORE
AS I WATCH ALL MY POSSESSIONS GET THROWN OUT THE DOOR

MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR SAYS, "WHAT'S GOING ON MATE"
"IT'S A BLOODY RAMP," MY VOICE FILLED WITH HATE
THEY'RE THROWING EVERYTHING I OWN, ALL OVER THE PLACE
THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN THAT GORILLA, WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE

FOR MY COMPLAINTS, I GET A CLIP ON THE CHIN
ARMPITS OF MY BELONGINGS, GET THROWN IN THE BIN
THE INVASION OF MY PRIVACY, HAS MADE ME QUITE MAD
ALL I HAVE NOW IS MEMORIES, OF THINGS I ONCE HAD

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