

West London Blues

I've found myself getting those West London Blues.
I feel it each time I turn on the news.
I read the headlines and get a sense of dread.
I bun my zoot and head straight back to bed
And dream of a time when things weren't so bad.
I dream of a time when things weren't so sad.
And when I wake up I get that sense of hope
That's dashed on the pavement outside of the Scope
When I take a walk to clear my head
And every man's looking like they want me dead.
I try to be cool, act like I don't care
That I'm walking through this West London nightmare.

I visit my man to get me some draw.
Dust hits my eyes and I rub them red-raw.
The workmen are drilling, fixing a drain,
But really they're drilling right into my brain.
Digging out things that shouldn't be seen.
Images dark, sick and obscene.
The man on the bus is laughing out loud.
But inside he's crying and that ain't allowed
So just like the rest he puts on a face
And tries to blend in with this human race.

I go down the pub to ease my day;
I come out broke 'cause there's no other way
To have your fun if you ain't rich.
If you ain't got the money then life is a bitch.
Nowhere to live, nowhere to stay.
No job to get, at least not for pay.
So I meet with my friends and we share the fear
Of another day wasted. We've built a career
On failure, on loss, on a future not there.
Of drowning in anguish gasping for air.
We spend our lives looking for answers and clues
But there's no way out of these West London Blues.

Alexander Hayden James Smith, 2012