



I DIDN'T
GO
TO
BERLIN

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In 1989 she was five.

I didn't meet her then.

A couple of years ago I was having a drink in Jennie's garden. Jennie is one of the lads.

She was there, dead straight hair, blue eyes and silver shoes.

It took a while but I wore her down.

She drops her shoulder, my arm goes around her, she fits.

She smiles, I smile, we hold hands, she fits.

I've learned to love Bruce Springsteen, I don't say cunt so much, she has got walking boots and seen some dodgy art, Like I said, she fits.

I didn't go to Berlin, we went to Barcelona; we didn't get robbed.