

## **Blank. I'll give you blank**

A hasty rattle down the lane  
ignoring sense or any rhyme  
dodging through the rain in France  
to beat the clock, arrive on track  
leading us a merry jig.

A song sung well without a point  
a farmyard pen without a calf  
drinking deep in some old bar  
getting drunk just for a joke.

Meet a friend who's travelled here  
who tells you sadly he's been fired  
and drowns his sorrow with a gin  
then turns in early cos he's beat

The house is empty, no one's home  
so nowhere to escape the sun.

So, not a rhyme in sight or sound  
(and even less sense)