

Peter Brophy Don't Care

Lindisfarne

Your nose is in your pipe, but you don't care
Your tattered tweeds and walking cane
All feel real
The monocled face with the knowing eyes
See it all go by
But you don't care

You dance your pants and sing with the Jew
Who knows your face from a different place
You don't care
You just don't care

Bow down, in out, feeling fine
Drinking bottles of American wine
You don't care
You just don't care

Lift the cracked old cup up to your mouth
And toast the feet that walk the street
From north to south
Walking kitten on a leash
A smile, a bow, a quick how-now brown cow

You don't care if the vicar's hair is falling out
He's still got a beer pout
You don't care
You just don't care

Brown hot-cross buns in the bakery window having fun
With the sausage roll that's underdone

You don't care