

JHB Homesick Blues

Had an idea
Had a miracle
Had a feeling that I felt like telling
There's a blue sky coming from the underground
There is a red sky only falling from the sun

Give me time
Give me patience
Give me medicals
Take my insurance with your whitewashed hand
There's a plan
There's a time
To be hysterical
Give me fifteen thousand and I'll give you five grand

All these things don't mean a thing
I can't live without you

Peep a hole
To the show
To the adult world
Give a pound to the hawker in the rain
Maybe the same thing happened in another town
Or babies crying is an old refrain

She's taking pills
Taking thorns
Taking better things
Too much to crumble right above my zone
In the car
On the street
With the passers by
Out of the place where your home's your heart

All these thing don't mean a thing
I can't live without you

Be a mother
Be a teacher
Packing petrol pumps
Give the taxis taking tickets nothing tactile now
Sink a worker from your punky-funky low-brow
Pay for your walking sticks
Pay for your stinking lines

There's a barrel if your hit they'll be prizes
There is a basket only winners can be aimers
Take a failed shot
Take a nifty goer
Right down the middle of your hard-line meditating

All these things don't mean a thing
I can't live without you

Humanitarian
Modern
Post-colonial
Taxes
Education
Sunday Times
Other stuff
Who understands what is happening in society
Everyone knows nothing
Nothing means everything

And who am I to put pen to words
Nothing that I have ever seen has made me write in
Fictional
Historical
Dictatorial
Rhetorical
Sensationally average what you say I am

And all these things don't mean a thing
I can't live without you

God

People believe there's a being in the universe
People believe there's a science in sweet tea
People believe there's a Shaman in psychiatry
I don't believe
But maybe that's just me

Because all these things don't mean a thing
I can't live without you