

I don't look
in the mirror
only when I
can't avoid it,
every other
day when I
have a shave.

When I was young-
er when I used to
go to the dancing,
bryll crème on my
hair, I had hair
then, old spice
dab on, that's

what we used
to do, get
yourself
ponced up.
My features
altered, not a lot
aged with years.

I've always been
a nearly man
just an ordinary
Joe, a near-
ly this a near-
ly that, I used
to think I was

good at my job
I was a good
gardener, painter
a nearly man,
ordinary Joe
in the street.
I'm leaving

certain things
certain things
in your life
you don't tell.
when you wake
up at night,
you go back

you go back
to the war, to
the pow camp
when the day
lights not brok-
en through
go back years

waiting to go back
to sleep again your
wife snoring, next
the marches
the pow camps
being captured
the treatment.

Yesterday gone
tomorrow's out of
sight, enjoyed
every second
never regretted
it worked every
which way no

regrets, never.
The next day
does not come
the time's your
own you have
to have ambition
you are free

not tied
to the clock the
day is your own.
I worked on the
building site as a
goafer, go for this
and go for that.

Never thought
about time
was my own
my home
no ties
cry freedom
what you want

24/7 24/7 24 hours
a day 7days a
week to do

to do what I want
I wanted to do
drawing, painting

no ties to any
time.