

## Tick Tock

Edwin Marr

Day in, tick tock, seconds drip away, just like  
My leaky tap. No rhythm.  
Paint by numbers, talk in riddles, and life in tatters.  
This is jail, be grateful for the food  
Don't compliment the chef,  
No tip for the waiter, this is jail  
Where silver fish slither then vanish silently  
Into piss-stained lino cracks.  
Drop the soap? Give up hope, buy another bar.  
Chains on your mind, shackles on your tongue,  
Razor wire, locks and bars, twist and shout.  
Let me out.  
Shaved heads, metal beds, this is jail.  
Brewed fruits, smoked herbs, healing powers.  
Out of hours. Dreams of girls, forgotten passion.  
The call home is loud still as loud, not allowed  
Surrounded by, cheating, lying, two faced  
Bullies but to them it's just a job, this is jail  
We bend the rules, so they make another one, No black  
No white, grey matters. Doesn't matter, this is jail  
No voice, no face, no reflection, no mirror  
No trust, no fun, no end in sight. Memories.  
Surname, number. Identity loss greedy boss  
Exploitation, third world wages, cutbacks, knockbacks  
Pair of jacks. Poker. Joker. Smoker.  
Fantasist, journalist, another fairy tale  
There is life on Mars, this is jail.  
Scant regard, disregard, watch your back, this is jail.  
Out of bounds, haunting sounds. Dead of night.  
Drum and bass, loss of face  
Saving grace, what's gone is gone,  
Absent friends sit beneath the same moon  
I watch at night.  
Waiting, tick tock, unlock, broken clock, day out.