

CAUGHT

Here I sit in my little pad.
What a sight – very sad!
I only wanted a little from life,
a car, a house and maybe a wife.
But my wishes did not come true,
and now I'm feeling a little blue.

When I was young I said to myself,
“Now you're a lad who deserves some wealth”,
so I mixed in with a little gang,
doing raids until things got out of hand.
A couple got picked up and were taken to the nick,
and that's when I did my vanishing trick.

A few weeks later, I met this man,
who said he was going to raid a train.
“It's worth a mint”, he emphasised,
and his eyes glazed and opened wide,
I felt a need I'd never had before,
so I went along with him to hear some more.

Finally, the day arrived. We met at a farm.
We were given food and firearms.
As the hour drew near, we positioned ourselves
alongside the rails.
The light was fixed to read stop.

The train approached quickly at first.
I thought it was going to go by but then
the brakes I heard,
the driver saw the signal was red.
The next minute he was practically dead.
This upset me, I fainted at the sight,
and now here I am telling my plight.

You won't read about me in the papers.
I'll just serve my sentence,
and, in the future, I know,
when I see a train I'll let it go.

Derek Pace