

## Turn it off Mum

I went for a drink, not to get into a stink, I wasn't looking to get into strife  
Left home about one, for some Saturday fun, I was carefree and happy with life  
Got a bus to the city, in the summer so pretty, the sunshine brings out the best sights  
We met up at the pub, had a beer and some grub, looking forward to an enjoyable night.

We wandered up town, put another few down, when we left the sky had turned grey  
I walked down the street, just watching my feet, when I moved to get out of his way  
There were people all round, all kinds of loud sounds, the sidewalk was packed, it was tight  
We bumped, 'sorry mate', I picked up my gait, my friends they had walked out of sight.

I'm so very tired I could sleep for a week, my room is so dark, it smells clean  
There's an itch I can't get, I am dreaming I bet, what's that over there on the screen  
I want to roll over, but too lazy I don't, I stay on my back, close my eyes  
That itch I'll get later, I'm so bloody hungry, I could knock back a couple of pies.

I wake up again, the itch it has gone, but why is my Mum by my bed  
What's this tube in my nose, and there's one in my arm, why is my vision so blurry and red  
I reach out to touch her, but I can't make the stretch, my arm it's not moving at all  
She looks up at me, her eyes filled with pain, 'my son, you've had a bad fall'.

I lie here and ponder, just what lies on yonder, I've been in this bed for a year  
I can't move my fingers, the tingling lingers, move my lips but there's nothing to hear  
There's a tube in my bladder, Mum's never looked sadder, but the swelling is slowly abating  
And my girl she is here, her eyes wet with tears, one minute despair and then hating.

One day I'm alone and it all flashes back, the footpath, an ache in my head  
The guy that I bumped, he turned, very pumped, and hit me so hard, then he fled  
My head hit the ground, then a gurgling sound, escaped from my mouth where I fell  
I've not moved since that time, just more alcohol crime, of my pain no-one can I tell.

I sleep in short bursts, my head it still hurts, and worse I just don't know why  
One minute I'm happy, I'm now in a nappy, first I'm brave and then I just cry  
Just one coward punch, I should have left after lunch, but I didn't and now here I lie  
I just went out for a beer, for some Saturday cheer. Turn it off Mum, I'm ready to die.

By Paul W Kerr