

Bootle Organ

Let the sun stub out the day,
darkness grab us in its vice.

Put a spark to the pyre, lads;
the dance of flame on creosote.

Cut the cable to the city, lads;
wear the night like a cloak.

Make yourself a Natterjack, lads;
belly to the dunes.

Luftwaffe tear through paper dusk;
embers glow in eyes of toads.

Let this replica city rush
and rise to meet them, lads.

The lick of bindweed burning;
the city's pulse in your throat.

Stay low, lads, stay starfished;
stay silent and wait.

They'll be gone as the Bootle Organs
go up like sirens.