

Misdemeanours

I'm going to write a list of all the bad things that I've done
All the things that make me cringe when I think what I've done wrong
Starting as an infant my tantrums were over bearing
Screaming, shouting, swearing, stamping, but never really caring
As an unruly teen, I'd wander into town
And help myself to anything that wasn't nailed down
Shop lifting was a hobby for which I was never caught
I found it easier just taking all the things I should have bought
I was also a womaniser, I couldn't help myself
I didn't give a damn about their needs or my sexual health
My idea of protection was just not giving my name
And pretending I didn't know them if they crossed my path again
Too numerous the evenings when I ended up in fights
No remorse or guilty feelings if I kicked out somebodies lights
Like I fool I'd justify my actions, by saying they had it coming
If they've got the nerve to look at me that way, they really should be running
I've vandalised people's houses, I've smashed up people's cars
I've insulted poor innocents and acted like an arse
But now I'm so much older, I can regret where I have been
That's when good old karma started giving it back to me

By Lee Haigh