

Turn it up

I am hard of hearing, so I play my music loud
Heavy drums and fast guitars built for stirring up a crowd
I love to dish out Hell at a thousand decibels
The kind of tunes that rock and boom and make your eardrums swell

So you make me listen to a concerto, quietly played with style and class
Taking my mind to the dentist waiting room so I have to take a pass
I admire the pace and structure and the emotions it arouses
But I'm the sort that needs long hair tattoos and ripped up trousers

By Lee Haigh