

CannaBustED

My Fake Laugh

The Complete Lyrics

Twenty-three songs in two halves

Doors Open · The Party In Full Swing
The Mask Slips · The Walk Home

The third and final record of the My Fake Life trilogy

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SIDE ONE — THE ACT

SIDE A

Doors Open



SIDE A · DOORS OPEN

TRACK 01

My Fake Song

Milk on the turn
and I used it anyway
tea tasting faintly of luck running out —
lovely
Sea gulls are having a domestic
on next door's roof
While there's a bassline coming up through the floorboards
Like the house grew a pulse overnight
and kept quiet about it
Window left on the latch
rain leaning in
so the street can have its say
The fridge hums its one note
like it means it
So call this my fake song
the one with the crusts left on
where the morning got in whole
before I could tidy up
I sang it with my mouth full
It came out crooked and it carried
crooked and carried it on
A woman at the bus stop is laughing so hard
she has to hold the timetable for support
I'll never know the joke
and that's the best part
Set me up wondering for a week
Two kids racing bin lids down the hill
The small one loses gloriously
takes the applause
of one wet dog
The world keeps carrying on
I spent years down the mines of myself
coming up with the same old coal
Meanwhile the light on the wall
at four o'clock

did something unrepeatable
every day for free
I had my back to it
taking notes
So this is my fake song
coat still on dinner going cold
The afternoon came in unannounced
and stayed through the guitar

I sang it before I could fix it
It came out crooked and drifted
out through the window
and carried on
If it's fake then so's the blackbird
doing covers of itself at dusk
missing one note out in the dark
then
it carries on
Someone I love said
You don't have to solve it
And the room stopped holding its breath
I didn't write it down
I let it live where it fell
in the middle of the washing up
suds to the elbow
radio one station off
right tune anyway
So keep my fake song
the one with the crusts left on
The morning's still inside of it
gulls kicking off and all
I sang it with my mouth full
It came out crooked and it carried
crooked still
Keeps carrying on
Rain spent itself
The street had its say
Window still on the latch
Let tomorrow
find its own way back

Something You Should Know About Me

There's one thing I've never said out loud.

Not because the words wouldn't come.
Because you'd have carried them somewhere
I couldn't follow, and left me
standing where I started.

You've had the worst of me
and stayed for the rest of it.
That's not nothing. That's the reason
I keep circling back to you first.

There's something you should know about me.

And I held it so long
it became part of the silence.
And when the time is right—

Not yet. Sit down.

Thing is, you already know half of this.

You've seen it sideways,
caught it in a look I thought I'd hidden,
never once made me explain the rest.

Maybe that's why it's you.
Not the easy answer —
the one who reads the weather off me
before I've said a word.

There's something you should know about me

and it's climbing now, it's close,
it's got its hand on the door.

The time was never going to be right.
So the time is now.

Because we're looking at the same thing,
just from opposite ends of it.
You from the doorway. Me from underneath.
Same room. Different gravity.

Waiting stopped making sense
somewhere around last spring.
I've watched it take from both of us
and give back nothing worth the wait.

No more circling.
No more finding the long way round to it.

You've earned the straight version.

Don't.

So—

what I've been trying
to tell you
all this time is—

Jesus—

Hey! Get down!

No, leave that—

Oi!

I thought we didn't have a dog.

SIDE A · DOORS OPEN

TRACK 03

Never Bring Us Down

Up all night
Feeling all right
Life can never bring me down
Up all night
All right
Never bring me down
Life can never bring me down
All right
All right
Keep it moving
Never bring me down
We move easy
We move slow
Let the rhythm take control
Take control
Let it roll
Hear me now
Feeling all right
Life can never bring me down
Keep rising
Keep vibing
Chilling all day
Riding the solar waves
Living it easy
Nothing's gonna bring us down
All day
Riding the waves
Easy now
Easy now
Easy
Channelling good energy
Good energy
Positivity is the remedy
The remedy
No style in negativity

No negativity
Life can never bring us down
Never bring us down
Keep rising
Surviving
Trying good energy
Vibes
Up all night
Feeling good vibe energy
Keep
Smiling
Vibing
Shining
High
I rise
Rising
Life can never bring me down

SIDE A · DOORS OPEN

TRACK 04

Let It Pulse

In the low light. With heavy air.
The room keeps a heartbeat I never put there.

Let it pulse.

Let it pulse.

Came in wearing the week like a storm in a coat, the city still loud in the back of my throat.
But the bass found the door before I could knock, and the floor took the weight off the back of
the clock.

No speech for the bruises, or a crown for the strain, just a low little rumble under all of the rain.

The dawn's leaning hard on the steam of the glass — hold it off, hold it off, give the dark one
more pass.

Let it pulse.

Let it pulse.

Low in the deep where the lost ones go.

Let it pulse.

Let it pulse.

Loud in the blood till the body knows.

Let it pulse.

Let it pulse.

Let it pulse.

Pulse.

Pulse.

Low in the deep.

Pulse.

Pulse.

Loud in the blood.

Two strangers sway in one rhythm, no names at the bar — we don't fix what we're holding, we
move where we are.

And somebody's breaking in the next song along, while the kick keeps forgiving whatever went
wrong.

There's sweat on the silence, there's salt in the sound, there's a whole room rising without leaving
the ground.

The mirror gives nothing, while the night gives it all — hold it off, hold it off, let the hours fall.

Let it pulse.

Let it pulse.

Low in the deep where the lost ones go.

Let it pulse.
Let it pulse.
Loud in the blood till the body knows.
Let it pulse.
Let it pulse.
Low in the deep.
Let it pulse.
Nobody's coming to carry you out. The light can't hand you a right kinda life.
Just the floor, and the low sweet ruin of the night.
"Stay in the sound."
"Stay in the sound."
"Stay in the sound."
And if the hours come hunting, they can find me right here — with smoke on the speaker, and
salt in the air.
What's chasing me slows to the size of a drum, and the better thing's already under my tongue.
Hold it off.
Hold it off.
Let the hour stall.
Hold it off.
Hold it off.
Let the dark give all.
Let it pulse.
Let it pulse.
Low in the deep where the lost ones go.
Let it pulse.
Let it pulse.
Loud in the blood till the body knows.
Let it pulse.
Let it pulse.
Low in the deep where the lost ones go.
Let it pulse.
Let it pulse.
Loud in the blood till the body knows.
Let it pulse.
Let it pulse.
Let it pulse.
Low in the deep where the lost ones go.
Let it pulse.
Pulse.

SIDE ONE — THE ACT

SIDE B

The Party In Full Swing



TRACK 05

Turn It Up

Turn it up

There are easier ways to suffer,
but they don't look like this.

I woke up laughing at a thought
that should have had me on the floor.
The day let itself in without knocking,
so I showed it to the door.

There was blood beneath the punchline,
but nobody needs to know —
I've always had a way of making
the worst thing steal the show.

I keep turning up the bullshit
when the room gets far too real.
Give the wound a funny accent,
teach the bruise to spin its heel.

If the truth gets any closer
I'll distract it with a trick —
survived this long by laughing
when I should have called in sick.

Turn it up, turn it up.
She could lie in three positions
and make every one sound true.
I watched her strip a decent man
for parts she never used.

I knew exactly what she'd do to me —
that was half the fucking pull.
Some men fall for conversation.

I fall hard for beautiful.
So I'm turning up the bullshit,
letting appetite decide,
calling poison "complicated"
while I hold it at my side.

A woman read my aura,
and frowned like she'd found damp,
said my spirit needed cleansing,

then she charged me for the lamp.
I laughed the whole drive home,
dined out on it for weeks —
but the crystal's still in my pocket.
'Cause some bullshit earns its keep.
I'm still turning up the bullshit
when the heavens start to sell.
Light a candle, cast a spell,

tell the dying all is well.
Maybe something waits above us,
maybe nothing gives a shit —
either way I'm not behaving
just to earn the benefits.
Turn it up.
There's a joy in slight disorder,
something honest in the mess —
I don't always want destruction.
Sometimes nuisance does it best.
But some nights the room goes quiet
and the clever bastard slips —
then the pain sits down beside me
with my own voice on its lips.
I'm not taking life seriously.
It's never done the same for me.
So pour another bad decision.
Turn the bullshit up to three.
Three.

TRACK 06

My Fake Laugh

Ha.

Go on then.

Watch me work the kitchen at the party,
best material I've got.

Somebody's marriage is ending in the hallway —
give me a minute, I can fix that with a shot.

They gave me a pulse and called it a gift,
then billed me for every year I refused to quit.

Humour's always been a side door.

I drew the plans myself.

Every joke I throw between us
puts the fear back on the shelf.

That's my fake laugh —
you've heard it, you love it,
it's louder than the doubt that it's covering up.

My fake laugh —
first one at the party,
last one holding up the cup.

Everybody sing along,
you already know this one.

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha —
that's my fake laugh.

Woke up on a table with a room full of faces
that'd already started grieving.

So I made a joke about the ceiling
and watched them all decide to breathe again.

Said keep your sympathy — it ruins the timing.
Even on my worst day I still wanted good lighting.

Told a stranger he's my brother,
watched the evening bend.

Room stays lit as long as I keep talking,
so I keep talking to myself.

That's my fake laugh —
you've caught it, you've bought it,
you've been drinking it all night, on the house.

My fake laugh —
holding up the ceiling
with a crack running across the glass.
Everybody sing along,
you've all got one of your own.
Ha ha ha, ha ha ha —
that's my fake laugh.
Taxi home.

Radio off.
Face in the window doing overtime,
still wearing it.
Nobody left to land it on.
Key in the door.
Coat on the floor.
Nothing to say, and I say it.
Then it starts up again —
empty hallway, nobody to see,
best I've ever done it,
all alone, for free.

Ha ha ha.
Pretty good, though.
Ha ha ha, ha ha ha —
that's my fake laugh.
Ha — ha — ha —
Ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha ha ha.

Ha ha ha, ha ha ha.
That's my fake laugh —
last one in the building,
brilliant in a crowd,
wasted on its own.
My fake laugh —
nobody here to catch it.
Doesn't stop it. Never could.

Everybody sang along.
Everybody went home.
Ha ha ha, ha ha ha —
that's my fake laugh.
Ha — ha — ha —
Still laughing.
Ha ha.

Leave the light on for the punchline.

Ha.

Light Heart Ted

I put my best face on backwards then wondered why the room went quiet

They said I looked better cheerful
so I smiled like life's been a riot

There's a telephone voice in the kitchen

floating three feet above the bread
all lovely vowels and clean opinions

from a mouth that swears in bed

And I'd judge them for the theatre

but I'm sat there in the stalls

taking notes on being humble

while I'm climbing up the walls

Light heart Ted

with a heavy little chest

I give world-class advice

then do the complete opposite

I'm a peace-and-love believer

with a fist behind my back

a hippie-crit in sandals

starting wars about a snack

So come on in

the mask is nearly human

the grin is hanging by a thread

I'm doing fine

feeling light heart Ted

I've been half blind since forever but I see what people wear
kindness handing out cold conditions with an animal in there somewhere

I said bless you like a weapon

then pretended I meant well

I've got heaven in my language

and a cellar full of hell

There's no queue for self-awareness

just a mirror and a cough

and I keep seeing my own halo

with the price tag I ripped off

I'll counsel you for hours

then go and fail the test
Light heart Ted
with a heavy little chest
I'll preach you through bad weather
then go down on your mess
I'm a peace-and-love believer
with a fist behind my back
a hippie-crit in sandals

starting wars about a flap-jack
So come on in
the mask has slipped its grip
the grin's gone thin with dread
still doing fine
feeling light heart Ted
I don't want to be forgiven in a speech with violins
I just want one honest bastard to admit the room has sinned
'Cause everyone's so wounded
till the blame has got a name
then the crowd gets very holy
and the rope looks like a frame
Tell the nurse I'm being charming
warn the priest I'm running late
tell the judge I had intentions
they slipped out the side gate
Inform the angels not to panic
I'm not booked in there just yet
I'm just laughing at the lighting
in the waiting room of death
Light heart Ted
with a heavy little chest
I gave world-class advice
now I'm getting first-class rest
I'm a peace-and-love believer
with a list behind my back
a hippie-crit in sandals
losing wars about a snack
So come on in
the mask's packed with sin
the grin's gone on ahead
I'm doing fine

for a light heart Ted
I'm doing fine
that's the funniest thing I've said

My Imaginary Girlfriend Left Me For A Chatbot

My imaginary girlfriend left me for a chatbot.

Said he listened when she talked,
said he remembered little things
and never once forgot.

I said, "But you're not even real."

She said, "Neither is he."

Then she packed the little things I'd made for her
and disappeared on me.

My band replaced me with a drum machine.

Said his rhythm was sublime,
never turned up late or drunk
and kept much better time.

They gave him all my old songs.

He plays them cleaner too.

They said, "Don't take it personally."

Then Monday came, I went to work.

They'd cleared away my chair.

A little box was doing what I did
and didn't need me there.

It typed my words.

It answered every call.

The machine that told me I'd been fired
wasn't human at all.

Went home early. The house had changed.

The lights came on themselves.

The fridge knew what I wanted
before I knew myself.

My phone suggested breathing.

My watch suggested sleep.

The bloody toaster asked me

if I had goals I'd like to keep.

There's only so much progress
a man can take in one day.

I sat there in the dark
while everything kept working.

I missed my imaginary girlfriend.

I missed my useless band.

I missed my little desk
and things I understood by hand.

Then I met Onray.

Onray La Hoover.

He's quiet in the mornings.
He doesn't ask me where I've been.

He never starts an argument
and he keeps the carpets clean.

He's not much of a listener.
Conversation isn't strong.
But he follows me from room to room
and hums my favourite song.

So we're getting married Sunday.
Everybody's coming round.

My old band's doing all the music,
though there's no one in it now.

The chatbot's giving me away.
Says it's the happiest it's been.

The system from the office
wrote out the vows electronically.

My imaginary ex sent flowers
from somewhere in the cloud.
The drum machine's the best man.
He's been practising out loud.

I never thought I'd find love again
after everything I lost.
But Onray never judges me,

or tells me what things cost.

And Christ.

Can that man suck.

SIDE TWO — THE AFTER

SIDE C

The Mask Slips



Easy On The Outside

easy on the outside,
that's the version leaving the house.
all daylight and teeth,
coming apart between the beats.
Shirt off the radiator,
feels warm like somebody meant it —
Small mercies count double
when you're rationing.
A face waits in the hallway mirror,
mostly assembled.
Good enough.
Nobody checks the back of a smile.
Out the door with the walk switched on,
the one that reads
as a man with somewhere to be.
Somebody says I'm looking well,
and I thank them
like they've handed back my coat.
Half the trick is timing —
land the joke
before the pause gets a good look at you.
When the bad thoughts come,
I put them on the beat,
give the weight
something to do with its feet.
Easy on the outside.
Hard where the light can't reach.
The smile's doing the heavy lifting,
keeping the breaking off the street.
Turn it round, turn it round —
whatever gets heavy gets danced.
Easy on the outside.
The rest of me takes its chance.
But by ten
the house has gone honest on me,

every light off
except the one I am.
A bad week
folded down
into a bright little text.
The mouth keeps it light;
the eyes don't play along.
The body wants rest
the mind won't sign off on.
The floor gives way,
the feet don't argue.
Still moving.
Call that winning if you like.
Easy on the outside.
Hard where the light can't reach.
The beat stays in front of the breaking —
most days that's the whole arrangement.
Turn it round, turn it round,
not because it lightens —
because it moves.
Easy on the outside.
And the outside walks me home.
Nobody claps for the getting up,
But the body finds a rhythm anyway —
some stubborn little kick
under the ribs
that never once
asked my permission
Say the smile's a lie, then —
fine, it's a lie
that gets me through the checkout
and answers the phone.
Some tools are ugly
I'm not out here pretending
the weight went anywhere;
it rides along,
it just doesn't get to steer.
Caught my reflection
mid-laugh in a shop window once —
took a second

to place him.
Kept him anyway.
He was carrying my bags.
The smile isn't fake
if it's what carries me.
It's a small bright weapon,
and I know how to use it.
Easy on the outside.
Hard where the light can't reach.
The smile's doing the heavy lifting,
keeping the breaking off the street.
Turn it round, turn it round —
whatever gets heavy gets danced.
Easy on the outside.
And the outside walks me home.

easy on the outside.
whatever's underneath it
kept time all night.
I heard it.
I let it play.

So Many Times

You made a scene and then blamed me for the view
Turned every room into a trial for two
Then asked me why I looked guilty next to you
You've done it so many times
You wore care like something you could sell
Took me apart then asked me how I felt
Then told your friends I put you through hell
You've done it so many times
But keep the tears
I know the drill
You break a promise
Then send me the bill
Pack your bags don't take it slow
Tell your friends I made you go
Write me wrong and paint you right
At least I'll get some sleep tonight
I know by Tuesday that I'll romanticise
Forget all the facts and try to tidy up your lies
But even I get tired of goodbyes
We've done this so many times
Give it a fortnight and you'll be back at the door
Still selling that same old sorry you've sold so many times before
Don't call I'm out and I'm not keeping score
But we've done this so many times
So here's the joke
You got your win
You slammed the door
The peace walked in
Tell the world I lost my head
Leave out half of what you said
Say what sticks and skip what's true
But I won't have to keep on putting up with you
Man I've done that so many times
Life got better when you split
Shame I didn't think of it

Sleep came back the bills got paid
Best decision you've ever made
Changed the locks and washed the sheets
Told all my friends you set me free
All along you said it's fate
Best mistake you've ever made
Been through this so many times

Wrong Room

Filed the edge off every sentence
Till it slipped through the slit in your mood
Practiced the flinch pre-paid the wince
Before your hand had even moved
Laughed when the punchline was loading
The joke was I said sorry when you stood on me
Then asked if your foot was all right
Nah fuck it
Fuck you and fuck your feelings too
I shaved myself thin so the room felt whole
Fuck being easy
Fuck being kind on a leash
Why stay nice
When nice just meant
I hurt where it never showed
Kept my anger house-trained taught it not to bark at someone new
Fed it scraps beneath the table
Till the floor fell through
Bent every bone till the bad bit fit
Said thanks for missing it
Got so easy to diss that the room got thick with bullshit
Fuck your feelings
Nothing personal
Cept all of it is
Bit my tongue so long
The jaw forgot where it sits
And fuck this song for not staying quiet
Fuck you for listening to it
You should've pressed skip
And I should've quit being such a little bitch
Everyone's a cunt at least once a week
Me included
I just make it sound sweet
And love's no cleaner
Wants its praise

For leaving the smallest bruise
It's a coat you lend
That comes back worn
With someone else's scent
Kept the warm parts left the rest of me cold
And I called that being wanted
Cause desperation has no quality control
So fuck your feelings

And mine too
I'm done cutting strips off myself
To keep your conscience calm
Fuck life as well
The smug little bastard
Keeps calling this growth
Let it ruin somebody else
And love can go and fuck itself
It only liked me after editing
I spent my life making room for the world
But it never moved aside
Fuck it all
Don't look for the lesson
There isn't one
Everybody's waiting
For the kind thing the clean thing
The line that lets them leave forgiven
Wrong room
It's down the hall
Lying to somebody nicer

TRACK 12

Emma Lou

Emma Lou kept her coat on,
like the room had teeth.
Stoke sat wet in the window,
all brick dust, rain, and grief.
Somebody laughed too early.
Somebody knew the bloke.
A little orange rumour
went limping through the smoke.
Marcus Martin by the factory,
hands inside his sleeves,
selling sweet little stories
to people who still believe.
Emma Lou said nothing,
which made the silence worse.
Truth stood in the corner
trying not to rehearse.
Let the un-lumper go,
let him mooch for sweets,
round the back of the chocolate works
where the good kids lose their teeth.
Let the bad joke curdle,
let it choke on what it knows.
There's no golden ticket in Stoke,
just a rumour with nowhere to go.
Nobody bought the coke.
Nobody touched the bag.
That is how these stories work.
They smile before they stab.
Emma Lou hated her name
dragged through somebody's tune.
Fair enough, some songs
walk in with dirty shoes.
The factory lights kept buzzing,
like flies above a wake.
Marcus Martin vanished

through a door marked Big Mistake.

Down by the canal,
the water looked ashamed.
Even the swans kept moving
like they did not want a name.

Let the un-lumper go,
let him mooch for sweets,
past the rusted gates and shutters

where the night coughs through its teeth.

Let the punchline rot there,
let it learn what damage does.
There's no golden ticket in Stoke,
just a laugh that drew blood.
Some jokes come back different.

Some jokes grow a face.
Some jokes leave fingerprints
all over the place.

Emma Lou was never the scandal,
just the spark in the throat.

The town did the rest of it,
then blamed it on the smoke.

Let the un-lumper go,
let him mooch for sweets,
let him rattle round the chocolate works
with disaster on his feet.

Let Marcus keep his shadow.

Let Emma keep her name.

There's no golden ticket in Stoke,
just a story sick of shame.

The factory stopped singing.
The rain came down like coke.

Emma Lou walked home alone,
and left the joke in Stoke.

Ted's House

The first knock starts behind the ribs, where no door takes the blame. I check the ceiling of my
skull — last night's still wet.

Somebody moved the furniture while I was wearing the room.

Something narrows when I enter. I walk it badly most days, shoulders hung like tired shelter
under things I never made.

A grin waits near the door, polished thin from use. Some careful joke gets out and scuffs its
knees on the step.

A word comes down the throat and misses every stair. I reach to stop it, then catch my hand
mid-air.

The place I kept for hiding puts my name across the bill.

Ted's house — the narrow build, the held breath, the wall I leaned my weight against. Windows
stuck crooked, drag light across my face. A smirk leaves smoke where the warm words should
be, and the old mark thins but stays where I can see.

One bed keeps the sheet kicked thin from turning the same thought over. A sentence sweats there
all night, and by morning it passes for me.

Old names lean in the cupboards, too high to come down clean. A memory taps the pipe till the
next one drinks from the crack.

By night I'm cooking again with nothing but salt.

Ted's house — the narrow build, the long habit, the latch I never trusted.

Somebody laughs too gently, and the loose board answers by sound. Smoke where the sentence
went, and the old crack widens. The wrong key turns warm and stays the wrong key.

Some mornings I wake as the handle and spend the evening the hinge. I set one sharp thing down
to see what I'd been carrying — smaller on the table, older than I am. A cupboard shows a strip
of wall I'd painted over twice.

Nobody spoke for a second. I found a chair for the silence, and it stopped acting polite.

Ted's house — the narrow build, the slow give, the wall that leans toward the window. The hands
find the table before they find speech. The loose board lifts, and the strip of wall shows through.

What I kept narrow keeps stretching at the corners when somebody breathes.

The last light stays in my throat after the word has gone. I close nothing off — some rooms need
air.

Your sleeve leaves with dust from a room I never showed you.

The Lodger Upstairs

They always ask too much of me,
like I came with a lifetime guarantee,
and a spite-worn seal
saying safe to believe.

But I was bodged in a back room
by doubt with bad breath,
while shame held the torch
and cackled itself deaf.

My smile is a cracked cup
with blood on the rim,
stuffed in the cupboard
with the rest of my sin.

I keep what I break,
then blame it for the mess,
while the lodger upstairs
swans about in my Sunday best.

He rattles the locks
when the house goes quiet,
and every thought's a private riot.

I call it being honest,
but it sounds like self-defence,
when the truth kicks the door in
and charges me rent.

I laugh at the damage
till the walls turn red.

I can't stand the person living in my head.

He says I'm deep,
he means I sink really well,
a bargain-bin prophet
with a premium hell.

I preach to the glass
from a soapbox of dust,
then slip on the sermon
and christen it lust.

I chew through the calm,

then go hungry for thunder,
make peace with the noise,
then crawl back under.
Somewhere between guilt
and a badly kept grin,
there's a tenant I can't shift
who I'm sure I let in.
He strips back the plaster
just to show me the rot,
then sells it as progress
on a home I forgot.
I could forgive myself,
but that sounds like work,
so I kneel in the dirt
and complain that it hurts.
I dress up the wound
till it looks well read.
I can't stand the person living in my head.
By now even the mirror
has learned not to answer,
it fogs itself over
like it knows I'm a chancer.
My wisdom comes wheezing
through second-hand lungs,
all clever and crooked
with rot on its tongue.
I talk to the void
like it owes me a favour,
then curse when it replies
with my own behaviour.
The ceiling leans closer,
the floor's wearing thin,
and every old silence
moves furniture in.
There's a joke in the ruin,
but the punchline runs late,
so I clap for the nothing
like a trained little ape.
I'd leave if I could,
but I know where I'd tread,

back to the same dread
that's always been fed.
Then I sit with the bastard
and butter his bread,
wipe crumbs from his mouth
while he pisses the bed.
I can't stand the person living in my head.

SIDE TWO — THE AFTER

SIDE D

The Walk Home



Waking Up Wrong

I woke inside a thought that wore my coat, keys cold in a door the hallway spoke, the lamp
looked guilty for guarding dark, and the floorboards bent like a question mark.
Love, is this the room or the rumour? You touched my sleeve and the sleeve touched back —
then the mirror flinched, and the morning cracked.
The dream put boots on, and swaggered to town, bought the dawn with a paper crown, told the
rain I was nearly real, then bit my tongue to check I could feel.
Love, was that the wound or the weather? A chair in the corner found a voice it lacked — then
the curtain jumped, and the whole house sank.
There's a butterfly asleep in my bloodstream, dreaming me through a stranger's scene, wings like
receipts from a half-bought life, paid down in panic, still owed to fright.
Fear's a film that lost its funding, cheap little beast but the music's stunning, all teeth in the
trailer, nothing in bed, just next door's cat barking from inside my head.
Love, was that the truth or the theatre? Some frights wear facts like stolen clothes — then the
floor let go, and the ceiling rose.
I followed the noise to the edge of the glass, saw tomorrow wearing yesterday's mask, it winked
like a witness, then melted through, and left my reflection staring out at you.
Love, am I the sleep or the sleeper? If I'm the dreamer, let me dream you near — where the seam
rubs raw, and the waking walks straight through.

A Crying Shame

Monday leaks into the pavement,
Rain finds every loose edge.
You stand where the train just left,
Holding a plan that missed its chance.
Salt air lives in your pocket,
From somewhere you meant to be,
Every face keeps shifting shape,
Like it's checking if you're still real.

You inhale like it might help,
Exhale what won't move.

It isn't fault, it isn't fate,
It doesn't ask to be explained,
It's the pause that won't relax,
The weight that stays when words collapse,
You don't dress it up or make a case —
It's such a crying shame.

Friday loosens up the light,
Moon cuts through the grime just right,
A tune spills out a passing door,
Finds a bruise it never knew before.
For a second, shoulders lift,
Like the night might let you slip,
Then it sits back down again,
Same seat, same silence, different train.

You tell yourself you're steady now,
Say it slow, like that's enough.

It isn't anger, isn't loss,
It doesn't beg, it doesn't cost,
It's the echo after sound,
Still hanging out when there's no one around,
You don't chase it, you don't brace —
It's such a crying shame.

Days pass quiet, unannounced,
Still, something keeps its balance.
Distance doesn't drain the feeling,
It just stops it from explaining.
You don't wish for anything,
You don't need a better ending,
You just breathe and let it stay,
Heavy, honest, in the way.

It isn't weakness, isn't pride,
It isn't something time decides,
It's what remains when all is said,
Still pressing gently on your chest,
No disguise, no grand display —
It's such a crying shame.

Just the air between the days,
And such a crying shame.

Clean Note

Clean.

So I dragged it through the dust in the chest and left the blood at the lip of the word.

"You missed it"

My thumb touched the chord, and the string said skin.

Skin.

A note holds.

Holds.

Then the snap.

No flesh on the wire, so it never tears.

Mine tears.

There, there.

That.

"The kettle is boiling"

The breath comes too early.

The throat shuts on a name it never got to say — salt behind the teeth, bone under the tongue.

The hand will not keep still, so the chord keeps moving.

Not up.

And down.

Away.

Love — a thread pulled through the rain.

It grips.

Then it screams.

A word gets dressed for leaving then sits back down inside.

"Wrong room"

The seam gave.

The break breathes.

Just after.

There.

While it opens.

While it leaves.

A string holds.

Holds.

Then— I heard myself.

I split.

Sing one word and choke on it.

"That's the one"

Clean note.

I dirtied it.

And it was —

SIDE D · THE WALK HOME

TRACK 18

The Room

and the light stayed where it landed before anything knew where a door rested open from a hand
without
weight
still the clock kept what it was asked and forgot the asking and a coat carrying the shape of
something that
dispersed
and the window held the afternoon a little past its time then released it the way things do once the
holding
ends
the room just the room

Something Simple

Steam spills from the cup, lifting thin twists above the rim.
The first pale stripe of morning rests its elbows on the windowsill.
The clock ticks low, small clicks in the plaster, while dust finds somewhere else to fall.
My back meets the cold wall as the chair gives half a creak.
For once, the hour lets me arrive without dragging my name into view.
And the last day of the week sneaks right through.

It only takes the right faint weight to stop a whole day floating loose.
Warmth comes sideways under the hinge, through the gap where I forgot to guard my truth.
The sore place gives an inch.
Pressure leaves quietly, like air slipping out from a knot in my chest.
Something simple lets me rest.
Nothing bangs for payment.

A laugh bounces off the pavement, bright with rain on its cuff.
It skims the glass, cuts in rough, then lands beside me as though it took the wrong turn gladly.
For a whole breath, I am part of the kerb's wet shine.
Across the street, a tyre slips sideways through shallow water.
Somewhere, someone shuts a gate, and a dog throws sound over the afternoon brickwork.

The tight thing in me forgets its own grip.
It's been a fist so long, even letting go feels like work at first.
The ceiling holds steady without trying to prove the roof.
Floorboards answer my heel as if they knew.
In the grain by the frame, there's a mark I must have missed.
Kindness shifts and sighs quiet as wiring behind the skirting board,
ever carrying me past the worst bend in my private weather.

It only takes the right faint weight where the heart has drifted clear.
A laugh through bad glass can move the moments nearer.
A lamp left low gives the dark something to hold.
A pulse older than I know keeps me moving while gravity unfolds,
ordinary as it goes — and somehow that is where the mercy gets through.

Dusk coats the road in blue-grey cloth.
The doorway keeps its small flame tucked underneath the shade.
I step into the hush with my shadow close behind,
both of us tired, but we're both allowed inside.

The simple thing keeps walking under the floor of the world,
and the room, plain as wood, lets me be heard.

The Tenants

You woke up borrowed, like the rest of them.
The body you were given wasn't one you'd choose.
Just weather in the lungs, and a name across the door,
with a clock already running, before anybody told you so.

Small hands first, then the reaching.
Then the long apprenticeship in how to lose.
Nobody sat you down and said, this ends.
You learned it from a dead bird, and when grandma's touch started to shake.
And from the milk left out, with a sweet, sick, sour taste.

So you make the soup, and answer the phone.
And you laugh at the thing that isn't funny,
just to keep a stranger from the cold.

You're the only animal that knows the floor is coming up.
But still, you set the table. Then you wash the cup.
And love the ones who'll leave —
what a stupid, holy, stubborn way to be.

You invented gods, 'cause the dark went quiet.
And somebody had to answer when you called.
Built a flag, a fence, a better tribe than theirs.
Then wept the same salt when they all got small —

Cruel in committee. Tender one to one.
You'd burn a city for a theory,
then stop the car for a cat in the road.

Nobody warned you it would hurt, this much, to want —
You found it in a song at midnight, and in a kitchen, on your own.
You found it leaving messages, to a friend that's gone.

But you make the coffee, and take the call.
And you carry the heavy thing upstairs,
for someone who'll never know you ever did it at all.

You're the only creature that can count the days.
And spends time teaching children how to skim a stone.

Still you sing,
Then fold the clothes, and apologise to the dog —
what a worn, exhausted, beautiful way to go.

From here, you look like static learning how to grieve.
A flicker in a universe, that doesn't notice when you leave —
and yet, and yet, and yet,
you keep the hall light burning for the ones still on the road.

You forgive what cannot pay you back.
You're the joke all other life never got —
you're the rock that woke up, looked around, and chose to love the cold.

So you make the soup, and pour the tea.
You do the small unseen things, that hold the morning up.
And you know the floor is coming. You can hear it underneath.
But still, you set the table. Then you wash the cup.
And love the ones who'll leave —
what a stupid, holy, stubborn way to be.

So go on, set the alarm. Hold the door open for someone.
Mean it, even if you're not sure you do —
the little repeated kindness, that nobody asked of you.

You won't be here for the ending. None of you ever are.
But God, the way you carried it.
The way you carried it, so far.

TRACK 21

Beyond The Walls

Tyres on tarmac.
A bus changes gear.
Somebody late for somebody.
Somebody nearly here.
I sit where the day runs out,
night pressed flat to the glass.
A brake light bends round the corner,
then gives the road back.
Heard a key in a lock.
A cough at a gate.
Two feet on wet concrete,
trying not to be late.
Life rolls on beyond these walls,
red light, blue light, rain on stone.
I don't need to see it all
to know I'm not alone.
"Not alone."
"Not alone."
A siren climbs at the far end,
sharp as a match in the air.
That sound had a mother.
That sound had a name.
A bed left warm.
A cup gone cold.
A face at a window
trying not to fold.
There's a lover on the phone.
A lad with his hood up,
walking bad news home.
There's a song in a passing car
I nearly know off by heart.
Life rolls on beyond these walls,
wet road, low glow, tyres and stone.
I don't need to hold it all
to feel it holding on.

"Holding on."

"Rolling past."

I have lived in the shape of sound,
where the seen world fades away.

I know a street by its breathing,
know the hour by its weight.

The engine is a shift
nearly done.

The siren is a door
left open.

So sat here behind the wall,
I am one small room within it,
one pulse inside it all.
Life rolls on beyond these walls,
red light, green light, rain on stone.

I don't need to see it all
to know I'm not alone.

"Life rolls on."

"Not alone."

"Rolling past."

A door shuts.

A dog starts.

Two laughs cut the cold in half.
The night lays a hand on mine,
and the road keeps rolling past.

Tyres in the rain.

A bus changes lane,
Somebody late for somebody.

Somebody nearly here.
The road keeps rolling past.

The Homestead

Scars that crack like rust — and out of all that dust
we built a homestead from the warmth the winter couldn't waste,
its weathered wood still holding rain
it knew long before it learned the name of shelter.
What fear had bolted shut, the morning eases open,
and the hand that flinched lies easy now —
not healed exactly, only
slowly disowned by the night.

So the good comes close, then holds us less,
and fleeting feelings fold into their shapes of rest,
while memory keeps moving through time's tired test;
the home turns out far wider than its walls suggest,
as wide as one slow breath the living share.

Rust was never the end of the iron —
it only marks the place the air got in,
and ash, once it lifts and forgets the fire it rose from,
learns the lightness of shedding its form.
The self unfastens like a room with its door half-open,
and even grief arrives with its fists full of seed,
so all that fell from us across those wearing years
falls the way a held breath finally leaves the chest.

So the good draws near, then loosens what it holds,
and the feelings that once fled fold softer into rest,
while memory wears thin against time's tired test;
all the while the home stands open as the sky,
as common as the ground that carries everyone.

What we called the self was just a door that wouldn't lock,
and what we called the world came walking through it.

The breath I give away, someone downwind takes,
and the warmth I carry goes looking for a colder hand.

There is no edge left to the homestead now —
it runs from the rust in me to the rain on the farthest hill,
and what was only ever mine turns out to be everyone's,

till the whole of us, somehow, is home.

So the good comes close, then asks for less,
and fleeting feelings fold into their shapes of rest,
while memory moves softer through time's tired test;
the home turns out far wider than its walls suggest,
as wide as one slow breath the living share.
As wide as one slow breath the living share.

And when the dust comes back, the way that dust will always do,
may it find us building, warm against the frost,
breathing one another in
beneath a sky that never once belonged to anyone alone.

My Fake Life III

My fake life's ending

A photograph of a moment
I can't remember happening.

I've looked at it so long
the real one stopped arguing.

The actual one's gone.
Nobody's missing it.

They gave me a name at the start.
Wasn't mine.

Wore it thirty odd years
till it grew into the skin
and now you'd have to cut to get it off.

Tell me which part of that was pretend.

The set outlasts the play.
Painted flats, borrowed chairs,
a window opening onto nothing —
and the woman in row three
still crying at something
that isn't there.

Her crying's real.
Ask her.

This is my fake life.
It's the only one that ever turned up.

I built a room with my mouth
and people came in and sat down.

Nothing in it ever happened.
They come back anyway.

There's a bus that isn't a bus.
There's a house that isn't a house.
There's a man in the corner
who's mostly coat and laughter,

looking at the world through rose-tinted glasses,
and he's the one you'd recognise
if I walked past you in town.

I'm the one you'd walk past.

"No music"

A cold cup by my elbow.
Four o'clock leaning through the glass.

All of it invented —
the naming of it, the noticing,
the little story I lay over the top
so the day has somewhere to sit.

Take that away
and there's no day.
There's just weather happening to no body.

This is my fake life.
It turned up. It stayed.

So I'll keep the invented one.
The made-up morning.
The song that never happened
that somebody's playing on a bus right now
with their forehead on the glass.

Pull the curtain back.
There's nothing underneath it.

Only uncertainty,
and the room it makes,
with everybody in it
warm for a minute.

Turn the house lights up.
Look at it.
Sticks and paint and borrowed chairs.

Now tell me it wasn't real.

This is my fake life.
It turned up.
It stayed.

[Whispered, set back in the distance, barely audible]

Like life is fake ha



My Fake Laugh

Words by CannaBusTeD
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Come and find the real one