

Eh, Joe
Audition Side 1

You know that penny farthing hell you call your mind That's where you think this is coming from, don't you? ... That's where you heard your father Isn't that what you told me? ... Started in on you one June night and went on for years.... On and off Behind the eyes That's how you were able to throttle him in the end Mental thuggee you called it ... One of your happiest fancies Mental thuggee Otherwise he'd be plaguing you yet Then your mother when her hour came 'Look up, Joe, look up, we're watching you' Weaker and weaker till you laid her too Others All the others Such love he got God knows why Pitying love None to touch it And look at him now Throttling the dead in his head.

[reposition yourself]

Anyone living love you now, Joe? ... Anyone living sorry for you now? ... That slut that comes on Saturday, you pay her, don't you? ... Penny a hoist tuppence as long as you like ... Watch yourself you don't run short, Joe ... Ever think of that? ... Eh Joe? ... What it'd be if you ran out of us Not another soul to still Sit there in his stinking old wrapper hearing himself That lifelong adorer Weaker and weaker till not a gasp left there either Is it that you want? ... Well preserved for his age and the silence of the grave That old paradise you were always harping on No Joe Not for the likes of us.

NOTES

Audition Side 2

I was strong myself when I started In on you Wasn't I, Joe? ... Normal strength Like those summer evenings in the Green In the early days Of our idyll When we sat watching the ducks Holding hands exchanging vows How you admired my elocution! ... Among other charms Voice like flint glass To borrow your expression Powerful grasp of language you had Flint glass You could have listened to it for ever And now this Squeezed down to this How much longer would you say? ... Till the whisper You know When you can't hear the words Just the odd one here and there That's the worst Isn't it, Joe? ... Isn't that what you told me Before we expire The odd word Straining to hear Why must you do that? ... When you're nearly home What matter then What we mean It should be the best Nearly home again Another stilled And it's the worst Isn't that what you said? ... The whisper The odd word Straining to hear Brain tired squeezing It stops in the end You stop it in the end Imagine if you couldn't Ever think of that? If it went on The whisper in your head Me whispering at you in your head Things you can't catch On and off Till you join us Eh Joe?