

Socks

By David Lindsay

Bloody hell! - they're at it again!
There's a shuffling noise from the drawer
It's clear they're having a promiscuous party
And swapping their partners once more

I'd paired them up with duty and care
Matching them as they should be
But I left them alone for 10 ruddy minutes
And now they're loose and free

The reds are sleeping with the blues
The greens pair with the brown
The stripes are getting together with spots
To make me look like a clown

The cottons are getting friendly with wool
I hope they don't breed like livestock
There's enough of the blighters already, I think
Treating my drawer like Woodstock

I swear I can hear music in there
That they're dancing to every song
Can't tell if it's "The Who" or Jimi Hendrix
But that party is sure going strong

Their rumbles and fumbles are driving me mad
They really are running amok;
I can never find a matching pair -
I'm becoming a laughing stock

"What's going on?!" - I shout their way
"Go figure it out, Sherlock!"
They're laughing darkly, while going psycho
Like characters by Alfred Hitchcock

One day, I'll get the better of them
One day, I'll win the war
But I know too well, it'll never happen
They know how to even the score

So what can I do? - I could sit and stew
Or just let them get on with their lot
If I was left in a drawer all day
I would surely be losing the plot

They bring me comfort, keep my feet warm
And protect from the rub of the shoe
Though boisterous and brash some of the time
I know just what I should do

I shall leave them be, to have their fun
And play all their days away
I'll live with wearing odd socks, for I know
It's not such a high price to pay