

THE SCRAP
HEAP

R.L.
CRAWFORD

FAKER

FAKER paper covered EDITIONS

THE SCRAP HEAP

R. L. CRAWFORD

FAKER AND FAKER LIMITED

*first published in mcmlxxxi
by Other Publications and Pork Pie Press
61 Wenlock Road, Liverpool 4.
All rights reserved.*

Copyright © R.L.Crawford 1982

Reprinted 1986. PDF 2010

*For copyright reasons, this book may
not be left upstairs on a 14c
except in its original soft cover.*

ISBN 0 946057 01 X

THE SCRAP HEAP
1982

for Keith Whitelaw
il miglior fabbro

I. Gettin Ridder the Corpse

April is last
Starting der bloody cricket season
Bringing up dandelions in the jowlers
Yer get a beam on when yer feelin bevvied;
Yates' kept us warm, tanking
Us in forgetful booze,
Feeding a racking thirst
With dry Tuborg.

And when we were children staying at me cousin
r Dave's, out at Cannibal Farm
He started mucking about wid me in the lift
The dirty sod
And I was shit scared. Hay Snotty,
Gerra grip, he said. And up we went.
In a high rise you soon feel fed up.
I bevvv most of the night and sign on the dole in winter.

What dyer reckon of this dump then?
I tell yer don't know nuttin 'cos yer only know
A crappy old bus shelter that's been drawn on
With bitsa broken glass all over der shop.
Come in under der shadder of der bus shelter
And I'll show you a thing or two:

*My Netherley judy
Where can you be?*

*Flying yer kite
In the Irish Sea
With one of them stewards
Off of the Ben-my-Chree.*

'You gave me a milky bar a year ago;
They called me the milky bar kid.'
- Only when we came back late from the Irish Centre
You were so pissed you didn't know a bloody thing
Going to bed with yer kecks on.

Pat Whelan, famous bookie,
Had a bad hangover, nevertheless
He's alright for the load of dossers he gets.
Here it said is yer nap Porterhouse Blue at 9/2
Back it or not you'll still be skint.
It's a mugs game.

Unreel City
Like nuttin on God's earth.
A crowd came out of Goodison Park, so many
They must be at it all the time I reckon
Then I seen one of me mates and stopped him crying: 'Tommo!
'You used ter werk der welt wid me at der Herkee
'Are you still smashing them crates of scotch
'And then rebottling it?
'And if you are can you get us some, our kid?
'You'd rob the dead, you oul bastard, but yeraririte!'

II. A Game of Arrers

The snug she sat in where a colour telly
Glowed on a treacle lake of hardening Guinness
Illumined a vesuvius of Woodies
Turning the barman's conk ter orange peel
(Another hid his face behind a hankie).
Above the bar rosettes of red and blue
Were equally displayed.

'I'm feeling a bit loose today, yer, loose
Me guts make noises like der bath goin' out
'Still, chat us up like. Say sommat yer dummy
Don jus sit there yer big stiff, open yer gob. '

I'd do it fer dat David Bowie
He's so funky
He's ded funky
Yer gotteradmit
What shall I do now? What shall I do?
I'll dye me hair like Dave's, like der bloody rainbow
Tracey, is yer hair rinse handy?

'The Golden Shot' at four
Time fer a swift hand shandy
And we shall play a game of arrers
Hanging der dartboard on der shithouse door.

When Ethel's husband got laid off I said

ARITE LETS BE HAVING YOUS

Look he's goin ter wan a bit of de other

Like he's goin ter stick it somewhur

So wurs yer teeth? You used tur wur yer ornaments.

Now yer gob lewks like der Mersey Tunnel

TOWELS IS UP

Ta very much, she said, I don't think

I'VE GOT ME LICENSE TER LOSE

Six kids she's had; well near six

He must think he's golden balls

DO YER TALKING OUTSIDE PLEASE

Tarra girls. Tarra. Tarra den.

See yous. Tarra. Watch yer handbag

III. Der God Slot

Unreel city
Under a sky the colour of old snotrags
Mr. Pilsudski, the used car salesman
Fiverclock shadder, fat as a tart that's been humped
Asked me straight out
Ter go fer a cheeseburger
Ter be followed by a battle of kecks at Freshfield.

I, Moby Dick, young feller what's well endowed;
Stark-bollock-naked ter the winds of day
Know all the tricks allowed (an not allowed)
In order ter get yer throbbing end away.
Over you crowds I stand stiff as a totem-
Pole, and like a Peeping Tom I watch.
And kisses are exchanged beneath me scrotum
And pick-ups happen underneath me crotch.
I, Moby Dick, prepared ter throw me anchor,
Stood on me ship and watching waters break
See (like it was meself) this pimply wanker -
This Tesco-soup-can-stacker on the make.
He needs no come-on from the girl ter start him
But counts ter ten (until the time seems ripe)
Then grabs her in a sort of wrestlers' arm-lock -
And up her like a rat goes up a pipe.
And I, Moby Dick, know the receiving end:
Have stood surprised, me knickers round me knees

While off he potters on his Vespa scooter
Ter tell his mates he's slipped me one, with ease

The river dumps
Bitsa prams
An things like ladies
Diaphragms
Bitsa ciggies
Bitsa turds
Under der beaks
Of the Liver Birds.

Mothercare and Ethel Austin.
Dingle bore me. Upper Parlee undid me.
He told me I suffered from melancholia
He said it was artificial respiration.
In Falkner Square I opened me legs
Flat out in the back of a transit van.

Me feet are at Otterspool
And me wrists under me feet
I'm really out of shape.
After he'd finished
He dumped me in a Radox bath
And I went like jelly;
I couldn't get out.

On New Brighton sands
I couldn't make up

Me so-called mind
r socio-economic grouping's dead last
ee ay addio

To Scotty Road then I came

Washedout Washedout Washedout Washedout

Oh true romances you leave me
Oh true romances you

Bloody washedout

IV. In Der Drink

Fleabag the baths attendant, dead from the neck up
Forgot the chlorine and the water wings.
Some cowboys .shoved him under
And stole his cozy from under him - so to speak.
As he rose and fell
(Trying to swim with his legs together)
He wondered how to climb out with women watching.
Gentile or Jew
Whether you've had your tosser pruned or not
How would you like to have it happen to you?

V. Turned Out Nice Again

After der floodlights floodlighting der Kop
After the silence when the other's scored
After der referee's whistle saying stop
Sometimes yer just feel bloody bored.
The yard-dogs yelling and the winos chanting
Flinging of bog-rolls over distant terraces
He what was waving his rattle is now married
We what cheered Roger Hunt are getting on
And we don't bloody like it.

Here there's no hollies but only werk
Werk an no hollies an der bloody cars
Like a traffic jam going out onto the tarmac
Which is a tarmac without footie, I can tell yer.
If there were hollies we'd fuck off ter Spain
If there were footie
An no werk
If there were werk
An you didn't have to do none
If there were footie
A five a side
A kick round in der compound
With no under-the-arm foreman bastard ter snitch on yer
But there is no footie.

Who's dat der other side of yours?
I feel so pissed I can't add up to three
Only waitin there for de 14c

There's this other feller dressed up like a hippie
It mightn't be a feller for all I know
Anyhow, bollocks, who the fuck is it?

What is dat noise?
It sounds to me like me old mam snivvelling
Who are them divvies runnin over building sites
In der nuttins
Streaking and kung-fuing each other
And falling arse-over-tip?
What are them flats
Blown to buggery wid leaky gas mains:
John F. Kennedy Heights, Everton Heights,
Belem Towers,
Nuttin.

In this beat-up hole, flat as a run-over cat,
In trainees and denims the yobs is singing
About the libree with the smashed-in winders ..
There is an empty libree cas the staff's gone home
It's got no winders now an the door's kicked in;
We hate buiks.
Only Froggo stud up in r tree house
We took you! We took you!
Then it hissed down.

Der Mersey'd gone out an der sky caved in
We was like drowned rats, honest
An all the owl dossers with them bus passes just sat tight

YERARLRITE See yer next match
I'd touch yer up but yer'd get me wrong
Me Da brought us up manly but you're me mates
YERARLRITE I'm not sharing no cell
With no old headerballs
Yer better off on yer own honest
Only sometimes when yer wake up in the night on yer tod
Sometimes yer dreamed of a busted Bessy Braddock

I sat on a bench in Anfield Cemetery
Should I keep on wid der Christmas Club dyer reckon?
Higsons Brewery's gone on strike, gone on strike, gone on strike
r Mavis at the Witches House on New Brighton Prom
We love you Keegan oh yes we do
Make date for homo action
Scotty from Speke is ace is last
I write this so I can lay der classy berds
D'yer want a knuckle butty? That soft boy's here again.
Poor owl everyone.

YERARLRITE YERARLRITE YERARLRITE

