

Brexit blues

I'm already missing Europa
She's already waving farewell
In my rage I was lost, a no-hoper
That's when Brexit caught me in its spell.

Papa Gove, Blonde Boris and Farridge
They caught me off guard, by surprise
They were joined in an unholy marriage
To win their great prize with great lies

They brewed up such sweet tasting potions
They filled my glass time and again
Got me drunk with exalted emotions
Closed my eyes and switched off my brain.

Good neighbours, I'd love to escape from here
But the bars of our jail are too strong
All my hope is transformed into fear, because
I was tricked, I was fooled, I was wrong!

In the mist I can still glimpse Europa
She's finished with waving farewell
And now, I'm still a no-hoper
That damn Brexit caught me in its spell.