

From

# The Life and Times of Four Eyes

These are the muttering streets.  
Keep your insidious intent  
for the cliquey classes  
of intellectualized kiss-asses  
lovers of art not drawn on walls  
shining out invidious intensity  
to the boy who ends up  
living it up with the glitterati on  
*Have I Got News For You.*

And it doesn't matter  
that he smiled sweetly at the old ladies  
and the rent man  
and didn't swear with the other kids  
or nick cock mags from Maggie Johnston's  
or blow up condoms  
or chuck bangers through letterboxes.  
He's still the strange one.  
He's still the evil one.  
So, when does the badness start?