

If I was me

I can't get out of bed just yet,
I can't think what to wear.
What would I wear if I was me?
I ask myself, lying here.

What about that nice check shirt?
I haven't worn that for weeks and weeks.
The problem is don't possess
any trousers that go well with it.

It's cold out there and its warm in here.
I pull the duvet right up to my chin
and wonder what I'm going to wear -
something to make me look extra thin.

There's an old blue shirt that might just go
With the jeans I bought not long ago.
On the other hand, knowing me,
They're bound to be a different blue.

I can't get up at all today
if I can't decide what I'm going to wear.
The only hope is to wear again
that dirty tangled heap on the chair.