

Wuthering Heights: 21st C Remix (Anti-love version)

by Alison Wells

Use the fire escape Cathy
Or the front door
Its fricking perishing
On the moor
The double glazing salesman had me
At u-values
And I value u, u know I do
But I got those integrated lock thingies
That stop the windows being jimmed
Hang on there a tick
While I get my slippers
Don't want my feet slapping on the cold stairs
Like flapping kippers
 You look like Helena Bonham Carter
In that rig out
Quit your tapping woman
There's no need to shout
That Bronte woman had me painted like Eminem's Stan
Or a droog from Kubrick
These fluffy puppy slippers
Suggest another rubric
I'll just nip down and get the burglar alarm deactivated
Cos when u and I are parted I just hate it
I heart u Cathy, I always will do
The pain just grabs me, stabs me
Like a kind of voodoo
 What's the code again? Bugger
A few more deadlocks, dreadlocks maybe
Just a jiffy I'll be there for you.

Can't wait, Your Heathcliff, baby

