



'He Eats Paint'

Painted By Justin Pearson's painting,

Oil On Canvas 2006

Poem By Sandy Clark, 2006

There was me and Tom and Bob
and we were stretching out this job
 until the boss turned up and gave us all a fright.
He said the paint was on too thickly
and we had to spray more quickly
 'cause we had to finish up by Frid'y night.

Now Tom, he takes it rotten
and he says the gun we've gotten
 which is s'posed to make it faster – well it ain't.
And he says the mix is crappy
and it wouldn't coat a nappy
 then he turns around and says he'll *eat* the paint.

So Bob – now he's a proper twit
was him that put Tom up to it
 he grabs the gun and opens up the throttle.
And Tom – you know, he's pretty thick
is thinking it will be a kick
 and then he's gone and bunged it in his bottler

Now all of this is new to me
I've only worked a week or three
 since finishing me trade down at the school.
But as Tommy takes a giant whiff
a part of me is wond'ring if
 this might not clash with health and safety rules.

Then Tommy's eyes are poppin'
from the paint that he's a'gloppin'
 and his face it turns a lighter shade of pale.
And his ears they start a flappin'
and his teeth are fairly clappin'
 and his legs and all his arms begin to flail.

I feel a little queasy
even Bob, he looks uneasy
 as we take in Tommy's technicolour show.
And I know that I should stop it
but a part of me says 'sod it'
 'cause I wonder if he's really gonna blow.

So Tommy's gone to history
he solved his little mystery
 but the boss declared it turned out just sublime.
With the length and breadth he splattered
all the building was bespattered
 and he hadn't had to pay us overtime!