Tin of Tuna (E)

By the sliding doors of Sainsbury's light
He asks for tuna every night
Spaghetti dreams in plastic bags
A kingdom built on price-tag rags

He smiles with a hunger thin
Pandemic locked him deep within
And I hand him what I can afford
A silver tin, a quiet word

Tin of tuna, that's all I bring
While the fig tree's crown became his ring
Selling sweetness, bruised and bare
London rain in his tangled hair

Tin of tuna, a makeshift crown
Trying not to let him drown
I can't teach him how to fish
I've never seen the ocean's wish

Cardboard box of figs at dawn
Looks like rubies when the neon's on
He sells them cheap to buy some bread
Royal banquets in his head

A broken man, still standing tall
The world won't catch him when he falls
And I keep passing, night by night
A tin of mercy, small but bright

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While the fig tree's crown became his ring
Selling sweetness, bruised and bare
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Neon flickers on the rain-washed street,
Shoppers pass, they never meet.
He hums a hymn to get him through,
I hum along — what else can I do?

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Tin of tuna,
Tin of tuna,
Tin of tuna,
Tin of tuna,

So shut the fuck up,
With your parables and lines.

All I've got
Is a tin of tuna,
And the look in his eyes.