Anna Travers()
Brain Dead

Everywhere i go
i see the things i already know
no new seeds to sow
where is all the new information
I want to feed my brain
i am hungry for wisdom
but everywhere i go
I see things i already know

Everywhere i tread
I hear things already said
Help i am going brain dead
I crave new conversation
I listen for strange logic
I dismiss Idle talk
But Everywhere i go
I hear things i already know

Everywhere i look
i see things i see in the book
that cannot be mistook
the truths we are fed
the pictures we are shown
the words that are read
But Everywhere i look
I see things i see in the book

Time to feed my brain
before i go insane
need to escape a life mundane
no more television
no more red top papers
just pure wisdom from the wise
because its time to feed this brain
NOT go insane

Anna Travers
Emotional Pimp

Dear Emotional pimp, why are you up in my head
Trying to bring to light, to things I put to bed,
What do you want, by getting into my mind?
What exactly are you hoping to find.

What is it that you’re trying to gain?
By bringing to the surface my hidden pain
Maybe you want to make me feel needy
To get to my emotions you seem to be greedy

Do you want me to cry into your arms?
Or are you trying to practice your charms
If i cry and fall apart will you offer to lend a hand?
While you hold me pretending to understand

Sure there must be other ways to get to me
Than reminding me of the past i try not to see
What will you do when you open my worm can
Smile at me nice and pretend to be a good man

Why do you want to get into my soul?
I don’t get it, what is your goal?
Well listen to me loud and listen to me clear
I am used to emotional pimps my dear

I am not as vulnerable as you may think
So i can clearly see that your motives stink
If you are looking to turn your comfort into passion
You may as well know it will never happen

To you my ears are well and truly closed
My emotions i refuse to expose
So go get a life and leave me to live mine
Because until you came along i was doing just fine

I don’t need your understanding or sympathy
I am not as vulnerable as you hoped I would be
I am wise to your actions, I’ve seen them before
So I bid you farewell, and please don’t slam the door! ! !
Anna Travers
Fresh Start (Trinet)

Fresh start
Yet again
Once again in pursuit of Happiness
Where am I heading? which destination?
Maybe near
Maybe far
Just Maybe

Who knows
Options Endless
Which path will led me to serenity
Which path will make me feel free
This one?
That one?
The other?

Here goes
Step one
Then one foot after the other
Forward stepping towards a brighter future
I'm Ready!
Are You?
Here Goes

Anna Travers
Keep Rooted

The world is Diluted
Can't be Disputed
Everywhere Polluted
People Muted
Politics Unsuit
Keep Rooted!

Anna Travers
Mayhem And Me

Many people think that they know me,
But they can’t see behind these eyes,
The pain that still goes on deep inside my heart,
But like Maya Angelo I will rise

I had fallen into the traps of society
A life that was stripping my worth
One half of me lived out on street corners
The other a young mum giving birth.

Often being kicked sworn and spat at
For my feelings nobody had any regard
I would try many ways to empower myself
While being a good mum was proving hard

A victim of abuse raising children,
With very little help and support
A classic example of this mayhem,
Of this violent world in which we are caught
I was becoming a product of society
Groomed into a world of violence and lies
Standing cold on street corners
Attracting men with my newly blacked eyes

Uneducated and on a path of rebellion
I saw excitement in a life of crime
Putting on a plastic smile and denial head,
Telling everyone my life was just fine

Slowly losing sight of all reality
Abuse and cruelty became a daily routine
But still I tried to be the best mum I could
While full of guilt and feeling so unclean

Many have called me a victim, fair enough
But I won’t be a victim in vain
I must stand up now as a mother against violence
So my children don’t see the past repeated again

I REFUSE to sit here and do nothing
That’s why I shared what’s behind my eyes

So that we all as women and mothers

Can stand together against this violence and RISE

Anna Travers
I didn’t want to go to war
When i don’t even understand what it’s for
No clear idea of what we are battling
So much politricks all of which is confusing

Soldiers killing people in the name of this and that
A backwards and forwards game of tit for tat
While children lay dead out on the street
As countries cause terror in a bid to defeat

Where was my choice in this thing you call war
That could bring retribution right to our door
Bombs and planes and talk of a no fly zone
How about more talk about leaving them alone

What has it got to do with us?
As you continue to kill and cause so much fuss
Are you in it for cash or for reputation?
Why do you risk the lives of your nation?

You can’t even control our own back garden
As you come on telly talking war talk, shit and jargon
How would you feel if you were at home playing?
And all of a sudden it’s your family they are slaying

They say there are 3 reasons to go to war
But if you include greed then it’s four
For your family your country and of course the oil
Well war for oil just makes my blood boil

How does this end where does it cease
When the war torn towns no longer feel peace
A trail of destruction, with nowhere to live
So room in our country we are forced to give

I don’t have an issue as unlike you i am glad to share
But we know fine well that will cause more financial despair
Oh well i guess to sit back i have no choice
But i just needed to give myself a voice
I am not proud to be British, I won’t be led
And i am not going back on anything i have said
I am sorry for the lives that have been taken
And hope that not many of US will be forsaken

For your poorly though out tactics and lack of expertise
That could bring our country down onto its knees! ! ! !

Anna Travers
Skint...Great Publicity Stint!

Well done channel 4, on your programme “Skint”
It plays nicely into the propaganda publicity stint
More false judgement made, on those who are broke
While people watch on Thinking we are all a joke

Your commentator opens with a huge generalisation
That this reflects the poor all around the nation
What you have filmed up on the Westfield Estate
Is NOT a reflection of every poor person’s fate?

We meet Luke and Fergie who love to spend time on “The wall”
Talking about how they spend all day doing nothing at all
Apart from socialising, smoking weed and drinking beer
As the emptiness in their eyes is blatantly clear

While Daddy dean buys his meat, from the back of a car
Saying it’s a must as money doesn’t go far
But in his defense he’s only been claiming a year
And he has worked 23 years and makes it clear
Exposing the belly that houses his next edition
While he introduces his brood and boasts a stepfather position

Now we meet Claire who is daddy Dean’s queen
As she jumps heavily pregnant on the trampoline
He explains how she was meant to be a drunken one night stand
Now they share more kids than fingers on one hand
Claiming he has nowt to do but breed and feed
As he continues to get drunk and sow his seed

Then there’s Conner who sees no future, so sees no point in school
Preferring to hang on streets with his mates, who are “cool “
Excluded from seven schools first time in year seven
So cast to one side, given up on, at the age of eleven
So full of anger and hate for the police
Meaning his mum Jordan gets no peace

Then into the birth of Dean and Claire’s little chunk
As dean brags about the power of his spunk
Wearing a tee saying if you’re happy and you know it
Bragging about stolen food list, then opens his fridge to show it

Now to a motor bike rally around the estate
When they police start to chase they all think it’s great
As Conner heads of through the broken door
Not caring about pleasing his mum any more

Then there is Tracey, who sells herself on the street
As she has a habit and must make ends meet
She’s been banned from most shops in the town
And she has to find a way to get her brown
As she tightens her belt to stop roaming hands
She heads off to the street corner where she stands

I don’t really want to go on anymore
But I am most certainly pissed at Channel 4

Many watched this programme and thought it was funny
But i feel mad at the example set by a few people in Scunny
I am madder at the media, who do this time and time again
Misleading the public into thinking we are all the same

One thing for certain is Channel 4 did a great job
At making people on benefits look like a slob
But that isn’t the truth, many of us have pride
But we all know truth won’t create the intended divide

To all those who watch it, and judge us the same
Beware of falling into the deliberate media game
It’s not all about scroungers and no hoping misfits
We all have an individual reason for being on benefits

Open your minds and open your eyes
Beware of propaganda and media lies

Anna Travers
They say the past is the past
And you have to let it go
But when they wanna pull you down
Its the first rubbish that they throw

A weapon to use against me
When they see me nearing the top
With my past they create an obstacle
Forcing me to stop

I try to go thru it
With my ears well shut
As they remind me where i have been
Trying to keep me in a rut

My battle to move past it
Seems harder by the day
With people slinging the dirt
I have tried to put away

As they attack me with new stigma
Names earnt as i try to rise
The fact that i haven't made it yet
Could come as no surprise
But since i was born a warrior
My battle will not be lost
I will get to a better place
No matter what the cost

I have to get up and move forward
To me its the only direction
So while they are judging whats behind me
I see a whole new reflection

Anna Travers
Whats Wrong With Prostitution

Where would one start, ....

I guess I should answer that straight from the heart,
It’s a world full of violence abuse and hate,
The long term effect of which,
Seldom seen til it’s too late,

A world in which people are stripped of their worth
A world of a young mothers giving cold birth,
A world of detachment, denial and front,
A world in which the woman bears the brunt

A service for men but ...at what real cost,
The death of herself or the friend that she lost,
Pulled, dragged and molded for the sake of another
Stood on the street as somebody’s mother

A fact that isn’t important in their moment of need
A punter with hunger, who .....needs to satisfy his greed,
That was then but this is now,
Surely I should have “gotten” over it somehow,

But of that I don’t seem to be able,
the damage is already done,
As I stand a million miles away
Detached from my only son,

He lacked self esteem and he lacked self pride
But his embarrassment he had learnt to hide
He acted all big to stop them from mocking
And now he’s inside under ......constant lock in

He wanted to be more the son of a whore
And now he sits behind a cell door
Trying to stay strong from

Or what about my daughter who thought I was great
Who followed my footsteps into a terrible fate?
Into a strip club .......men waiting to pounce
For her feelings the predators not caring an ounce

My beautiful princess, my true desire
Dancing under lights for men to admire
Taking care of their individual needs
In a world of filth, mayhem and sleaze

What’s wrong with prostitution is becoming very clear
Only my story doesn’t quiet finished here
What about my youngest little lady
My one and only well planned baby

The one who was going to put it all right
When I gave up being a so called lady of the night
I raise her alone because I woke up to see
That my pimp stroke kids dad wasn’t all he was cracked up to be

A simple control freak that had lots of demands
Who if I didn’t obey would be free with his hands
I gave away my life for the want of another
And now I try to pick up the pieces as a single mother,

I don’t know how long I have left to put things right
As I was damaged during all life of turmoil and fight
I have a bomb in my head that is ticking away
An aneurysm that could take my life any day

The years of strangulation have come to a head
And the end result could mean being disabled or dead
Years of standing on street corners wasting my life
No rewards as I now live on the edge of a knife

The ripple effect of this lifestyle ongoing
And I walked right into it with no way of knowing
These are just a few facts I wanted to share
I hope that you felt them as I laid them bare

So now you know what’s wrong with prostitution
Now its time to find a solution

Anna Travers
Why Is Puppy Love So Easy

Why is loving a puppy so easy?
And real love so damn hard?
Is it just a simple sad case
Of a heart that’s humanly scarred.

It's easy to hold a pup close
And let it sit on your knee
But when it comes to human contact
It's doesn't seem to be for me.

Is it because a puppy is submissive?
Or maybe its because it can't speak
Is it because I don't have to do much
Besides give it a good walk once a week?

I know it makes me think about love
And why it makes me run a mile
The fact that I am aware of it
Has even caused me to smile.

I will not see it as a negative.
Just a reminder that I still know how to love
And for that opportunity.
I will thanks the Big Man above

I will take the love I feel for my puppy
And give some of it to me
Then once I have healed that scarred heart
I will go on a giving love spree.

I will give it to those who deserve it
I won't throw it around Willy Nilly
I may have been love numb
But most certainly far from silly.

Anna Travers