**Changing Room Horrors**

We all love a shopping trip,

The whole thing is truly exciting,

That is until we encounter,

The bastard changing room lighting!

You realise that your bra is grey,

Your knickers are faded black,

The all-round mirrors clearly show,

That you fucked your hair up at the back.

The skinny jeans are fucking tight,

They’ve cut off your circulation,

If they have to cut you out,

You’ll never bear the indignation.

The dress goies over your head ok,

But getting the fucker off…

Well that’s another story,

God help you if you cough!

If you ever needed teaching,

That beige is the absolute worst,

You look like a sausage squeezed in a skin,

Just about ready to burst.

And as you emerge from the changing roo,

Feeling just somewhat deflated,

It’ll all be in the sale next week,

If only you’d bleeding waited.

There’s a reason that shops stock gloves,

In the middle of fucking Spring,

By the time you leave the sodding queue,

You’ll have bought the perfect thing!

The girl on the till has a badge,

It says she’s happy to serve,

She’s barely concealing the fact,

That you’re testing her last fucking nerve.

She takes a bleeding age,

To pack your stuff in a bag,

Whilst telling her mate on till one,

Of the terrible row she’s had.

There’s a spotty lad behind them,

Who’s got important stuff to do,

Arranging hangers, tidying bags,

…All except tackling the queue!

Once back home, you try stuff on,

Hoping you’d look much less chubby,

You don’t look chic in the purple dress,

More like a fucking Teletubby!

You hoped the dungarees,

Would render you stylish and cool,

The unfortunate outcome is,

You look like you’re ready for school.

A large glass of wine will soften the pain,

You resolve to take it all back,

But deep in your heart, you know you’ll forget,

And it’ll end in the charity sack!

You’ll add the crap you’ve bought,

To the crap you already own,

Maybe it is much safer.

To shop from your sofa at home?!