

Simon: Hello, Simon. I want to make an apology.

Simon: About what?

Simon: You know in my Heaven and Hell review where I pointed out children of the sea would drown?

Simon: Yes?

Simon: I forgot about boats.

Simon: Whoops.

Simon: No, it gets worse. Apparently the song doesn't have anything to do with children OR sea. (I think). I was well off.

Simon: Eek. But everyone makes mistakes.

Simon: But there's more.

Simon: What?

Simon: I said track 'Die Young' was about early deaths, but actually it wasn't. It had another, deeper meaning. (I think).

Simon: Oh no.

Simon: Right. But what was I supposed to think, really?? The Black Sabbath emblem is a devil for God's sake! Is the devil known for avoiding the subject of death? Of course not! He encourages it!

Simon: But Black Sabbath never worshipped the devil...

Simon: Yes, but how was I supposed to know that? It's like if you hear a lunatic saying 'I've just robbed a bank! I've just robbed a bank!' Of course you'd believe him, no matter what the context.

Simon: You're comparing Black Sabbath to a lunatic?

Simon: No! Just the singer!

Simon: Oh. Ok then.

Simon: Right. No one can argue with that.

Simon: Well actually, they can. Ozzy was the crazy one, but Dio sang on the HaH album...

Simon: Anyway, on the subject of 'Die Young', I had the song in my head for at least half an hour when I went out for a lovely walk. It was quite literally like 'Die young!'

Die young! Die you-ou-ou-oung! Die young, die young, die young!' When you think about it, it's rather lucky I wasn't thinking to myself 'Hm. Maybe I should die young...' I mean advertising works by getting in your head and changing your behaviour. What makes lyrics different?

Simon: I think you should talk about a lighter subject...

Simon: Ok, I'll move on. Black Sabbath have a song called 'Fairies Wear Boots'. For a long time (damn internet misinformation), I thought the lyrics were critical of other people. In particular, the lyric 'Smoking and tripping is all that you do'. HELLO???. Hypocrite, much? You could win the hypocrite world championship! You could be the hypocrite eternal gold medallist. The hypocrite mega maestro. Turns out, the song was about the singer doing drugs. Phew! I thought Mr. Osbourne had lost all sense of reason. Imagine Charles Bronson complaining of violent people. It would be the same.

Simon: Maybe Ozzy hit his head before writing those lyrics?

Simon: That's what I'd assume. Again, it was misinformation.

Simon: Did you have that whole-family barbecue you were talking about, the other day?

Simon: No, I just had a typical family visit instead. No burgers.

Simon: Darn.

Simon: To be fair though, my brother's family visited a farm beforehand. There's something a bit weird about petting cows and sheep and all that stuff, and eating them a couple of hours later. Give it at least a week.

Simon: Do you ever have problems with eating meat?

Simon: No, I'm not going veggy. Furthermore, I find sheep and cows to be very judgemental.

Simon: What do you mean?

Simon: I just don't like the way they baa/moo at me.

Simon: ?

Simon: I'm serious, sheep's baas can be very expressive.

Simon: So you eat them out of spite?

Simon: No, it just makes eating them easier. Yum.

Simon: Why do you think sheep don't like you?

Simon: Well my clothes aren't made of wool, so it can't be that. I've never walked passed a sheep whilst eating a lamb kebab. I've never licked my lips at a sheep or anything like that. I don't know what it could be.

Simon: Do you think maybe the sheep have paranoid schizophrenia?

Simon: One in a hundred maybe. Not all of them. Apparently left handed people are more likely to get the condition. Next time I see some sheep, I'll check if they are lefties. I could throw balls at them, and see what side the animals deflect them. Just in case sheep ARE all nuts.

Simon: I think you're going into dodgy territory, there. Even if you threw light objects, it's still abuse.

Simon: I wouldn't throw them hard...

Simon: Yes, but still, how would that look?

Simon: I could explain that I was checking if they had schizophrenia.

Simon: I think we both know how that would go down.

Simon: Fair point. I wonder if sheep hallucinate. Some might hear normal baas, but the more disturbed could hear threatening baas.

Simon: Maybe they'd constantly hear the nursery rhyme 'Baa baa black sheep'. That would be annoying.

Simon: I suppose that could happen if someone sang the same thing to the sheep beforehand...

Simon: Why would they do that?

Simon: I don't know. Some people are just weird.

Simon: Fair point.

Simon: Moving on. It's satisfying to see a bee trying to get into my room and repeatedly hit its head against the window. Usually I can't get them out. Oh. NOW I see that I have a bee in my room. Let's open the window. Ok, another one has flown in! Great, they've both gone!

Simon: That was a lot of drama in a short space of time...

Simon: It wasn't OTT, was it?

Simon: I'm not sure about that. If anything, that was some of your most thrilling writing to date.

Simon: Thanks. There was a moment where a bee kept approaching me. I thought it

was going to sting me.

Simon: I'm on the edge of my seat!

Simon: Thanks, but things ended there, really. It just flew away.

Simon: Then you opened the window?

Simon: Yeah!

Simon: That's great story telling!

Simon: Thanks. I've been stung by a bee, once.

Simon: What was it like??

Simon: Painful.

Simon: That was very concise.

Simon: Yep that what I was going for. Two syllables. I could've said 'pain' but that wouldn't make sense.

Simon: If you said it was like Hell, that would be just one syllable...

Simon: I'm not sure if it was THAT bad...

Simon: You win, again! ;)

Simon: Yes.

Simon: You could have said 'hard'. That would make sense.

Simon: I think we're increasingly going into a direction no one cares about...

Simon: Fair point. End things here?

Simon: Yep. Byeeee.