

PEARL

Your ma flip-flops about in the sun, pegging out clothes,
you dancing and calling it prayer.
You girling around with us boys,
making up songs, under those big bright Van Gogh stars.
It was always you and me then, Pearl, against the world, Pearl,
hand-in-hand, girl, here's to the enchanté and the au revoir of it all.

Tico's field trembling in the heat, we perched on a stile, you bit my lip and drew blood

Us walking home, Pearl, in summer rain, Pearl, us still just kids, girl
and for all I know the town-square fountain may have run with champagne

There's a wet wind scuttling down the alleyway,
I've been thinking about you for most of the day.
Are you there, Pearl?
I wish you were here, Pearl...

I left home, burning bridges just to light my way, what is there to say?
And time sharpened its blade on my heart.
Till one day, too late for fresh starts,
I met this dude in a bar, he said "Howdy doodie, daddy-o".
Holy moly mackerel Pearl, a real live devil, Pearl!
Rubies flashing on his fingers, girl!
He told me "Grow up, eat shit, make peace with the world and be happy".
I've been sat here for hours scrabbling for rhymes,
turning the dial through bygone times,
searching for you, Pearl,
hunting you down, Pearl.
So, should old acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind,
walk me back to those fields.
Ring-a-ring-a roses, Pearl,
a pocketful of posies, girl,
back in the old used-to-be, girl,
before we all, we all fall down

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