

TRACK 2 - EUCHARIST

I took the eucharist of rum and a marzipan saint. Where's that man I used to be?
With this rum I summon thee, thou old demon
I was remembering again your big indigo eyes,
You strummed Mozart, Metallica and the Dave Clark Five.
And for an encore some bebop and the Jukebox Jive. Ma'am, you were something.
It's to those kickass years I always look back,
you were brains, sex and artist in one multipack,
your legs swinging from that stool a real aphrodisiac,
you kind of reminded me of Tuesday Weld.

You got my brain bone on, it howled and keened like a prairie dog,
your Spanish guitar and beret and those crazy chords you play really spoke to me.
You're on your way backstage shaking off your wet coat and hat.
I said I'm already in love with you, you said Copy that.
Do we hate all the same people, though, 'cos that's where it's at?
And you blew smoke in my face and dropped the butt in a fingerbowl,
said you'd try anything once so let the good times roll.
At the mic you started to shimmy, and kick like a foal,
and launched your first song with a real Tarzan roar.

The wind's howling like a drunk, the evening just another day's defeat,
if I'd kept my dreams small I might've been alright
You said It's over, Casanova, I guess we've come unstuck
and we clinked beer-bottles three times just for luck.
I rose like a phoenix from the ashes but I kind of got stuck and crash-landed.
So at every new twist of life's kaleidoscope
I'm the high-ransom hostage running out of hope,
I'm the credit-card declined, the gibbet all out of rope
but I swear to God I did worship you

Nightfall's at the gate, chewing on a match,
may all your days be merry and in time may they bury you deep.
Me life chased off a cliff and I've been treading thin air,
I've thickened out a lot, I got belly to spare,
the years take their toll but let's meet up if you dare,

I'll buy you vodka.

I swear on Beethoven's banjo my life's gonna mend,
even Everest, right, must wear away in the end?

Be at the flea-market Wednesday, my beautiful friend,
we'll get drunk, have us a singalong

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