

8. RAMALAMA

As a kid you'd walk the greenwood with Israeli Jack
or climb in the wardrobe and hide among the heavy winter coats.
Watch time fly off the calendar like in some corny old film,
racing time-lapse clouds...
But once there was you walking the tideline come dusk
and the smell of wild thyme on the wind,
your grandad singing The Old Rugged Cross...
Life was as sweet then as a July skylark's song.

In your rhinestone choker and showing so much skin,
you'd light up the sky then for those testo-junky mummies' boys.
High on the ramalama of just being alive in the world,
youth was a shot no-one was ever going to pour you again,
holding court in a corner seat at Guido's,
cheap speed in a brown paper bag,
some cowpunk wannabe
whining from a makeshift stage.

Forty years on, years of hustle and grind,
buckled hearts and future running low,
watching the froth run down inside your glass,
breach what you preached once
and time shall see to all the rest.
And as the saints go marching in
to a loop of harps and drums
you'll be a queen in exile finally going home.

Written and composed by Lyndon Morgans

Published by Montparnasse Music/BMG (2024)