

3. VODOO PIN

Childhood playfights in the grass with the sisters up the lane,
I'd stamp out a beat and they'd twirl for me, Babs and Jane.
The blades of an old wind-gauge creaking in the breeze,
rain speckling the road as we'd walk home picking at fries.
I never could walk a straight line but dreamt I'd blaze my name on history's arse,
but now here comes another wet spring like a voodoo pin in my heart.

Babs told me a thousand times, don't scratch where it don't itch,
that I was a broken heart for hire, a rented tuxedo of a man.
Her new man's some kind of Polynesian lord,
so her life's all coming and holidays abroad,
I'll weave her a willow doll on a cord, and hang it from her boudoir door.
Or we could walk around the lake instead, she'd ring in sick, I'd ring in dead,
or go rollerskating instead round a cathedral or two.

One thirty-two am, all the lights still on at the church,
the priest popped the hood of my heart, fell to his knees, said he'd pray for me.

One snowy night in Brixton town, I knocked her door, she slid the chain,
I'd hoped we'd throw our hats in the air and just dance in the snow.
Her chemise swished as she moved, she said she had a hangman upstairs in her bed,
if she called him down I was dead, so don't haunt her door again.
Mais il est temps, Mesdames et Messieurs, au revoir à moi et à mon coeur brisé,
maybe one day I'll jump for joy and just never come back down.
Never come back down....

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