

TRACK 5. NAPOLEON

I only got born for a bet,
doodled by some demon trying out a pen
as foretold by a holy book,
the Gobshite's Gospel page one hundred and ten.
Life's a dancefloor they promised,
so I danced to the bells on a jester's cap
and the sky bulged with grey, black clouds,
they bought me a popgun and some brogues,
christened me Napoleon.

They gave me a heart hung together by glue and tape
and for a home
the finest architect in the land
built me a castle of rags and Styrofoam.
I was so deep you could drop a stone down my throat
and it never would reach my feet.
I was a four-star general, a short-order cook
and always to be seen in my G-Man fedora.

I only showed up at my funeral for a dare,
the wake was at a flophouse on Valhalla Lane.
They passed around old polaroids of me
from the days I'd rock around the clock and back again.
Some called me troubadour,
others refused to speak ill of the dead.
They bumped fists and hugged goodbye
and my muse got up on a table and danced flamenco.

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Published by Montparnasse Music/BMG (2024)