

6. KINGDOM COME CAME AND WENT

She has the kind of face Rosetti might've painted,
She raises a toast to all the women in the world.
The band strikes up downstairs, doodling a sloppy blues,
but life is hard enough, I guess, without the bad reviews.
She's full of Christmas cracker wisdom but she's an artist in the sack,
Pardon me all the way to hell and back.
Pardon me all the way to hell and back.
Pardon me all the way to hell and back.

The raw March wind growls like a bad gear change,
there's some hot chicken soup sizzling in a pan.
We jizzed, we jazzed, drank highballs, we did some weed, we did some beers
and talked of childhood, love and death and how the gods feast on human tears.
She stood at my window in the moonlight, listening to the rain.
The one-bar heater buzzed all night long.
The one-bar heater buzzed all night long.
The one-bar heater buzzed all night long.

A gust of rain slapped the window,
my stubble rasped across her thigh.
I dreamt I played chess beneath an apple-tree,
there were streamers and balloons, God knows why.

Would tomorrow arrive in a silver coach or on a gurney?
My heart felt like an early draft of a masterpiece never to be writ.
She's eating a sprinkle-covered doughnut, smoking a cigarette.
I said "I know less about you than a starfish does the Milky Way". She said "You bet".
Through the wall I heard my neighbour bawling at his kid.
We went out searching for coffee.
We went out searching for coffee.
We went out searching for coffee.

We walked a good long while, where's Elijah's chariot when you need it?
We ordered two Americanos from a man in a mask.
The clouds lifted for a while, the sun was blazing on the courthouse mezzanine

and with a flick of her tail she was gone just as if she'd never been.

I sat there all day long, Kingdom come came and went,

I have her scent still on my fingers.

I have her scent still on my fingers.

I have her scent still on my fingers.

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Published by Montparnasse Music/BMG (2024)