

Keith West, Excerpt From A Teenage Opera

Count the days into years
his eighty two brings many fears
Yesterday's laughter turned to tears
his arms and legs don't feel so strong
his heart is weak, there's something wrong
Opens windows in despair
tries to breathe in some fresh air
his conscience cries: "Get on your feet.
without you, Jack, the town can't eat"

Grocer Jack, grocer Jack. get off your back.
go into town. don't let them down. Oh no. no.
Grocer Jack. grocer Jack. get off your back.
go into town, don't let them down, Oh no. no.

The people that live in the town
don't understand
He's never been known to miss his round,
"It's ten-o'clock", the housewives yell.
"When Jack turns up we'll 'give him hell."

Husbands moan at breakfast tables
No milk. no egg. no marmalade labels
Mothers send their children out
to Jack's house to scream and shout

Grocer Jack, grocer Jack. get off your back
come into town. don't let us down. Oh no. no.
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack. get off your back
come into town. don't let us down. Oh no. no.

A Sunday morning bright and clear
Lovely flowers decorate the marvellous square
People cry and walk away and think about the fateful day
Now they wish they'd given Jack more affection and respect
Little children dressed in black don't know what happened to old Jack

Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, is it true what mummy says,
you won't come back, oh no, oh no
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, is it true what mummy says,
you won't come back, oh no, oh no