

Kobo Town, St. James

Bright night no respite from the clamour
Of the day, no relief, no delay in the drama
On the street where the heat makes you sway and stagger
Where light cuts through the night like a dagger
Where sounds beat down on the ground like a hammer
And signs catch minds in the glare of the glamour
In the glitter of means beyond the dreams
Of the people passing down beneath

Chorus

St. James, night is falling down
Like a blanket drawn over the town
The whole place like a boil ready to bus'
St. James pray for us
St James night is coming down
Like an eyelid closing on the town
A crown is rolling in the dust
St. James pray for us

On this night between light and squalour
Where all lose sight and shadows taller
Than men, brought to life by the nightfall,
Pass the hours limin' gainst the wall
While power lines like vines hang over the scene
A circus net to catch falling dreams
While drains fetch rains to feed hidden streams
And hope like a hammock hangs between
Dusk and dawn, sin and grace
Sky and earth and want and waste
Death and birth, toil and slumber
The world above and the one boiling under

Hope through the gutter, through the drain like a rat,
Silent as a shadow, like a roach through the crack
Of the wall, of the house, of the shack, of the brain
Creeping like a mouse hope has no shame,
and like light eats the shadow and rust eats the chain,
Like wind feeds the fire and rain drowns the flame
Like love tames desire and love buries blame
Hope has come down to do the same
Down, down, ready to drown
In the pool of our sorrow, in the sea of our wrong,
Like a pothound sniffing the ground for a bone
looking for something thrown away to call his own
First stop rumshop, by the doubles man
In the alley, behind the playwe stand
Hope whispers into the air of night
brother, haul yuh tail this town is mine

St. James, night is falling down..