## Latin Quarter, Eddie

Looking at the water Through the spaces of an iron-ore train The water eddies round the rushes And Eddies round at my house, insane.

The breakers in the distance Cut the air like the crackle of a CB rig. They found a crack in Eddie And they tore it down, and snapped him like a twig.

His head is full of Goose Green
Tastes the smoke from the damp grass, well alight
And Eddie's waiting for the choppers
And he goes on waiting long into the night.

And I thought I heard a voice Didn't someone here just whisper, "Rejoice".

The harbour's filled with newsmen, Little boats go bobbing, like a Dunkirk repeat To a train ride and a welcome And "Well done, Eddie" right across the street.

The water's grey and choppy
On the Lake out by the fairground big wheel.
We could circle it forever
But we'd never guess the way that Eddie feels.