

# 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.