

Spirit Of The West, Waiting For Martin

I'm waiting for Martin, in a theatre that's darkened
I found a secret box in Christchurch
Bought a new pen making sure that it works

He lives in two flats that stand back to back
From here rang the bells of the submarine
Squeezed out from amongst the figurines

We hunt him down and flock to him from miles around
Drop a soft bomb and a sketch book
In for tea and a quick look

At the Big Chill...
At the Big Chill...

He spies the trashcan, picks up a bottle and tosses it in
Here where the two flats meet
Here on the clean side of his street

I'm standing with Martin amongst the crates and the cartons
My head was spinning and it never stopped
I got a rubber neck in this cracker joke shop

And they, they walk him down
A pilgrimage from world's around
Marching with their pens and sketchbooks
In for tea and one brave word

With the Big Chill...
With the Big Chill...
With the Big Chill...
With the Big Chill...