

The Coral, Bill McCai

His family taught him right from wrong
With local tales and children's songs
Sunday school was his shelter
With his friends Joe and Walter
Now those days seem far away
An empty swing where he once played
Now Bill's grown so fat and bald
He never thought that hed grow old
And every day when he gets the train
Looks out the window and thinks in vain
If I could only be that boy again
His sales job it gets him down
Same old faces same old sounds
Heart attacks, orthopaedic backs
Documents in labelled racks
His wife can't stand the sight of him
With his routine glass of gin
She makes his lunch of processed ham
And waits in for the meter man
And everyday when he gets the train
Looks out the window and thinks in vain
If I could only be that boy again
If he could be that boy again
Another day another gin
His kids don't even notice him,
Something different about his face
His happy smile seems out of place
His family gathered around for tea
Eyes fixed on their new telly
Newsflash came, then it said...
Bill McCai was just found dead
No more windows, no more trains
Hung himself out in the rain
Now hell never be that boy again
Any we say bye-bye Bill McCai