

Clifford T. Ward, Marron's Glance

We are lost we are confounded

We're some of us in despair

Though we may not have the answers

But for sure we know how we fare

For us dreamers all do practice

We only get one chance

And God help those who stumble

In front of Marron's glance.

We are tryers if not believers

And we all will have our day

And for some it may come quickly

And for others go the same way

For he criticises all

For all the world to see

And to hell with Kevin Marron

When he criticises me.

With your name high on the hoardings

And your dreams way up in lights

An' we're conscious of the critic

For the moving finger bites

As he dishes out the venom

Still we love him just the same

But the devil take ya', Marron

When your pen grows tired and tame.