

David Bromberg, Sammy's Song

Somewhere in the south of Spain
Sammy, still sixteen, goes with his uncle for a ride
The sun is high

Sailing through the city
For to see the sights and talking sex
Sammy's sitting tall
The sun is high

His uncle brings him to a brothel
Being big he buys a drink
Rum and coke
Don't taste too bad

Having brought him to the brink
His uncle leaves him with his drink
Rum and coke
Don't taste too bad

The girls all gather in a group
And give Sammy boy the eye
And stare at him seductively
And try to make him buy

So choosing one that's younger
Better looking than the rest
Sammy speaks no Spanish but she understands

They go upstairs to buy the room
She wants her money in advance
Sammy speaks no Spanish but he understands

And lying on her back upon the bed she beckons
Sammy won't lie down yet
He wants her nude

Speaking Spanish she refuses him
At last, afraid of losing him,
She takes off all her clothes
He wants her nude

Her hands upon her heart can hardly hide the horrid scars
From her shoulder to her waist, her skin is leathery and hard
She pantomimes an accident
A car, a fire
Not so long ago
His eyes are wide

She moves to put her clothes back on
But he won't let her go
He lies her down
His eyes are wide

And lightly, like a lover,
Sammy lets his lips caress the leather of her breast
His brain is numb

Moved by some far distant mind
He makes himself her bride-groom
Sammy's hardly there at all
His brain is numb

She moves to take him in now
But her hand finds him still slack

So she sucks to make him hard
And then again lies on her back

And Sammy does the deed to silent screaming in his skull
The scars surround him
Is this all real?

Schizophrenic, Sammy sees himself
Outside his body and his brain
Is this all real?

And back at the hotel he has to heal himself
But all he does is shake
And shake some more

Without the grace of tears or sickness
Sammy sucks it all inside and shakes
And shakes some more