

Horse, Finer

(McDonald / McAlinden)

In an ordinary town, a chariot is pulling round.
The local stud and beauty queen --
A small pond Venus and kingpin
Charging down the quiet Sunday streets.
Shaved-head gangs are standing neon-lit.
Nothing could be finer than the summer
It was simply you and me.
No ambition to be something new to possibility.
Scanning all the heads, searching all the hearts,
Looking out for something that set one apart.
Didn't know what I hoped for,
Wordless questions answered tenderly.
Success is an elusive goal --
Climbing a grease-covered pole.
Mills and foundries derelict,
Skills and trades now obsolete.
Headlines carry fears for rising crime
With results of an away match last weekend.
Nothing could be finer,
Like new tubers blossoming in the sultry haze.
New together, spark to tinder,
Lightning up a hungry blaze.
Looking to defy, living to avenge,
A tired empty life to kick against.
Through the working week to deserved weekend,
Driven to a life money can't defend.
I know what I hoped for when I found you,
You were my beautiful escape.
Nothing could be finer than the summer
It was simply you and me.
No ambition to be something new to possibility.
Nothing could be finer,
Like new tubers blossoming in the sultry haze.
New together, spark to tinder,
Lightning up a hungry blaze.
Nothing could be finer.