

Thea Gilmore, St Luke's Summer

I propped my eyes open with chemistry
I've got a three hour drive and a man to see
The blue bruised sky is closing in
Cover up well because it looks like rain

She got Tiffany earrings from a limejuice sailor
Rich man, poor man, tinker, retailer
Casey Jones working on the SP line
Has got the union at his throat and he's running out of time

So blow the man down boys
Yeah, blow the man down boys
And the tricks that he employs
Are buried in this St Luke's summer's noise

She asked the electorate to cut a little slack
Waving a litre of whiskey and a union jack
Saying I'm not in the business of right or wrong
So lets get by on a wing and a folk song

And Jesus went to talk to Omie Wise
She said I never did trust religious guys
And the heat is rising from Octobers throat
She says uptown boy, hey can you dance the tango?

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Call up the captain, we've got Krueger on the line
He's got a box of chocolates and a valentine
And MI5 have got a bone to pick with Moses
While Matthew and the big guy just play ring-around-the-roses

A pearl knit sweater and a gasoline rag
He's got a fistful of stars and an old dog tag
Get to Parchman Farm by a number 9 bus
And send the children to the gum tree to wake up Nicodemus

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