

Letter to Alan

Cold Chisel

When it's time for your reflection
As you wait till help arrives
See our good friend's face on the dashboard
And to know you cannot leave that cab alive
Do you know I reach for you, from later times

Once I knew
Once I knew
Now I'm walking
Now I'm walking in the dark
Like bells our dogs are yelling
All across Centennial Park
And the Sunday morning light just sends me blind
And I'm only feeling useless
Cause there's nothing I can blame
Every person, thing and circumstances
That moves this perfect day
You've left behind

And I'm thinking
Christmas 1982
Round this time a year ago
Gaskill sold his boat
And headed for the Cross to sink a few
Never trust a Wayside Chapel crowd
On Christmas Eve
They must be entertained
And if a stranger does the dying
That's O.K.!

And I'm sitting in a hotel room
Along Rue St. Louis
Dialing old phone-numbers down the line
And I measure my position
To the obstacles we crossed
The territory covered
And the parties that we lost
Those were the days

And if I don't hang around
Our old gambling grounds
It does not mean that I've forgotten
We believed, and I still do