

The Habanero Reel

Ian Anderson

Cool in the corner, tom cat sitting
on the edge of the yard; sand-flies flitting.
Orange order on a field of green.
Smothers me to smithereens.
Rum and cola, ice cubes crashing.
Jumping beans and brown eyes flashing.
Long hair swinging, tell me how d'you feel?
Well, hot and fancy, it's the habanero reel.

Troubled skin? Pour oil upon it.
She's fit to burn in her new Scotch Bonnet.
Spice up anybody's stew.
Frogs and goats and chickens too.

Barefoot in the sunshine.
Kicking empty beer cans down on the high tide line.
Big wave nearly float your dress away.
And I'm thinking that it's just another day:
just another day.

Feel that hot rush start its tickle.
Sweat is rising, taste buds prickle
with ears of bat and eye of eagle.
It's just as well it's strictly legal.