

## 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