

Curry Land

Donovan

Lady, you are my peace of mind
Were I to seek your par none I could find
You delicately went to curry land
And left a lonely man, ah me, yogi blue

He thought to himself as he sat before
His stocks and shares a dreadful bore
If I'm to live another happy day
I best make haste and be on my way

He at his desk did write and indicate
To lawyer, friend and intimate
His lamentable grief did necessitate
The need for one swift bird to sail the ocean o'er

A sailing schooner was soon seen sailing,
Swift and silent, around the sound
Salutating seagulls heralding
The wonderous transport upon the wing

Twenty days from Goa they did espire
A wealthy merchant bound for Arabi-iy
Echanging greetings, had he heard the news
The Lady Hall had drowned, the price of Ninevah rose

Storms and tempests his shattered mind beset
Hurricanes of pains raged and tore
Truly drowned in grief, he did repair
To haunted trinkets and gross despair

All in white 'neath shade in bamboo chair
Military discipline has replaced despair
Anchored in the bay of innocence
Is left a lonely man, lonely through and through
Through and through
Through and through