

## Old Rock

Natalie Duncan

There's a grey transporence in this city,  
when it's slightly misty  
And no one can run,  
'cause they spent all of  
their money on alcohol 'n junk.  
Like you did, little man sat in the corner,  
waiting for an epiphany of some sort,  
As you spit and babble it all away to Jesus,  
or some other spirit floating in your smoke.

You know you're gonna die pretty soon now,  
but you keep on smiling at your thoughts  
And your leftover loose pennies  
that you can just about clutch in those dirty,  
curled up claws still carefully counted,  
they only amount to three more sips of ale  
before I saw water well up in your eyes,  
you told the same story to me.

And I think you may be the reason  
for me to recreate my soul.  
Say goodbye each time you leave.

Old Rock, they call me crazy too.  
But you've got fifty years on me.  
But I don't know what it is to  
become more than to be sitting  
right there by, that empty glass  
you have left me.

It was all so much better back in your day,  
it was all so romantic back where you lived.  
In the bedsit you grew marijuana  
and took pride in your record player.  
I sit dreaming of you as a young man,  
before the smoke and liquor turned you grey,  
before you all looked exactly the same to me,  
I see myself looking through a dusty mirror at me  
after my babies, after my husbands,  
after I lose my loved ones.  
When I grow into a different person,  
yes I'm gonna write every single one of your words,  
I'll write every single one of your words,  
I'll write every single one of your words.  
I'll write. I'll write...

Oh that I, I think there be a reason for me to recreate my soul. Say goodbye  
each time you leave.

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