

Here we all are born into a struggle
To come so far but end up returning to dust

Oxfam panache and tips his hat
(Laces undone)
He has no truck with idle chat
(Work to be done)
The songs he learned from scratched LPs
Stops in mid-flow to sip his tea

He strums the chords with less than grace
(Songs we all know)
Each passing year etched on his face
(Sun, rain or snow)
The words he sings are not his own
They speak of things he'll never know