

On the Edge of a Cliff

The Streets

I'm really okay, thanks,
there's nothing to witness
I said as I looked back from the edge of a cliff
The old man looking down lent over the ridge struck with a grin
as if a blessing had hit him.

I slumped on the jut of the cliff
Just leave me alone, this is none of your business
I will, said the old man, but just one thing,
And what he said was so lovely it stunned me.

He said: I lay right there once at the edge of the rock.
I was ready to jump, I was ever so lost,
But this gentleman stopped and said something I never forgot

For billions of years since the outset of time
Every single one of your ancestors has survived
Every single person on your mum and dad's side
Successfully looked after and passed on to you life.
What are the chances of that, like?
It comes to me once in a while
And everywhere I tell folk it gets the best smile.

And then the old man walked away and out of sight
Til the sound of him hiking turned to the sound of silence.
I just froze in a profound surprise and from down on my pride I
found a smile to my eyes.

And for many days again I've been passing the same cliff and on
many occasions I'd chance on the same thing.

Laying in the moss, in the same way I would be another man
looking like he needed a change of luck.

So I'd say: I lay right there once at the edge of the rock.
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