

The Whitlams

"The Ballad of Lester Walker"

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Lester Walker wasn't a great talker
He went to parties but always stood along
People amused him, he was always looking on
But now our Lester Walker's gone

Bus rides, highways, looking for a new place
Found a new space and called it home
Seen on beaches making castles in the sand
Being alone was all he'd ever known

Well he's gone
Our Lester's gone from our home
That's what his mother cries
He doesn't even phone to tell her how he is

His room's the same as when he was just a little boy
I know that he'll return some day, yeah she knows he will
Three months later in the park he meets a boy named Sid
They talk of all the things they'd do and all the things they did

Everyday they'd sit and meet and talk and watch and laugh
So close a bond yet so innocent, a love was formed
The two of them climb up a hill and in a warm embrace
They watch the sun slowly set behind a mountain range
All they needed was there and then nothing needed to be said
'Cause nothing can disturb the unconcerned

But then
In the morning paper Lester reads that Sid is dead
Got stabbed in the park late last night
Lester cries out in pain, runs to the window and releases himself
Now side by side they lie in the mortuary

Well he's gone
Our Lester's gone from our home

That's what his mother cried
The phone smashed on the floor she knows where her
son lies

His room's the same as when he was just a little boy
Never to return to his mother's loving arms

Oh yes he's gone
Our Lester's gone from our home
She cries and cries
No he don't phone no more, she knows where he now
lies

His room's the same aw when he was just a little boy
Never to return to his mother's loving arms
Words & Music: Stevie Plunder
Tim Freedman: vocals, piano
Stevie Plunder: guitar, vocals
Andy Lewis: bass, backing vocals
Louis Burdett: drums Recorded January, March 1993 at
Skyhigh

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