

## Whitlams

# "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 s 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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