

## Clifford T. Ward "Marrons Glance"

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We are lost we are confounded  
We're some of us in despair  
Though we may not have the answers  
But for sure we know how we fare  
For us dreamers all do practice  
We only get one chance  
And God help those who stumble  
In front of Marron's glance.

We are tryers if not believers  
And we all will have our day  
And for some it may come quickly  
And for others go the same way  
For he criticises all  
For all the world to see  
And to hell with Kevin Marron  
When he criticises me.

With your name high on the hoardings  
And your dreams way up in lights  
An' we're conscious of the critic  
For the moving finger bites  
As he dishes out the venom  
Still we love him just the same  
But the devil take ya', Marron  
When your pen grows tired and tame.

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