

David McWilliams

"Days Of Pearly Spencer"

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A tenement, a dirty street, walked and worn by
shoeless feet
Inside it's long and so complete, watched by a
shivering sun
Old eyes in a small child's face, watching as the
shadows race
Through walls and cracks and leave no trace and
daylights brightness shuns

The days of Pearly Spencer
The race is almost run

Nose pressed hard on frosted glass
Gazing as the swollen mass
On concrete fields where grows no grass
Stumbles blindly on
Iron trees smother the air
But withering they stand and stare through eyes that
neither know nor care where the grass is gone

The days of Pearly Spencer
The race is almost run

Pearly where's your milk white skin?
What's that stubble on your chin?
It's buried in the rot gut gin
You played and lost, not won
You played a house that can't be beat
Now look your head's bowed in defeat
You walked too far along the street where only rats can
run

The days of Pearly Spencer
The race is almost run

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The race is almost run

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