

## John Gorka

### "That Was the Year"

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That was the year he combed his hair  
He did it himself I do declare  
Wore it out in the open air  
And smiled for all the ladies

Can't really say it was in style  
Not by a mile, it was off the dial  
He'd do it then every once in a while  
There's a painting I can show ye

That was the year his hat was stole  
Pilfered by an elfin troll  
Knocked him on the head and his head was swell  
Early in the morning

Whe he woke he was alone  
Money gone all on its own  
His pillow was the smoothest stone  
His bed it was primeval

Left to die on the forest floor  
He was saved by Edward the matador  
Who was there in town to settle a score  
A duel at twenty paces

Ed bound his wounds by a sylvan creek  
Spoke of a very young Veronique  
And other "true loves" so to speak  
As the mob came within earshot

That was the year he washed his face  
I recall the time and place  
He'd just left an inner space  
And was hoping for a landing

That was the year he scrubbed his ears  
He'd never heard a voice so clear  
'Til she whispered that word in his ear  
That he has not forgotten

That was the year he combed his hair

I was a witness, I was there  
The day was warm and the sky was fair  
And her glance changed him forever

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