

Keith West

"Excerpt From A Teenage Opera"

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Two three four

Counts the days into years
His eighty two brings many fears
Yesterday's laughter turned to tears
His arms and legs don't feel so strong
His heart is weak, there's something wrong
Opens windows in despair, tries to breathe in some
fresh air
His conscience cries, "Get on your feet
Without you Jack, the town can't eat"
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, get off your back
Go into town, don't let them down, oh no, no
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, get off your back
Go into town, don't let them down, oh no, no

The people that live in the town don't understand
He's never been known to miss his round
"It's ten-o'clock", the housewives yell
"When Jack turns up we'll give him hell"
Husbands moan at breakfast tables
No milk, no eggs, no marmalade labels
Mothers send their children out to Jack's house to
scream and shout
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, get off your back
Come into town, don't let us down, oh no, no
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, get off your back
Come into town, don't let us down, oh no, no

It's Sunday morning, bright and clear
Lovely flowers decorate a marvellous square
People cry and walk away and think about the fateful
day
Now they wish they'd given Jack more affection and
respect
The little children dressed in black don't know what
happened to old Jack
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, is it true what mummy says
You won't come back, oh no, no
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, is it true what mummy says
You won't come back, oh no, no
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, is it true what mummy says

You won't come back, oh no, no
Grocer Jack, grocer Jack, is it true what mummy says
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