

## **Mundy**

# **"10,000 Miles Away (From Harm)"**

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The morning's warm, the air it tickles,  
a breakfast roll of ham and pickles,  
on the side walk hair is braided,  
the sun is broody and my body's jaded,  
a plastic bottle of water warm,  
i'm ten thousand miles away from harm.  
Burn your feet on hot cement,  
the kisses longer and more frequent,  
have a beer for thirst not drunk  
and pack your bags into the trunk,  
draw a scribble on your lovers arm,  
you're ten thousand miles away from harm.  
Talk with strangers over coke and rum.  
Well, should we go by train or thumb?  
The village dogs, they walk in dozens,  
making friends with their new cousins,  
we make our way down to the waves  
and hear the whistling from the caves.  
I could be back home on the farm  
but i'm ten thousand miles away from harm

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