

## **Bruwer Malan**

### **"Mr. N (a Dedication)"**

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You're a bottle of laughs and the label suits you well  
You should write down all the stories that you tell  
We will print it, bind it, take it to the store  
I know they'll buy it from you and beg you for more

Laminate your head against the wall  
Print posters of you 10 feet tall  
What else is there left for me to say?  
You sign your name and, yeah, we're on your way

We will travel down the coast and share the joy  
Go to Durban, Cape Town and head back up North  
With no air-con you know we're riding hot

Under the willow tree we find a cooler spot

Get your guitar and we'll play the blues  
Write a simple song that will make you move  
If we get stuck we'll get to phone a friend  
Before we know it he'll be racing round the bend

Let the wind blow your worries 'cross the sea  
And the waves refresh your memories of me  
Watch the sun rise up through the blue, blue sky  
And the clouds draw picture 'till the day you die

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