

The Pavers

"Mr. Shepherd's Bandage"

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Oh, a million miles an hour, a thousand times a night.
I watch them burn red, Red rockets in my sight.
1944, Second World War,
At Anzio, we kicked in Mussolini's door.

That's when it came. German steel, Italian rain
Ripped razors through my leg and sent me back home.

Opened up my eyes, lovely VA nurse
Said Mr Shepherd, you made it through the worst.
But she don't know what she means, 'cause she ain't
seen what I've seen.
The worst gets worse every night in every dream.

Hot rockets hiss, hard violence, soft prom night kiss.
The first eighteen years add up to this.
Whispered on the rockets' hiss
It goes on and on.

Seems like a thousand years fell down, down on him.
A thousand fears ground down all around him.
Jagged edge gone soft with time,
And Mr. Shepherd's just fine.

At least that's what we believe 'cause we don't want to
see.
He's still laid bare to the bone below his knee.
Here he comes again. I recognize his walk.
Sit right there Mr. Shepherd, please don't talk.

While cotton gauze still running red without a pause
While everyone forgets the cause
Of the horror there beneath the gauze
That goes on and on
For Mr. Shepherd.

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