

Phillip Boa

"Wise After The Event"

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Four thousand monks in a maelstrom
All crying out for release.
Three cheers for old Mother Hailsham
She's sticking to her beliefs.
A hundred ships took to the high seas
Intent on sailing the world.
They might have known that a rainy sky
Would scatter swine before pearls.
One by One, the Centaur is breaking it's chains
And, after all, we're blood and flesh and pain.
Cover it up high, cover it up low
Cerebus stirring,
Finally learning,
Lamplighters' torches extinguish
The flames of our fate.
Six sturdy Bold held the Tiber
Across the stakes they did swarm.
And in a chance he was leaving
Throughout his watch he was warming their guards.
I met a man on a spreading kite
Who set his course for the sun.
But when I asked what he'd found up there
He said he'd just been for fun.
Hour by hour, the Jigsaw is piecing together
In fear and dread, we wait the final act.
Gathering up high, gathering up low,
See how the earth quakes
Watch as the crust breaks
Beating the air as the hot wind
Comes blowing my way.
A million men marched on Memphis,
To pay respect to their King
But when they came to Fort Lauderdale
They found they all had to sing - So we're
Getting so much wiser, it's so much fun.

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