

Latin Quarter

"Eddie"

Visit "[Eddie](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Looking at the water

Through the spaces of an iron-ore train

The water eddies 'round the rushes

And Eddie's round at my house, insane.

The breakers in the distance

Cut the air like the crackle of a CB rig.

They found a crack in Eddie

And they tore it down, and snapped him like a twig.

His head is full of Goose Green

Tastes the smoke from the damp grass, well alight

And Eddie's waiting for the choppers

And he goes on waiting long into the night.

And I thought I heard a voice

Didn't someone here just whisper, "RÃ©joice".

The harbour's filled with newsmen,

Little boats go bobbing, like a Dunkirk repeat

To a train ride and a welcome

And "Well done, Eddie" right across the street.

The water's grey and choppy

On the Lake out by the fairground big wheel.

We could circle it forever

But we'd never guess the way that Eddie feels

Visit [Latin Quarter](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.