

Permanent Cure

"Ballad Of St. Annes Reel"

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Island

Waiting for a ship to come and find him
A one horse place, a friendly face
Some coffee and a tiny trace of fiddling in the
Distance far behind him
A dime across the counter there, a shy hello, a brand
New friend
And a walk along the street in wintry weather
A yellow light, and open door
A welcome friend there's room for more
And then they're standing there inside together
He said, "I've heard that tune before somewhere
But I can't remember when.
Was it on some other friendly shore, or did I hear it
On the wind?
Was it written on the sky above, think I heard it from
Someone I loved.
I never heard a sound so sweet since then."

And now his feet begin to tap, a little boy says, "I'll
Take your hat"
And he's caught up in the magic of her smile
Leap, the heart inside him went, and off across the

Floor he sent
His clumsy body graceful as a child
He said, "There's magic in the fiddler's arm, and
There's magic in this town.
There's magic in the dancers' feet and the way they put
Them down.
People smiling everywhere, boots and ribbons, locks of
Hair
And laughter and old blue suits and Easter gowns

The sailor's gone, the room is bare, the old piano's
Sitting there
Someone's hat's left hanging on the rack
Empty chairs and the wooden floor, that feels the touch
Of shoes no more
A waiting for the dancers to come back
The fiddle's in the closet of some daughter of the town

The strings are broke, the bow is gone, and the cover's
Buttoned down
But sometimes on December nights, when the air is
cold
And the wind is right
There's a melody that passes through the town

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