

## Thea Gilmore "St Luke's Summer"

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I propped my eyes open with chemistry  
I've got a three hour drive and a man to see  
The blue bruised sky is closing in  
Cover up well because it looks like rain

She got Tiffany earrings from a limejuice sailor  
Rich man, poor man, tinker, retailer  
Casey Jones working on the SP line  
Has got the union at his throat and he's running out of  
time

So blow the man down boys  
Yeah blow the man down boys  
And the tricks that he employs  
Are buried in this St Luke's summer's noise

She asked the electorate to cut a little slack  
Waving a litre of whiskey and a union jack  
Saying "I'm not in the business of right or wrong  
So lets get by on a wing and a folk song"

And Jesus went to talk to Omie Wise  
She said I never did trust religious guys  
And the heat is rising from Octobers throat  
She says "uptown boy, hey can you dance the tango?"

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Yeah blow the man down boys  
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Are buried in this St Luke's summer's noise

Call up the captain we've got Krueger on the line  
He's got a box of chocolates and a valentine  
And MI5 have got a bone to pick with Moses  
While Matthew and the big guy just play ring-around-  
the-roses

A pearl knit sweater and a gasoline rag  
He's got a fistful of stars and an old dog tag  
Get to Parchman Farm by a number 9 bus  
And send the children to the gum tree to wake up  
Nicodemus

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