

## James Dean

David Keenan

It stabbed me in the chest like the pimp prudent's knife  
Into poor wandering Becket under a mother of Pearl sky  
At the back of the wall, I bawled, cursing all in reel and rhyme  
While feeling out of sorts like a road sweeper dressed up to the nines

As the multi-colored kite over shoulders taking flight  
And the local matador gives two fingers to the girl next door

I had a dream that James Dean was alive and well today  
Looking for the quiet life, working for Irish rail  
And in me father's clothes with a bloody nose I sang "Isn't it so sweet?"  
There by the slot machine, there's James Dean out cold beneath my feet

And the disciples from the street  
They all burst in through open doors  
And the creaking of the chairs and the running down the stairs  
Pure ecstasy

The circus master smiles pointing his finger at the mime  
I hear the distant call of a boy named Paul who was taken before his time  
And all the precious stones or the mongrel's bone won't entice me, you silly child  
You just run on home for your tea's gone cold  
And your mother cursed you blind

And the backdoor man feels wrong for switching off when signing on  
And the double-jointed thief wins an award for pure indecency

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