

# The Groundskeeper

David Keenan

And there's a breeze and it's blowing by the road  
Rattling this bag of bone  
And as I make my way through the storm  
There's a scrapyard prowler on my tail  
Flag me down a driver  
I says:  
"Take me the long way home  
For I am the passenger seat prophet you've been waiting for  
And I long to see the chicken wire again"

I awoke in the morning  
With a green throat and a sore head  
Like a jellyfish born on your clean bed  
And not knowing what to do  
I just fell in love with you  
As the dog outside the door craved my attention

I think I'd like to meet the groundskeeper  
But I don't know, I think I've lost him along the way  
He's been etherised, he's got William Burroughs eyes  
I think he's had his day  
Lounging in the sun with his weed gun  
Thorns and nettles on the run, the ragged brush he swept  
The pavement which he kept so clean  
I've seen it in a dream  
Then sitting down, wiping off the sweat from his furrowed brow  
With a rag of Irish tweed

Yeah, Yeah  
Take me back, I'll abuse no more  
I've been falling by the wayside in real time  
Take me back, I'll abuse no more  
I've been falling by the wayside in real time

I think I'd like to meet the groundskeeper (Yeah man if you're sure)  
I think he's brewing tea (Come with me, let's see)  
Behind the willow door  
Manuscripts lie bare fill them with words that reassure  
Like a language no ones speaking anymore  
In the corner there's a bookcase for his bed  
And a thin straw hat to perch upon his head  
Says it brings him closer to the land  
And he wears it like a crown for the common man

Yeah, Yeah  
And take me back, I'll abuse no more  
I've been falling by the wayside in real time  
Take me back, I'll abuse no more  
I've been falling by the wayside in real time

I think I'd like to meet the groundskeeper  
But I don't know, I think I lost him along the way