

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
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