

The Healing

David Keenan

Short back and sides
Dinner plate eyes blown wide
Pigeon chested young man and brother
Steps out of a tomb
Of toxicity and ruin
Spent his money on cheap wine

Hold me, I'm only a moment away
Hold me, I'm only a moment away
The dogs on the street sing your praises
The heat saps the sweat from your skin

The war is nearly done, man
Are you ready for the healing?
Are you ready for the healing?

Shaken by his surname
Succinct
Waiting in the wings, we watched
Your face frozen like the hands of
Clery's Clock, stop
The war is nearly done
Are you ready for the healing?

I'm Billy no mates
Standing at the school gates
I spy a poster for the French Foreign Legion
Gonna join the ranks with my grandfather's blade
With my beacon and my brush
New tattoo and my limp
Oh, Julie Anne, with your eyes of opals
The herd spat at you, just for being open
A bastion of youth in a world
That's ripped right open
The softly spoken Youth Brigade

Hold me, I'm only a moment away
Hold me, I'm only a moment away
Hold me, I'm only a moment away
The man on the street
Let's the air at his feet
Somebody dies, a child gets born

The war is nearly done, man
Are you ready for the healing?
Are you ready for the healing?

(Hold me, I'm only a moment away)
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