

# Keysies

Gerry Cinnamon

In the field I'm a wean and running with the wind  
The sky cracks open and it rains on my skin  
My t-shirt's too thin to keep out the cold

Late coming home from school  
Playing soldiers in the park  
Invisible machine guns in my hands  
Swimming with sharks  
Until it gets dark  
And then we go home

Keysies up, keysies down  
Keysies up, keysies down  
Keysies up, keysies down  
Magic circle all around