

Late Afternoon In The Meadow (1887)

Joshua Burnside

I saw a man jump off the Clifton Street Bridge
On to the Westlink
Harder than a cliff edge
Oh man, oh man
The way he fell
Like a sack of spuds
A ringing bell
Down a stone well

Oh man, oh man
The way he fell
Like a sack of spuds
A ringing bell
Down a stone well

This river of concrete cut the city in two
So you never knew me and I never knew you
But I can't imagine why
Anyone would do that
Tell me brother why
Why'd you do that

No, I can't imagine why
Anyone would do that
Tell me brother why
Where were you going

Somewhere warmer, kinder
Softer on the soul
Like the mother's hand
The honeycomb
Skies of Pissarro
Late afternoon in the Meadow
1887
Well, they assured us all once
It could
Only get better

But I'm not sure now
Not so sure

But I'll tell you pal he said
If you'd care to listen
As he stood up and climbed into the
Back of my Nissan
And we reversed down the Motorway
Got off at the Falls
Drove up Black Mountain
As he told me it all

He said I've been feeling
Low low low
For a long time now
I owe owe owe
Money to the wrong people

My life's just something

That's been happening to me
Used to play for Cliftonville
'Til I wrecked my knee
Started working for my uncle
Started hanging 'round the bars
You know I really thought
That I'd be somewhere else by now

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Get warmer, kinder
Softer on the soul
Like the Mothers hand
The honeycomb
Skies of Pissarro
Late afternoon in the Meadow
1887
Well, they assured us
I was sure
That it could
Only get better