

Ballad Of Nana Doline

Ondara

Nineteen fifty-nine
Nana was getting on to grade nine
She met a boy, went by the name Dean
He was a captain of the football team
She was a fountain of the village scene
He wa'n't around much, never really been seen
'Less he was visiting Rick's widow Caroline

Now, Dean had him some big head for dreaming
Had chicken and swans, s'posed to be for selling
Had devious plans, getting into gasoline
Had several cats in the Hollywood magazine
Or they wrote about jazz, or they wrote about films
Or they wrote about cards, or they wrote about fiends
Or the wrote about girls, or they wrote about queens
Or they wrote about the fed, or they wrote about the thin

Eh! All this talking about dreams made Dean's daddy feel sick
He was praying he would avenge his dead brother Rick
The pain made him numb, the war in Vietnam
It took his first son, it took his third son
But I suppose he was a man, a man that'll never learn
The pride will return with a fixating burn
If he took his fifth son, if he took his eighth son
It must be just a part of the good Lord's, of the good Lord's plan

Eh! Eh! Eh-ah...

Oh, there was a rock, there was a rock down by the river's end
It's where all the evenings them two would spend
They went got espoused, they were young and aroused
In a suburban house, they lived out their vows

Eh! Oh-ah...

She was the teacher and he the freshman
She read the scripture, and he the Quran
He was the guitar and she was the drum
The birth was still but it was gonna be, it was gonna be a son

Oh then Dean got sent out to the stupid war
Nana stayed back to look after the store
The war was lost and the troops came back
But Dean wasn't seen with the rest of the pack
Nobody wins in war, nobody wins in war
Nobody wins in war, nobody wins in war
Nobody wins in war, nobody wins in war
Even when they come back, they never really
They never really come back

Eh! Eh! Oh...

So the general came with a dreaded knock
"Sorry ma'am," he said, "we don't have your bloke"
Oh, Nana never cried, it wasn't her style
Even when she smiled, she was hurting inside
Oh, the general got himself a slap right on his face

The general got himself a name calling offence
The general got himself a punch right on his chest
The general got himself a red chin and a nice kick between his legs

Oh-oh-oh-ooh-oh! Oh-oh!

Oh, many years passed, many stars danced
She blew off the chance, for any romance
Running from the rift, running from the ghost
She took up a shift at the office post
Then one evening sitting by the counter
A man walked in. His name was Alexander

Oh-eh! Ooh-oh...

Alexander had a rose and an elegant pose
Scar on his nose, said he was exposed
To life's spinning and tossing, verbose was his sort he kept talking
"Would you like a drink at the café?"
Nana was closed in, wasn't having it
She said "go whence you're from, for I don't need no love"
I don't need no love, I don't need no love
I don't need no love, I don't need no love
I don't need no love and I've got no love
I've got no love to give

Oh, three days later, guess now who it was
Alexander came back with another rose
"Just one little coffee," he politely said
Well I have no need for an interim, for an interim bed

Oh, she can't be perused, she can't be seduced
She locked herself shut, gave the key to a cherub
It must take a sleuth, it must take the truth
To get her to love, like Boaz did Ruth¹
Xander was in swoon, never gave up too soon
To the gates of Hell, to Europa, the Jupiter's moon

Oh-oh! Eh-ah...

Oh, many years passed, many stars danced
The Congress passed, the wars advanced
Xander later passed but the love did last
Nikki and Jas were the two daughters
Nikki had a girl, name was Rita Lu²
Jas had a girl, name was Sonya, Sonya Diaz

Eh-eh! Eh...

Oh, Rita Lu was teaching at a school in Beijing
Kept seeing Nana home at the Seattle dwelling
They spoke of the word, the coveting thing
She left her the scarf, it was covered in "chine"
Then she heard of the curse, the CoVid-19
The damn thing took Nana all alone
The damn thing took Nana all alone in her dream, in her dream

Oh!

Eh, and that was the tale of Nana Doline
A joyful machine, a saint and a queen
May her rest be serene, may her rest be serene
May her rest be serene, may her rest be serene

May her rest be serene, may her rest be serene
May her rest be serene, oh, na-na-na-na-na-na...
Nana Doline...