

Epilogue

Ray Davies

For better or worse, my adventures in America had made me a wiser person,
And now I'd been given the chance to put my life back on track.

As I was driven to the airport, for the final time before leaving New Orleans,
I asked the driver to take a short detour past the place where I'd been shot.
These experiences would not stop me from seeing the funny side,
But just the same, I never forget a face
And while I don't normally bear grudges,
If one day I should return, vengeance will indeed be mine.

Meanwhile, I'd celebrate my origins rather than hide them.
I am a Londoner after all.
Getting shot in New Orleans had given me a limp,
And if not properly treated, could turn into a permanent voodoo walk.

But the next time I see a zombie coming towards me on the street,
I won't let him spook me out so much.
I'd even sing him a song.