

St. Leonards

Slowly Slowly

I saw a miracle at the St Leonards beach
I saw the cages in the poison lake, with something free to eat
I saw tsunamis carry shells up to my hands,
Dark blue cold and foaming white, shopping trolleys in the night

The retirees and refugees could see heaven at their feet
With sticky hands from ice cream drips, we'll make nirvana for
the ants
And some of me is still in the air, suspended right above the pier,
And I'm standing on a quarter pipe at midnight sipping beer

When God pulled out the cornerstone, he messed with us all
Maybe he froze him in flight like the ducks on the wall
Maybe he's hiding in the driveway behind his old car
Maybe he didn't get too far

I saw a miracle at the St Leonards beach
Chain links all together, now it feels so out of reach
And I thought I found a way that I could circumvent the heat
But then these pyromaniacs lit a fire under me

I saw the ancestry from overseas, the force-field of the north
David, Goliath at the table in a silent Trojan Horse
And they were championing the weeds that tried to drown the culture out
Stockholm syndrome hamster wheels - oh the endless roundabout

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I saw a miracle at the St Leonards beach
The house that sleeps a million on the burning white concrete
I saw finality when you left, all your pain
Off to dark and bitter wine in the house of treated pine

I see you dancing and I hear your silver keys
On a boat at 4am, you're talking every now and then
You came to see her and she said she felt you there
You said don't worry don't be scared, I'm just waiting in my chair
For now