

Albatross

Squeeze

He vapes outside the vinyl store then steps inside
To comb the crates for rarities it's his delight
His youthful past still floats around
Both in his head and in his sounds

The cardboard smells the inlay cards the songs that could
Break your heart or lift you up make you feel good
Taking him back through many years
To a time when he knew no fears

He flicks and finds a precious gem
It takes him back to Lewisham

He steps outside to vapourize and means no harm
His tattoo fading, ancient now, there on his arm
An albatross on mottled skin
Which always serves to remind him
Of a time he wished he could go back
Worshipping Peter Green's Fleetwood Mac