

Braidwood

The Samples

his year-long reunion only I am a
stranger
surrounded by gifts like a babe in the
manger
a feast for thousands many years in the
making
and I have done nothing is it mine for
the taking
oh oh oh
oh oh oh
a washer of windows for newborn babies
a pat on the back from the grey-haired
old ladies
under the pavilion many miles from home
the rain was a barrier I felt so alone
oh oh oh
oh oh o