

The Canterbury Sequence

The Tangent

i) cantermemorabilia

I seem to spend my whole life shouting,
Perhaps I should be cool,
Put on some Caravan or Hatfields,
Like I used to do at school

Feigned innocence and humour,
Through my walkman on a bike ride in the sun
My bicycle and I,
We missed the party back in 1971

But here... I still find,
The song lingers on into the thousands

Whimsical indulgence,
Could never last the speed of modern life,
The traffic whizzes past me
As I pedal further from the daily strife

ii) chaos at the greasy spoon (by hatfield & the north)

III) captain mann(er)ing's mandolin