As Low As Possible

Land Lovers

As I roved out, Westport Bridge Street
Nearly twelve years old and my eyes were on my feet
I was bang in step to those post-showband ballads
And the hotel lobby promised Strawberry Beds and SonnyAs a lowly cipher then, that seemed encrypted: and I drifted
Off on a song
Sent from the Turkish winter, three cassettes for a tenner
Played as low as possibleThen on a white Cretan terrace near the sun
The breaks were fierce and the children always won
The staff took their beatings well and stuck to singing
Is She Really Going Out With Him?Joe Jackson, Prefab Sprout and Tears for Fears: painted-on ears
Offered a song
Nothing I sought or wanted, music had been invented
Played as low as possibleIf there's a moment, one moment of importance
And that's uncertain as life on other planets
Then it's the morning you landed in our garage
Holding a camera, some distant scientist tracking your movesYou presented me, the native, with a clock around which to rock
Oh, and a song
Nothing I sought or wanted, music was re-invented
Played as low as...
Played as low as...

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