

Cayman Islands

Bart Davenport

Through the alleyways
To cool off in the shadows
Then into the street
Following the water
There's a bearded man
Paddling in his canoe
Looks as if he has
Come all the way from the Cayman Islands
These canals, it seems
They all go in circles
Places look the same
And we're the only difference

The wind is in your hair
It's covering my view
I'm holding on to you
On a bike we've hired until tomorrow
If only they could see
If only they had been here
They would understand
How someone could have chosen
To go the length I've gone
To spend just one day riding
Holding on to you
I never thought it would be this clear

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