

Lights of the Commodore Barry

[Matthew Ryan](#)

I saw the lights of the Commodore Barry
From the deck of the ghost of the flower street ferry
And I felt the shock of an atom bomb
When the tired old city of Chester
Was draped and dying in my arms
For a while I was lost under the weight of remembering
Of how the sun would warm the projects some mornings
When the birds were falling like winter's frozen rain
And I was all fingers numb holding a brown paper lunch
Twelve years old and already ashamed
Now soon I was floating over Highland Avenue
By my side was the Red Cross, the Pope and the President too
Yeah I had returned like I swore I would
To right some wrongs and sing my song
And share the luck that every man should
But when the fever broke and I awoke from the dream
I was passed out beside a jukebox siphoning gasoline
When my brother yanked me hard from the corner bar
And carried my drunk bones all the way home
Draped and heavy in his arms

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