

Marron's Glance

Clifford T. Ward

We are lost we are confounded
We're some of us in despair
Though we may not have the answers
But for sure we know how we fare
For us dreamers all do practice
We only get one chance
And God help those who stumble
In front of Marron's glance. We are tryers if not believers
And we all will have our day
And for some it may come quickly
And for others go the same way
For he criticises all
For all the world to see
And to hell with Kevin Marron
When he criticises me. With your name high on the hoardings
And your dreams way up in lights
An' we're conscious of the critic
For the moving finger bites
As he dishes out the venom
Still we love him just the same
But the devil take ya', Marron
When your pen grows tired and tame.

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