St. Luke's Summer

Thea Gilmore

Propped my eyes open with some chemistry
I've got a three hour drive and a man to see
The blue bruised sky is closing in
Cover up well because it looks like rainShe got Tiffany earrings from a limejuice sailor
Rich man, poor man, tinker, retailer
Casey Jones working on the SP line
Has got the union at his throat and he's running out of timeSo blow the man down boys
Yeah blow the man down boys
And the tricks that he employs
Are buried in this St Luke's summer noiseShe asked the electorate to cut a little slack
Waving a litre of whiskey and a union jack
Saying I'm not in the business of right and wrong
So lets get by on a wing and a folk songAnd Jesus went to talk to Omie Wise
She said I never did trust religious guys
And the heat is rising from Octobers throat
She says uptown boy
Hey can you dance the tango?So blow the man down boys.....Call up the captain we've got Kreuger on the line
He's got a box of chocolates and a valentine
And MI5 have got a bone to pick with Moses
While Matthew and the big guy just play ring-around-the-rosesA pearl knit sweater and a gasoline rag
He's got a fistful of stars and an old dog tag
Get to Parchman Farm by number 9 bus
And send the children to the gum tree to wake up NicodemusSo blow the man down boys.....

Songwriters
Gilmore,Published by
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