

Book Club

Arkells

I was heading to the bus stop Matty
You were reading in your room, holed up all day
You picked me up in a brand new Audi
And said "she bought it for herself on mother's day". Then we hum along to some familiar tune
"I like women and songs", you said "it's from volume two". Then you give me one, another you just finished.
You're my library, always open for business.
You never show it, you're just sitting with it.
But I know the score, and you're killin' it. Line after line, when you're taking it in.
Time after time, when you try to fit in to some white shoes or a blue
Collar We listened to your choice for the first 10 seconds
I turned the dial and it turned your expression,
I said "now haven't you learned your last lesson?"
I try to understand but I just don't get it. Then we hum along all from memory,
"I like women and songs", you said "it's from volume three". Take me to the bus stop Matty, drive me back to
Hamilton.
You talk about your step dad funny, you sound just like your father's son.
In '98 he liberated every latin rhythm.
He never used to play it cause she could never stand to listen.

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