

When Darkness Falls (John Baker 2008 ©)

The face of my friend Norman is
A battered radiator from which
his history leaks out

He never was much good with cars
The topsy-turvy way he parks
Of that there's no doubt

Far be it from me to undermine
Your own free will
Driving along the railway tracks
Can get you killed

The red light flickers near the door
He follows his friend down the hall
Dark room waiting
Two doors down and placing bets
Sirens smoking cigarettes
And a TV blaring

Please don't you tell her where I am
It'll do no good
The shit will surely hit the fan
You know it would

So I will pick you up when darkness falls
Try to keep your seat on the bar room floor

My son has well and truly set
My wife has packed her things and left
The house inside me
Domestic sky's are overcast
A haze of smoke and broken glass
I've left behind me

So I will pick you up when darkness falls
Try to keep your seat on the bar room floor

