

Family Way (P. Simmonds)

Been in jail for twenty years, it was twenty years ago
Fought a man with my bear hands, killed him with a blow
I'd searched the bars and betting shops in every part of town
Swore that night he'd wear a suit of pinewood six feet down

A changing world keeps moving fast
My yesterday's tommorrow's in the past
When it's one against the rest
It always puts you to the test
But I swear I'd do it all again today

In hospital my brother lay just looking at his wounds
They caught him down by London bridge one Friday afternoon
It was the strangeness of his accent, the bareness of his purse
Because there was but one of him and three to do their worst

My brother died and left behind a girl bearing a child
She broke down at the funeral to see his face defiled
She wore the silver ring of fiance
Both were taken to our home, shown the family way

When I get out a week today I'll take the London train
There's two men there who've bought a share in twenty years of pain
In this old world your kith and kin are all that's on your side
Twenty years won't matter when the matter's put to rights