

Celt

December 2010

Somebody had an awful lot of gall
calling me a Celt
standing under Paris skies
Who the hell'd you think you were
how do you think that felt
six days hanging with two careless spies
and now I'm savoring your photograph
and I'm pondering the walls
like there's cave art buried underneath the paint
I love your photographs of walls
they show both what's there and what ain't

Well I am just another warrior
fair haired and fancy free
from the far side of the hill
with my ornamental weaponry
and my trusty golden harp
and my domineering will
I assimilate in slow-mo
gradually penetrate
I'm a herd of goats expressing self restraint
so many folks share that complaint
damned goats caould use some self restraint

Somebody had a mighty fantasy
deciding that I had lost
after Julie got the better part of me
He might have kicked my ass on Champs de Mars
he might have wrung me out to dry
I might have sold my very soldier to be free
But now I'm lounging in my villa
and I'm finding I like wine
and my spirit's safe--I've still got that pagan taint
I know I'l never be no saint
my soul maintains its pagan taint

So let's go grab a half carafe of wine
and go waltzing through the streets
'till our eyes no longer see
We'll find some goatly plate aweight with cheese

and a basket of pome frites
I can smell it, I can taste it, I can see...
I see a pigeon like a winged rat
and some chocolate and pastis
and the two of us on Haut Medoc IV
What I am is what I see
all I am is what I taste and smell and see
What I am is what I see
all I am is what I taste and smell and see