

Keysies

Gerry Cinnamon

In the field I'm a wean and running with the wind
The sky cracks open and it rains on my skin
My t-shirt's too thin to keep out the cold

Late coming home from school
Playing soldiers in the park
Invisible machine guns in my hands
Swimming with sharks
Until it gets dark
And then we go home

Keysies up, keysies down
Keysies up, keysies down
Keysies up, keysies down
Magic circle all around