

Me and Lucky (Blues for Harry Cowan)

I was conceived during the Korean War
My mother said it was snowing the day I was born
The 30 bob tailor made the suits my daddy wore
The rains came to the south-west and claimed 34

Hank Williams roaming The South in his last year
When I got my first guitar, I heard his voice, felt him near
Black Dog waits silently like a curse
When he's out to get me, I try and see him first
Willing to be lucky, willing to be free
Willing to be all the things I wanted to be.

My Great Granddad in Scotland fell off a handsome cab
Died in the road drunk, left my Nan without a dad
Charlotte married Harry Cowan, he was shipwrecked off the Iceland
coast
On the front page they were frozen, they'd burned all their
clothes

It was their High Noon on the wrong side of God's great plan
They'd all been missed by the omnipotent countenance
Black Dog he'll jump you when things are at their worst
He's always been around reinventing and rehearsed
Me and Lucky ready for his thirst
Willing for loving and to put it first.

Deckie-learners in tailored-blue and chisel toed shoes
Three days in The Halfway, settlings gone in the singing room
Platinum blondes and leopard-skin girls wearing high heels
Out of black and white into colour trying out their sex-appeal

1959 I could just see over the bar
Over in wonderland I saw the shiny guitars
The Aces playing 'That'll Be the Day'
'The Missouri Waltz', the tune my Dad would play
Me and Lucky always for the dreaming
Me and Lucky, life is it's own meaning
Me and Lucky.

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tune. 2nd vs. re written Dec. '14