

Pho & The Spotted Cow

Twas a lucky alignment in a cold northern sky
We gathered our strings round the cosy fire-light
And the pranksters played lightly outside in the white
While the princesses danced round the castle well into the night

A smell of Sumatra made the clouds start to wane
A timid sun shone across frozen terrain
And the fish didn't bite after hearing the rain
But the smell of hot Pho came pouring right into my brain

Could it be so much love not so easily found
Could it be at a time when I've been feeling down
But the best I can feel is what I'm feeling now
With these bowls of hot Pho and a cold Spotted Cow

In the morning the ice was half an inch thick
Down the tube all our bodies went running too quick
And the wind bit our faces till we couldn't resist
But our brother and his mother and father all saved us from it

Twas the final four hours of an uneasy year
No time left to cry. No time left to fear
All our faces reflected what our hearts dared to cheer
And my belly hurt more from the laughing than it did from the beer.

Thanks be to old friends, thanks be to new
Thanks be to ties time can never undo
When we stop at the lights of this long avenue
Thanks be to just being me and to just being you