

Earlies

Lotte Kestner

Cakebrick road in summer 1981 We shared a house and garden At the height of all the bombing
on the run In busy, hazy London

Through T-shirt breezes walking home from work County Kilburn sun Weekends we'd just
wash away the dirt Of busy, hazy London

The night grew cold The Thames is old

Found that manners count for nothing and it took A Welshman in his forties Guinness elbows
rest upon a tabletop The two of us on earlies

Three feet of snow feel on the Walnut Road Two feet trudged Round the corner came The
sound of bad dreams

The flame is old The Thames is cold

Cakebrick Road in summer 1981 We left a house and garden On the corner boys Best of friends

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>