

David's Watch

(Tales from the Taxis pt 2)

Words & Music: Pat Drummond.

For The James Family

Dateline, Ballina, N.S.W.

This is a song about the way our journeys often end with their beginnings; and about the way in which Time often returns to us those things we thought were lost. A particularly appropriate love song for this album, it is for the incurably romantic among us who still believe in the redemptive power of a patient love.

Sue bought Dave a watch in 1985 from a shop on London's Old Kent Road.

Inscribed across the back she wrote

"Love is always patient"; four words etched with care.

He strapped those words against his arm,

wore them like a lucky charm

but somehow as the years went past he forgot those words were there.

Chorus: Love is never wasted Love is always patient

and if it often seems that dreams get lost in time.

Behind the hours, behind the years that whisper past

Like a star beyond the storm it always shines

Half a world of wandering stole his heart away.

Caught in a storm in Melbourne town,

He flagged a passing cabbie down.

He thought he had a 'twenty' in his bag somewhere

but when the cabbie dropped that flag.

He rifled through his aging bag.

He found his wallet empty and he could not pay the fare

Chorus:

**And the cabbie said, "The piper must be paid.
No cash? Then you've a watch to trade."
Dave, in his need, agreed and fumbled with the band.
Then those words flashed in the light;
silver fire etched in white;
just time to read them as the cabbie closed his hand.
Oh it only took an instant for that boy to understand.**

**He took the stairs up to his flat three at a time.
He did not stop to wonder what
the time might show on London's clocks.
He dialled the ISD code hoped she'd still be there.
A sleepy voice came on the line.
His heart leapt seven years in time
and to the girl he left behind
he said it like a prayer.**

Chorus:

**And down
in Melbourne town,
beside a heart of steel;
behind a cabbie's wheel;
there is a message ticking in a pocket;
waiting for love to unlock it;
a second chance for hearts that fail to feel.**