

Ron Haywards Blues

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 battle with the cold the young the old & those you knew

Frozen blue, in cardboard city streets tonight, those who
 Will clench their fists but not to fight with you.
 They battle with the cold, the young, the old, And those you knew.

Frozen too, the frost is biting through the soul, & shoe
 Each arm will flap against the chill snow due
 They walk with heavy beat and stamp of feet, To warm toes through.

Those here who, in cardboard city streets tonight are blue.
 Called minor problems now and not so few.
 A growing band of scamps, of bums, and tramps With no rescue.

Like a zoo, the caged in cardboard cottages on view
 Are trapped by vicious circles that they rue.
 No place can be their own no brick or stone Nor yet dole queue.

Frozen blue, is politicians colours real hue.
 Just blame yourself for giving them their due.
 Forgiving they are not, but then so what They're well-to-do.

Who knows who or fate could fling a fickle shaft at you?
 And twist the bitter blade it threw.
 Old wounds should make you stop and think and drop A coin or two.

Chosen few, just thank the Lord he hasn't chosen you.

Ron Hayward was an older colleague when I was an apprentice draughtsman. He studied at college for four nights a week like me but was also dogged by marriage problems. After I had graduated and become a Chartered Engineer he had regressed to living in a Salvation Army Hostel. On chance meetings I would greet him and try to engage in fairly safe conversation but he eventually started to avoid me as his appearance got shabbier and shabbier. Having experienced some of his problems I now feel that his reticence was born out of abject disappointment at his own failed aspirations and my perceived success. I guess when you get that low, even the modest success of another can be very painful. Despite the fact that it doesn't matter to the other party.

The song began when cousin and song collaborator Chris & I were buttoned-holed by an adolescent claiming poverty and sleeping rough. Chris dipped in his pocket and handed over all the coins he found. I looked at his pristine quality macintosh and doubted - seriously. So I dipped in my pocket and found this song. Is this any good to yer, Pal?