

Not Edwin

A E F# E
Met a man in a Wellesley bar. He tried but didn't get too far.
I took his card. I did my best. His name was Edwin. I forget the rest.

D B A A/B
I said, no boy you're not him. You're not Edwin. I knew him very well.
No boy, you're not him. You're not Edwin in more ways than I can tell.

Susur was so impressive. Went there with a manic-depressive.
We arrived, got served an hour later. His name was Edwin. He would be our waiter.

I said, no boy you're not him. You're not Edwin. I knew him very well.
No boy, you're not him. You're not Edwin in more ways than I can tell.

B A B F#
Edwin had such lovely skin. It was pale – his blood was thin.
G D C F A
He lived in sin, played violin and kept his kin aswim in gin.

At a loft to see a show, the room was full, noisy and drafty.
We were there even though he had no talent. He was artsy and crafty.

I said, no boy you're not him. You're not Edwin. I knew him very well.
No boy, you're not him. You're not Edwin in more ways than I can tell.

Edwin left not long ago. The world is worse without him in it.
Ate him up from his head to his toes. From hail to frail, it took but a minute.

Words and music, michael proudfoot 2005