

## FIRST GIG

Words: Ian Music: Nathan

The curtains creak open so this must be showbiz  
But the jumble sale has already begun so maybe it isn't  
At the Church Hall the wall heaters glow faintly red  
And people like Mrs McCardle and Freda Crofts  
Look up briefly like you might glance at a passing plane

We don't care  
A nod from Martyn and we're off  
Into 'Walk Awhile' that Fairport Convention song  
You could file under 'jaunty'  
I drum as fast as I can  
Faster than they're playing  
Faster than those women  
Can possibly buy  
A kid holds up a ray gun

And pretends to zap us  
Yes fair enough  
But that used to be my ray gun  
As each song ends to no applause we lurch into the next one  
Until Roland McCardle after a nod from the rector  
Hauls the curtains shut like he's hauling in the sails

Of a ship that nobody noticed was sinking  
I'm sweating  
I throw one of my drumsticks at the curtains  
Hoping it'll kill the lad with my ray gun  
The rector  
Comes backstage and says 'well done' boys  
But even as he says it he's backing away