

He Fades Away

By:Alistair Hulett

There's a man in my bed; I used to love him;
His kisses used to take my breath away;
There's a man in my bed; I hardly know him;
I wipe his face, and hold his hand,
And watch him as he slowly fades away.

And he fades away; not like leaves that fall in autumn,
Turning gold against the grey, he fades away;
Like the blood stains on the pillow case
That I wash every day, he fades away.

There's a man in my bed; he's on a pension,
Although he's only fifty years of age;
The lawyer says we might get compensation
In the course of due procedure,
But he couldn't say for certain at this stage.

And he fades away; not like leaves that fall in autumn,
Turning gold against the grey, he fades away;
Like the blood stains on the pillow case
That I wash every day, he fades away.

And he's not the only one who made the trip so many years ago
To work the Wittenoom mine;
So many young men old before their time and dying slow;
They fade away; a wheezing bag of bones with lungs
Half clogged and full of clay, they fade away.

There's a man in my bed; they never told him
The cost of taking home his weekly pay;
And when the courts decide how much they owe him,
How will he spend his money when he lies in bed
And coughs his life away?

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