

Swansea Devil, The

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The war was over in '45, we sang our victory song
Then we started the clean-up work, and that was hard and long.
I walked down by St Mary's Church, a bombed-out, gutted wreck
When I suddenly felt a pair of eyes boring into my neck.

*You may think that St Mary's Church is a monumental pile:
One night it will burn, and he that you spurned will be laughing all the while*

I turned around and cried "Who's there?" but nobody answered my call
And then I saw Old Nick himself, sitting on the wall.
I thought he gave a bit of a wave as he grinned his cheeky grin,
He said, "What do you think of the times we've seen, and the mess that we're now in?"

*You may think that St Mary's Church is a monumental pile:
One night it will burn, and he that you spurned will be laughing all the while*

"I'm the pride of an architect who once lived in this town;
He wanted to build St Mary's up but the vergers turned him down.
He set me up on this brewery shop to keep an eye on the town
But I reckon I saw my contract out the night the church burned down."

*You may think that St Mary's Church is a monumental pile:
One night it will burn, and he that you spurned will be laughing all the while*

"Now you can build St Mary's up, you can tear my brewery down;
I'll still be here, or hereabouts, keeping an eye on the town.
For we're all in this together, my lad, so think on what you do,
For the Gates of Heaven and Fires of Hell are both inside of you."

*You may think that St Mary's Church is a monumental pile:
One night it will burn, and he that you spurned will be laughing all the while*

I walked away from St Mary's Church for a drink to clear my head;
I thought of the things that people do and the words that Old Nick said.
I reckon there's pride on every side, so no point calling it sin
We rise and fall, and rise again and that's the mess we're in.

*You may think that St Mary's Church is a monumental pile:
One night it will burn, and he that you spurned will be laughing all the while*