

dear mr fantasy

winter 1969

just smoked some weed  
lying on the carpet  
bulky koss headphones  
eyes closed  
traffic's on the turntable  
*dear mr fantasy* comes on  
four syncopated bars  
drums guitar synthesizer  
then

Dear Mister Fantasy play us a tune  
Something to make us all happy  
Do anything take us out of this gloom  
Sing a song, play guitar  
Make it snappy ...

i'm blown away  
my head's nodding  
my mind's swaying  
the voice the beat  
the music the words  
dig furrows into my soul

winter 2011

walking the dog  
mp3 player  
koss clip headphones  
striding along

in a zone  
the fourth cut from *feelin' alright*:  
*the very best of traffic*  
those transcendent four bars

transported back  
and deep within  
forty years've passed  
i'm overwhelmed  
start bawling  
dog turns  
stares up at me concerned  
moments go by  
until i calm myself  
wipe away tears

You are the one who can make us all laugh  
But doing that you break out in tears  
Please don't be sad if it was a straight mind you had  
We wouldn't have known you all these years

... and we continue on

– *Dear Mr Fantasy* music by Steve Winwood and Chris Wood, lyrics by Jim Capaldi, 1967  
– F S Music Ltd & Island Music Ltd