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
– FS Music Ltd & Island Music Ltd