

## Tragedy in Kingston

Friday night in Kingston Town,  
And all the kids were gathered from miles around.  
From the shanties in Trenchtown  
to the forested hills  
where the old men grew ganja like daffodils.  
A young man walked by,  
A street dog at his side,  
Dribbling a soccer ball  
And smiling wide.  
I asked him if he knew  
Where everyone was going to.  
And, surprised,  
this was his reply.

*"Haven't you heard about the show?  
Those sweet melodies played on the slide trombone?  
More God than man, or so they say,  
Even the birds stop singing to hear him play."*

Little Anita,  
A pretty girl with the rhumba fever,  
Used to dance on the English side of town.  
She met a man  
They say had the Golden Hands,  
They fell in love,  
And turned her beat around.

They say that it was him,  
Who called that ambulance,  
It was her own knife, he was sure.  
But they found her blood on his shirt.

Out in the asylum yard,  
They found him playing guitar,  
Malnourished,  
Singing the trombone.  
They said, "It's nice to meet ya,  
This one's for Anita!"  
They stabbed him,  
And left him there to die.

The streets of Kingston went cold.  
No more melodies played on the slide trombone.  
No man's a God, so they say,  
But even the birds went quiet on that day.