

Molly and Me

Words & Music: Geoff Drummond

For George and Molly Beaumont,

Dateline: Adelaide South Australia

In an age dedicated to the concept of individual freedom, where commitment to long term relationships is almost considered a liability and where one marriage in three will end in divorce, Geoff's beautiful life history of an Adelaide pensioner couple is almost inspirational. Against the prevailing ethos of disposability, this song stands as a testament to the reality of love that can last a lifetime. His version of the song, sent to me on one of the many cassette tapes that travel between Adelaide and the Blue Mountains, was so simple and beautiful and so genuinely Australian that it immediately became one of my favourites. Geoff's turn of phrase here is so authentic I could almost touch the character. I hope I do the song justice.

Molly and me married in '43

with fanciful notions of what we'd achieve.

Houses and families, these were our fantasies.

Fifty years on, Molly is gone but I still dream of Molly and me.

We fell in love in a world at war.

I met her on furlough when I came ashore;

entertaining the troops at the Paddo Town Hall.

I was tongue-tied and shy but that look in her eye

spoke volumes from Molly to me.

Chorus: So we danced till the stars fell out of the sky

and the rising sun bid us to say our goodbyes.

To look at me now, you'd never believe

a couple like Molly and me

We won the war and, when peace came around,

I took up any job of work to be found.

With a War Service home in the slums near the town;

there was 'bubble and squeak' and fights in the street;

but it was still home to Molly and me.

So we watched from our doorway, while out in the street,
children played hopscotch in the bright summer heat.
Their voices were shrill and their laughter was sweet.

So we waited to see, but it wasn't to be;
no youngsters for Molly and me.

Chorus: So we danced till the stars fell out of the sky
and our love for each other was the sum of our lives.
Though on occasion I'd spy a salt tear in her eye,
it was a good life for Molly and me

Through the good times and the bad times, like roses and thorns,
we stayed together and weathered the storms.
Like an old overcoat, well loved and well worn;
wrapped up from the cold; with each other to hold. That was my Molly and me.

Chorus: So we danced till the stars fell out of the sky
and our love for each other was a constant surprise.
To look at me now, you'd never believe a couple like Molly and me.

Crows feet, joints creaked, hair turned to grey
and a pain in her chest, took my Molly away.
Oh the nurses were kind but what could they say.
Though their comfort was grand, they could not understand
what she meant, my Molly to me.

Chorus: So we danced till the stars fell out of the sky
and the setting sun bid us to say our goodbyes.
To look at me now you'd never believe a couple like Molly and me.
Oh it's fifty years on and Molly is gone but I still dream of Molly and me.