

Let It Go

Words & Music: Pat Drummond. Dateline- Mildura NSW

The last stage of a person's life is often a time for evaluation, a last chance to reach some sort of an accommodation between our history and our ideals. Some people squander it on regret. I met an old man in a Mildura pub who took a rather more 'larrikin' view of regret. His reminiscences were earthy, to say the least. They inspired this song which speaks, in part, of the growing gap, in this age of 'political correctness', between what men say and what they actually think. A male liberation song for all of the office workers out there!

When I was a young man love was a painful thing.

I kept it chained against my soul.

Too scared of the laughter that a word from me might bring.

I kept my heart under control.

Chorus: Let It Go, boy. Let It Go.

If passion be the wine of life, Let it flow!

Like a wild Sirrocco wind,

Love is a vagrant thing, let it go.

When I was an older man I lived a settled life

and spent my money on a cage.

All for the love of a family and a wife

It was the ethic of the age.

Chorus:

My secretary leans across the desk She says, 'Would you like something?!!!'

" God! Should I confess? I catch myself in time. I see the

outline of her bra. I see her writhing in my car.

I say, " A cup of coffee would be fine; a cup of coffee...white would be just fine."

Chorus:

Now I am an old man and Death requires his debt,
I have a different point of view.
It isn't for the things we've done we harbour our regrets;
but Oh Lord, the things we did not do.

Chorus: