

The Misfit

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The emigrant who lives his life
As exile, gazing back,
On moor and mountain left behind,
On beer and barroom *craic*
He never makes himself at home
He never sees the good
He'll always wish for what he's lost
And pine for where he stood.

“Not like at home”, he's apt to say
For nothing is so fine
As when he roamed his native land
Way back in sixty-nine
For forty years he's struggled
“In this godforsaken land”
Where he's the only one in step
Oblivious to the band

His family has grown up here,
Three daughters and a son
All children of this land he walks
His name to carry on
Yet still he lives for times before
No time for those ahead
His heart remains where he was born
His future with the dead.

You wonder why he came at all
This man of home denied
A better life, some peace and quiet
Some land, some space, some pride?
Whatever greener grass he saw
Has withered in his eyes
This emigrant forever lost
In search of Canaan's prize.

And yet were he to go back home
A strange land would he find
A different tongue and different ways
From those he left behind
For years make change as sure as miles
And nothing stands so still
As the bitter man who finds no home
And surely never will.

Yet many come and many stay
And many make their home
In places strange, on open range
Across the raging foam
And happiness is theirs, because
When push it leads to shove,
It matters less the place they live
And more the ones they love.