

HOME

I wasn't made here, I just stayed here

Arriving in 70's suburbia, the glory of artex and chipboard and wallpaper hearts

A fresh start, a fresh house but the same outlook on life

Happy hazy memories are in me like a zoetrope turning, flickering and I am a child again

Bikes with baskets and bells, petal perfume potions stirred with sticks

Dirty knees a badge of honour and playing till the streetlights lit the way home

Weekends that rolled on forever with dancing classes, Gregg's pineapple cakes and getting too hot in Woolworths.

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Slowly growing in a rapidly shrinking world, friends moved on and new ones made

Doc boots and Caf Naf or Fustenburg fun in Firkins, no selfies or facebook to record our youth

Just diaries of daydreams and polaroid proof hidden in creaking cupboards of nostalgia

Mother Glasgow called to me, Sauchie-hauled me in to the city that smiles better

Bright lights, crazy nights, sharing student life with forever friends

Days I treasured and wish I could relive now with the authority of adulthood

That foster mother never really held my heart but with every beat I feel her touch still.

I just stayed here, I wasn't made here

Returning to roots and planting my own in familiar soil I felt right, I felt nourished

Just us two, then bud after bud our bairns blossom and we follow familiar paths ever changing

Swans still glide in the park with puffing, pedalling parents, but now riderless horses shape their tomorrows

Technology takes as much as it gives and we virtually create a childhood on line

School friends we played with and waited to phone in the hall, now instantly available yet we never call.

My memories can now be bought for a pound or cashed for gold, piles of unopened promises lie where busy shoppers feet would fall.

We have a turning monster rising from the deep and two majestic myths to define us now but is that who we are?

I know who I am, where I'm from, where I've been

So I was made here, and I stayed here.