

The Times are Strange

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The musical score is written in G major, 3/4 time, and consists of 44 measures. The lyrics are: "Low - er - ing dark on the ang - ry hor - iz - on Some - one is build - ing a wall. A wall bet - ween count - ries, a wall bet - ween friends. A wall of des - pair for us all. Who laid the first bricks to - ge - ther, in se - cre cy, si - lence and shame? When did we all turn our fa - ces and who is to blame? How did my dream be - come your night - mare and How did your hope be - come my fear? The times are chang - ing and re - arr - ang - ing. The times are strange, but the times are here". The score includes guitar chords (D, Am, G, D, Cmaj9, G, D, Cmaj9, G, F, G, F, G, Em, A(omit3), D, C, G, A(omit3), G, Em, D, C, G, A(omit3), D) and measure numbers (8, 16, 23, 31, 37, 44).

Lowering dark on the angry horizon – someone is building a wall.
A wall between countries, a wall between friends, a wall of despair for us all.
Who laid the first bricks together - In secrecy, silence and shame?
When did we all turn our faces and who is to blame?

*How did my dream become your nightmare and how did your hope become my fear?
The time are changing and rearranging – the times are strange, but the times are here.*

I know what you're thinking. I know how you feel. Or perhaps I know nothing at all.
Perhaps I'm not listening? Perhaps you are blind? Both busy building our wall?
How did our paths become wayward? How did our hopes become fears?
When did we all turn our faces from laughter to tears?

With hatred and bigotry stalking the earth – can we make sense of it all?
Untangle our fears from the trumperous tales and our hopes from the clarion call.
Who will be caught in the crossfire, in the warfare of posturing lies?
When politics says things are simple, then honesty dies.

So beware of the birkies, the bigots, the brutes. Beware of dissembling coofs.
Alternative facts are just old-fashioned lies and the victims are honour and truth.
They blame it on foreigners, blame it on children, on any too weak to defend.
And if we don't stop them, they'll blame you and me in the end.

Part of me wants to dedicate this angry song to President Donald J. Trump, but it goes far wider than the doings that particular mysoginistic, xenophobic pillock.

In a way, this is a song that's also angry with me and my ilk for failing to see the disenfranchisement and anger of large numbers of people in many countries that led to a series of political shockwaves, including Brexit and Trump, in 2016.

Nostra culpa.

*I'll keep the direct poke at His Trumpness to verse 3 ... Trumperous, adj. (Scots) Worthless, stupid.
And a wee nod to Rabbie via "coof" (a stupid fellow : dolt) and "birkie" (a foolish posturer).*