

Sicilian Born

Words and Music: Graeme Connors

He was Sicilian born a fisherman's son
Came over in '23
Worked like a dog for a couple of years
Then sent for his family
Well he worked on the docks and he worked on the railways
He worked 'til his back was gone
Bought a semi-detached in Erskineville
Moved in and paved the lawn

His three boys grew and married
Young blonde and blue-eyed girls
And soon enough there were grandkids coming
To look in on his world
And they were fair and blue-eyed too
And to him they all looked the same
If Sicilian blood flowed through their lives
You'd only know it by their last name

And he never talked in his native tongue
And he never talked about going home
And he told me once the reason why
He said, "Home's not where you're born
Home is where a man's prepared to die"

He outlived his wife Maria; she died in '82
And for a long time after he was lost for what to do
He'd sit alone at the window and doze the days away
So I didn't see him much anymore unless he happened to wave

Still he never talked etc

Well I went up North on a two-week spell about a month ago
And to my surprise when I came home I found his place had sold
I called the other neighbours to find out where he's gone
They say, "He packed up and just went back to wherever he came from"

And he never talked etc

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