

Peter Breme

I'm a foreigner to this town,
but I have played for the Queen.
I'm part of these walls,
I'm part of these stones.
I'm glass,
I'm gunpowder.

I'm a foreigner to this town,
But this town is not foreign to me.
It holds no secrets,
I know its magic.
And I give it beauty,
I give it music.

This is family, this is home.
My effort and my work lay here
In these windows and cobblestones,
In these sounds from the quay.
I may be a foreigner to this town,
but I have played for the Queen.

Anita Foxall

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