

## Jig Along

**By Alison Manning**

The feet constantly tramp  
From early in the morning  
Those rushing to open up shop  
Food kiosks opening up  
The feet constantly tramp  
The customers come past  
Stopping briefly to buy  
A bacon batch, then on they go  
The feet constantly tramp  
Those heading to the office  
Head down, heading onward,  
Headlong into the day's routine  
The feet constantly tramp  
And above them all  
Rises the haunting tune  
Of the old accordion player  
The feet constantly tramp  
But the tune soars  
Above them all, raising  
Hearts and heads  
The feet constantly tramp  
But spirits are lifted  
By the haunting melody  
Throughout the day  
The feet constantly tramp  
But the day's tedium is broken  
By the dextrous fingers  
Of the old accordion player  
Putting a jig  
In every step.