

Poem for Brian to be read on the occasion of his funeral by someone with a beautiful Irish accent thickened by tears

What do you love about this man we remember?

What do you remember about this man we love?

His black shirts, his perfect hair, his tight charcoal jeans,
his rich chuckle, his rolling voice, his thick gold rings,
his dark pints, his Sunday roasts, his duck egg quiche,
his cat companions and devoted dogs, his pockets full of treats.

What do you remember about this man we love?

What do you love about this man we remember?

His sunshine garden, his railway trips, his rickshaw ride,
his Irish rain, his cheesy spuds, his squeezezytight enfolding hugs,
his leather jacket, his tinted shades, his twin picture mugs,
his sand frame, his stage name, his feet tapping beats.

What do you love about this man we remember?

What do you remember about this man we love?

His Buddy Holly, his Billy Fury, his Elvis, his Eddie,
his brown cigars, his beeping car, his three-and-thousand stars,
his Sandra, his bright sons, his grand boys and girls,
his rave-on, his make-believe, his never-been-gone.

The songs rock our memories of this man we love,

The songs roll out love for this man we remember.