

My Salford Is Full Of Flowers

Cheryl Martin

Well my Salford is full of flowers
From my flat down to the park
Yes, my Salford is full of flowers
From my flat round the corner to the park
Helps me forget the Covid hours
I can still smell them in the dark

My Salford is my haven
Quiet and peaceful and people-free
This bit of Salford is my haven
With pines and birches and cherry trees
The park is huge and wide and empty
Like folks in Chorlton will never see

'Cause folks in Manchester still think Salford
Is Ewan MacColl's Dirty Old Town
Polluted and smoky and racist
So they never, never, never, never, ever come round

Yeah — Ewan was born right down the street
But that Old Salford is history
Still, long as the trendies live in the past
My Salford can stay pure heaven for me

'Cause I can afford to live here
On my own* with my pines and cherry trees
Flowers on hand every hour
And loads and loads and loads of other black folks just like me

What more
Could a sixty-year-old working lesbian artist ask for?

And I'm never all alone,
'Cause Billie and Ella
And Sarah and Nina
And Ewan and Peggy
And Pete and Kirsty**
Are every one of them
Right here with me!

Notes

* Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* – basic requirement for a woman to lead an artistic life

** Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Nina Simone, Ewan MacColl, Peggy Seeger, Pete Seeger, Kirsty MacColl – ancestral singing voices