

Fall "The Reckoning"

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I phoned you up from Dallas
But your heart was still in marble
And your head
Was reckoning

Your friends are dis-compos-mentis
And like most in leather jackets are
Coveting
Reckoning, reckoning

And you're sleeping with some hippie half-wit
Who thinks, he's Mr. Mark Smith
Reckoning
Beckoning, reckoning, reckoning

I'm left alone in Europe
Consulting an atlas
Wandering
Wandering

And it's evil that you spark off
In disguise as basic truth
Listening
Listening, listening

Reckoning
Reckoning
Reckoning
Beckoning

Reckoning
Beckoning
Reckoning

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