

Fall

"You Haven't Found It Yet"

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You haven't found it yet,
Haven't found it yet.
Look at the glass, turn your head
You haven't found it yet.
Murmur down the line, inside
It's flashy Camden Town
It's that London lyric again
You haven't found it yet.
Impulses crowd your head
Too much to be absorbed
You're into the jackal mental
Saw down of your head.*
Which bemoans a simple fact.
You haven't found it yet.
It seemed so clear in bed
It starts with your legs, they are dead
Your pen is entombed in mattress
You're not going to get it yet
You haven't found it yet
You're dying but still warm
Put this writing on your tomb
Spit out your dying breath
You haven't found it yet.
I dictate
Transcribe
Relations
Dear Cousin
It's destiny.
[mumbling at end.]
[MES explains this lyric in a Q magazine article: He was referring to a scientific diagram of the head and its component parts. --Ed.]

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