

## **Fatima Mansions**

### **"Walk Yr Way"**

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The days are chained like daisies  
flung on some years-old grave  
on ground unmarked, found on no chart  
or map or minefield aid  
I can only change the future  
I cannot change the past  
I can't recall who's on my side  
I can only watch my back  
Through aimless thought, through thoughtless deed  
I joined with liars and thieves  
but behold the only liar who's  
scorned and told to leave

I will walk yr way

A soap-opera clown  
stakes his place by her side  
and he'll sniff, pout and frown  
'til she tells him the world is wrong  
and his cliches are right

Now, the season never changes

Just me and my true love  
In this harbour bare, slate-grey and hushed  
where slow death is life enough

You made of me an outcast  
A suitcase-dwelling shell  
You made of mine a heart of stone  
which you dropped down a bottomless well  
Well, fair enough,  
but just don't call it love  
when it was just lust for blood  
and by the way, "get out" just means "get out" to me

I will walk yr way  
Debts of the world are not mine to pay  
so I will walk yr way

