

David Sylvian "The Rabbit Skinner"

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Who'll do for him
Child of the fifties
With no common sense
No easy resting place

Only lichen on beaches
Oil on gun barrel
And the hard taste of pennies

A God in his folly
Stands as proud as you please
The lungs won't full, the heart won't start
Bad luck child of the seas

And he alone, is a man without qualities

Combed his body for disorders
But the disease lived on in far-off quarters

As a God everything was filled to excess
As a man he settled for less
Here lies the rabbit skinner
God love the rabbit skinner

A life without purchase, no story to tell
And three little bitches fight where he fell
Foxes, foxes, give her a sign
And tell the little girl, and show her what's mine

Play hard and fast with the rules if you please
Here lies a man, without qualities

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