

The Fall "Jawbone And Air-Rifle"

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The rabbit killer left his home for the club And said goodbye to his infertile spouse Carried air rifle and firm stock of wood Carried night-site telescope light A cemetery overlooked clough valley of mud And the grave-keeper was out on his rounds Yellow-white shirt buried in duffle coat hood Keeping edges out with mosaic color stones Jawbone and the air rifle Who would think they would bring harm? Jawbone and the air rifle One is cursed and one is borne The air rifle lets out a mis-placed shot It smashed a chip off a valued tomb Grave-keeper tending wreath-roots said "Explain, move into the light of the moon" "I thought you were rabbit prey, or a loose sex criminal" Rifleman he say "Y'see I get no kicks anymore From wife or children four There's been no war for forty years And getting drunk fills me with guilt So after eight, I prowl the hills Eleven o'clock, I'm too tired to fuck Y'see I've been laid off work" The grave-keeper said "You're out of luck And here is a jawbone caked in muck Carries the germ of a curse Of the Broken Brothers Pentacle Church Formed on a Scotch island To make you a bit of a man" Jawbone and the air rifle Who would think they would bring harm?

One is cursed and one is warm
The rabbit killer did not eat for a week
And no way he can look at meat
No bottle has he anymore
It could be his mangled teeth
He sees jawbones on the street
Advertisements become carnivores

Jawbone and the air rifle

And roadworkers turn into jawbones
And he has visions of islands, heavily covered in slime
The villagers dance round pre-fabs
And laugh through twisted mouths
Don't eat
It's disallowed
Suck on marrowbones and energy from the mainland
Jawbone and the air rifle
Who would think they would bring harm?
Jawbone and the air rifle
One is cursed and one is gone

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