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## The 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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