

## The 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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