

Birthday Party, The

"Dull Day"

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the light from the window

falls on the floor

and after it breaks

I cut my feet

on the little bright pieces

(I glow in the dark)

but only when night falls

it's falling it's falling

it's falling it's falling

it falls

my head is a night-club

club-clubbed to dull drums

beating to slow

to dance or to breathe or to dance

I insist that you cut in

(I a la flamb?)

I'm drinking I'm drinking

I'm drinking I'm drinking

I'm drunk

dull day

