SCOTT WALKER "Clara"

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Birds

Birds

This is not a cornhusk doll

Dipped in blood in the moonlight

Like what happen in America

This is us

Our eyesides snagged

Dipped in mob in the daylight

Like what happen in America

The breasts are still heavy

The legs long and straight

The upper lip remains short

The teeth are too small

The eyeside is green

The hair long and black

Still coming through

Still coming through

She knows this room

She can navigate it in the dark

She entered the Palazzo at night by a side door

To ascend to a lift in the upper floor

She lies on the bed

Looking up not yet seeing

The signs of the zodiac painted in gold

On the blue vaulted ceiling

His enormous eyes as he arrives

Coming nearer in the surrounding darkness

His strange beliefs about the moon

Its influence upon men of affairs

The danger of its cold light on your face

While you were sleeping

She'll eclipse it with her head

Stroke him while he sleeps

Until he has nothing to do among men of affairs

Sometime before dawn

Her bare feet cross the floor

She gazes from the window

At the fountain in the courtyard

Sometimes I feel like a swallow

A swallow which by some mistake

Has gotten into an attic

And knocks its head against the walls in terror

This is not a rabbit skinned

With a body of silver

Like what happen in America

The breasts are still heavy

The legs long and straight

The upper lip remains short

The teeth are too small

The eyeside is green

The hair long and black

Still coming through

Still coming through

The mood soon changed

In the clear morning air

A man came up towards the body

And poked it with a stick

It rocked swiftly

And twisted around at the end of the rope

Finer than a hair from every side

Finer than a hair

Birds

Birds

This is just a cornhusk doll

Dipped in blood in the moonlight

This is just a cornhusk doll

This morning in my room

A little swallow was trapped

It flew around desperately

Until it fell exhausted on my bed

I picked it up

So as not to frighten it

I opened the window

Then I opened my hand

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