

## The Falcon

# "The Longshoreman's Lament"

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For some reason this greasy dead season's running circles around me.

(Can you feel it now? Come on and feel it now!)

I'm like a log in the fire, and shit, I don't know what to believe.

(Can you feel it now...come on feel it now...)

Black soled feet and a burlap throne. I'm gonna cry 'til Daddy comes home.

Yeah, you really never know (we really gotta go).

I'm yellow stained rotten. I'm gone and forgotten. (It's the windpipe, they cut the windpipe...)

I fucked the whole crew now my skin's grey and spotting. (Can you feel it yet? It's what we all get!)

The sailors and the prostitutes are dancing on the graves

of all the noblemen and the maidens and the slaves.

The longshore haunts are empty. The sticky spots have dried.

I'm drowning in my skin from the tears I never cried.

Fuck the "Lord be with you's" and fuck the "Bless my soul's".

Go down to the barrel and stick it in the hole.

Stick it in the motherfucking hole!

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