

Isolation Years

"Talkin' Backward Masking Blues"

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Coming down the stairs was someone looking for
someone
Clashing into people who all appear to me
As dark and swaying silhouettes like tree trunks in the
wind
But instead of peace and silence they're all sweating to
be seen

Coming up to me was someone looking for someone
Stumbling and mumbling some inaudible phrase
Me I was just looking for a backdoor to escape
But there are people all around me talking backwards
in my face

By the way dear, by the way
Thanks for spitting out the news
And thanks for spilling out that juice
Over me dear, over me
I've got bloodstains on my shoes
Talking backward masking blues

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