

The Fatima Mansions

"Brunceling's song"

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James Jesus Angleton sells sunlamps door to door
in this so-called peacetime, even spooks fight to stay
alive

I don't much like him, but I sit and mind his car
He says, "Brunceling, where to now?"

This global suburb's ours..."

They said "adapt," and, sometime back, I think I
snapped

but it's no big deal, I would not trade my luck
I have no system now, I just drift until I'm found;
"Brunceling, hand me down a new slogan", now:
PENURY HAS SET US FREE!

NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING IS TRUE
An assassin's bullet which has lodged in my neck
picks up Radio Kabul and it bores me to death--
NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING IS TRUE

"I know Khomeini, John Wilkes Booth and the Jackson
5,"
the old man roared as I poured him into his bed,
"Why, they control the bourbon runs from Bialystok to
Brunei!
Brunceling, you're like me," he said
"They fear us cause we accept no blame
and we're too fucking old to change.
Too many hatreds for making amends.
Too many favours for friends of dead friends.
Oh, their mumbled thanks came cheap to them.
Too many marksmen on the knolls,
Too many alibis always to hold,
I'm a sad old joke; forget I spoke..."

OPEN THE VEIN, OPEN THE VEIN,
OPEN THE VEIN, WIDER THE VEIN
Let in more rain, let in more rain
SEVER THE PHONELINE, SEVER THE HEAD,
SEEING IN WHITE, GREEN, YELLOW AND RED
I think he's dead, I think he's dead
Nothing, nothing, nothing is true

Old friends now reject me for misjudgements I've
made
Some are in power, some in flyover graves
Nothing, nothing, nothing is true
And tell me, stiff, whose little baby were you?

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