

The Fatima Mansions

"Walk yr way"

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The days are chained like daisies
flung on some years-old grave
on ground unmarked, found on no chart
or map or minefield aid

I can only change the future
I cannot change the past
I can't recall who's on my side
I can only watch my back
Through aimless thought, through thoughtless deed
I joined with liars and thieves
but behold the only liar who's
scorned and told to leave

I will walk yr way

A soap-opera clown
stakes his place by her side
and he'll sniff, pout and frown
'til she tells him the world is wrong
and his cliches are right

Now, the season never changes
Just me and my true love
In this harbour bare, slate-grey and hushed
where slow death is life enough

You made of me an outcast
A suitcase-dwelling shell
You made of mine a heart of stone
which you dropped down a bottomless well
Well, fair enough,
but just don't call it love
when it was just lust for blood
and by the way, "get out" just means "get out" to me

I will walk yr way
Debts of the world are not mine to pay
so I will walk yr way

