

This Mortal Coil "The Jeweler"

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The jeweler has a shop
On the corner of the boulevard
In the night, in small spectacles
He polishes old coins
He uses spit and cloth and ashes
He makes them shine with ashes
He knows the use of ashes
He worships God with ashes.

The coins are often very old
By the time they reach the jeweler
With his hands and ashes
He will try the best he can
He knows that he can only shine them
Can not repair the scratches
He knows that even new coins have scars
So he just smiles.

He knows the use of ashes
Dum da de da da dey dey
He worships God with ashes
Dum da de da de de da de dey dey.

In the darkness of the night
Both his hands will blister badly
They will often open painfully
And the blood flows from his hands
He works to take from black coin faces
Thumbprints from so many ages
He wishes he could cure the scars
When he forgets he sometimes cries.

He knows the use of ashes
Dum da de da da dey dey
He worships God with ashes
Dum da de da de de da de dey dey.
He knows (he knows the use of ashes)
He knows
He knows (he worships God with ashes)
He knows
He knows (he knows the use of ashes)
He knows (Dum da de dad a dey dey)

He knows (he worships God with ashes)
He knows (Dum da de dad a dey dey)
He (he knows the use of ashes)
He
(He worships God with ashes)

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