

# Tindersticks

## "Paco De Ronaldo's Dream"

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It was a dream I had  
This room was in the middle of a sandy plain  
The walls were gone but the doors and windows  
remained  
At the side of the bed were soft cushions  
Two-dimensional ships like ocean liners sailed across  
this desert  
As they passed, their huge bulks disappearing into a  
thin line  
These ships were always full of people facing windows  
And sometimes find their problems seem like day's  
work  
Following deep tracks, the boats kept passing by  
Came to an unmanned sort of harbour  
Stood on the sand in no water  
And watch like the boat's tail lowered its doors  
And one by one the ships descended to the sand  
And sailed off in different directions across the desert  
The carrier was then refilled with ships arriving in  
perfect time

I watched seven or eight of these drop-offs  
And realised the process, the ships and the people  
within them never differed  
I thought about following any of these ships to the end  
of their journey  
But suspected I would end up back here  
Or a place so similar that I wouldn't be able to tell the  
difference

I can't sleep in this bed anymore  
It's like a padded cell  
The sheets are too tight  
[ ? ]  
A man of your success  
I'm tired of it  
[ ? ]  
Walked over to the window  
Climbed on the window-ledge  
And jumped out  
I wasn't scared  
I know I can fly

A quiff, a whiff of smoke, an empty egg  
Roses north (I don't know how long we'd been  
waiting)  
A front room (Endless hours, weeks, years even)  
Lino, yellow formica (We didn't know)  
Lots of milky tea (Only onward, forward, inward, in,  
over a field) (I don't want to do this)  
Unmatched to match the unmatched plates (The sun  
sets in the west) (I really really really don't want to do  
this)  
Straight-backed chairs (This is where we started each  
night) (You made me do it)  
Steamy glass-pane window (We could only travel at  
night) (Bang bang bang on the door)  
Warped door, Embassy No. 6 ashtray (We would  
conceal ourselves in the missing light 'till darkness fell)  
(I awoke, ran downstairs)  
Chewy chop (Nobody knew where we were) (A letter  
dropped to the floor)  
Toasted cob, mustard (Where we were going) (I bent,  
reached)  
Crinkly-cut chips, bendy fork (A vague sense of  
direction) (Swung open)  
Polyester, pink gingham (Cracked my head)  
(Nothing told us where we were) (Unconscious fell)  
(We always somehow managed to keep a straight line)  
(I awoke, the dog)  
Licking my dick

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