

# The Rabbit Skinner

David Sylvian

Who'll do for him  
Child of the 50's  
With no common sense  
And no easy resting place  
Only lichen on beeches  
Oil on gun barrel  
And the hard taste of pennies

A gardener's folly  
Stands as proud as you please  
The lungs won't fill, the heart won't start  
Landlocked child of the seas  
And he alone is a man without qualities

Combed his body for disorders  
But the disease lived on in far off quarters

As a God everything was filled to excess  
As a man he settled for less

Here lies the rabbit skinner  
God love the rabbit skinner

A life without purchase  
No story to tell  
And three little bitches fight where he fell.

Foxes, foxes, give her a sign  
Enter the little girl and show her what's mine

Play hard and fast with the rules if you please  
Here lies a man without qualities