

Perfume River

Fish

There were no sirens, I heard no alarms,
This situation has somehow got completely out of hand
It's no illusion; it's not a dream,
My eyes are open and all is as appears,
It's a perfect nightmare; it's a perfect nightmare,
In an imperfect world
I missed the wake up, slept through the dawn,
The world's a stage but I've declared these curtains drawn
Behind the fourth wall, behind the scenes
A discarded fading flower on the soporific,
sensual perfume river
The perfect nightmare; escape the perfect nightmare,
dream the perfect world,
I close my mind in soft surrender,
in quiet resignation take the lies,
I lock the door,
I lock the door
I junk the mail, I never open letters,
programme numbers that I know I'll never call
Collect addresses of friends who'll soon be strangers,
Message pending, I know just what it says,
should I accept another lie?
I swallow all the lies
I live the lie
There are places that I know that I will never see
Those to which I'd never gone before,
The horror stalks my vision and the cries ring in my ears,
I am helpless,
I am not brave,
I am alone
I wander the dark alleys of the citadel,
Deserted shops and empty houses mark my way,
Bullet holes in stuccoed walls are testimony
to the voices disappeared within the fear
Take me away to the Perfume River;
carry me down to the Perfume River
Set me adrift on a well stocked open boat
Show me the way to the Perfume River,
send me away down the Perfume River
Pour that sweet, sweet liquor down my throat
Fire breathing dragons swarm in sweltering skies,
Spewing flame on innocents below
Charred and brittle corpses, blackened evidence,
I am enraged,
I am afraid,
I am forlorn
The ashes of wise pages fly from libraries,
Tumble in the clouds of smoke and flies
To lie as dust in corners of dark palaces,
the fetid smell of revolution haunts the air
Take me away to the Perfume River;
carry me down to the Perfume River
Set me adrift on a well stocked open boat
Show me the way to the Perfume River,
send me away down the Perfume River
Pour that sweet, sweet liquor down my throat
Carry me down to the Perfume River,

hold me down in the Perfume River
Where I'll drown my sorrows, let me lie in hope
Push me away down the Perfume River
to the swirls and eddies of the Perfume River
In these dark and muddied waters
just let me float
The truth I don't want to know