

Behind The Moon

The Fatima Mansions

Green bed of bottles, open to the sky
Bare head of drunk man, the beads of sweat go dry
He says he's sorry, tender as a lamb
She says, "go", meaning, "stay", meaning, "You have to pay"
Behind the moon / In the dead zone
In the darkness where lovers all are blind
Sources of light in this land of the dead
Are electric shocks and blows to the head
The silence broken by his voice alone
Saying, "yes", meaning, "no", as he tears down their home
Behind the moon / In the dead zone
I'll still be calling, calling out for you
Behind the moon, when all hope has gone
Well, what else would you have me do?
Green bed of bottles
Green bed of bottles and bottles and...
--

Dave Watson, Severed Heads Liberation Front (Re-
release the _Stretcher_ EP!)
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"A man is measured by the depth of his anger."--Eddie
"So he sanded off his winkle with his Black & Decker drill."--I
an Dury