

I'm Not Here (1967)

The Mekons

A velvet glove strokes a a hairy thigh
The dawn is breaking across the sky
My mind is purple
Like the bubbles around your lips
Oh baby I sure groove the way you move your hips.

Satan has already sat down to eat
Feasting on freshly slaughtered meat
A splash of blood
Falls on your milk white breast
Oh look Nixon has arrived with Hitler
As his very special guest

Straying by the waterside
My reflection looks so cool

The ripples whisper warning
I could end up in the pool

Floating through forever
like blossom in the wind
meeting all the people who've sinned and sinned
and sinned

Calling earth on the telephone
Slurred speech and unfinished phrases
Curly headed heads are turning
It's getting very hazy.