

Nocturne

The Mekons

The boy wakes up and rubs his eyes
wonders where the cannibal lies
I am abroad upon the deep
but I'll be back

I see stars above my head
and the moon's pollution ring
trance and sound, radio!

always wakeful in old age
sleeping looks so much like death
best to pace the night cloaked deck
forget the tomb

forget the tomb that lies beneath the planks
then I'll come back
and dance to him again

Torchlight licks the surface skin
here be monsters on the map
out among the unknown tribes
I'm not alone
vintage fear and paranoia
his last Christmas in Great Britain
I am abroad upon the deep but I'll be back

Slender ribbbons of piss on the walls
in the streets where someone disappeared

You were painting in the dark
old stinking tired and cold
you said 'don't be scared'
'don't feel alone'

I see stars above my head
and the moon's pollution ring
trance and sound, radio!

I'll send a letter from the grave
giving comfort and advice
it's a blank and folded page
so square and white