

Paco de Renaldo's Dream

Tindersticks

It was a dream I had
This room was in the middle of a sandy plain
The walls were gone but the doors and windows remained
At the side of the bed were soft cushions

Two-dimensional ships like ocean liners sailed across this desert
As they passed, their huge bulks disappearing into a thin line
These ships were always full of people facing windows
And sometimes find their problems seem like a day's work
Following deep tracks, the boats kept passing by

Came to an unmanned sort of harbour
Stood on the sand in no water
lowered it's doors
And one by one the ships descended to the sand
And sailed off in different directions across the desert
The carrier was then refilled with ships arriving in perfect time

I watched seven or eight of these drop-offs
And realised the process, the ships and the people within them never differed
I thought about following any of these ships to the end of their journey
But suspected I would end up back here
Or a place so similar that I wouldn't be able to tell the difference

I can't sleep in this bed anymore
It's like a padded cell
The sheets are too tight

A man of your success
I'm tired of it

Walked over to the window
Climbed on the window-ledge
And jumped out
I wasn't scared
I know I can fly

A quiff, a whiff of smoke, an empty egg

Roses north (I don't know how long we'd been waiting)
A front room (endless hours, weeks, years even)
Lino, yellow formica (we didn't know)
Lots of milky tea (only onward, forward, inward, in, over a field) (I don't want to do this)
Unmatched to match the unmatched plates (the sun sets in the west) (I really really really don't want to do this)
Straight-
backed chairs (this is where we started each night) (you made me do it)
Steamy glass-
pane window (we could only travel at night) (bang bang bang on the door)
Warped door, embassy no. 6 ashtray (we would conceal ourselves in the missing light 'till darkness fell) (I awoke, ran downstairs)
Chewy chop (nobody knew where we were) (a letter dropped to the floor)
Toasted cob, mustard (where we were going) (I bent, reached)
Crinkly-cut chips, bendy fork (a vague sense of direction) (swang open)
Polyester, pink gingham (cracked my head)

(nothing told us where we were) (unconscious fell)
(we always somehow managed to keep a straight line) (I awoke, the dog)
(licking my dick)