

## Sdss1416+13b

Scott Walker

This is my job,  
I don't come around and put out  
Your red light when you work.

What's the matter,  
Didn't you get enough attention at home?

If shit were music,  
You'd be a brass band.

Know what?  
You should get an agent,  
Why sit in the dark  
Handling yourself.

For Lavinia  
Who goes like  
Gynozoon.

IX I V  
IX III V I

For the citizen  
Whose joke lays  
In their hand.

I V I  
V IX IX III

To play fugues  
On Jove's  
Spam castanets

V IX IX  
I VI IX I

Cattle are slaughtered,  
  
Entrails examined,  
  
Spread out across the moon.

The Tisza is rising,  
Topless bars overflowing,  
Pulsing through the flumes.

Drop-kicked coloraturas  
Fouling my ears,  
Bypassing an anorexic sky and-  
-scar jumping grafters,  
Chorion-crying.

How can you stoop  
So high?

For Papiria  
Who plops

The Pantheon.

IV VI IX  
V I IX I

For grosse Gauls  
Who won't leave  
Our sheep alone.

V I VII  
IX I IX I

Norsemen!  
DO NOT!  
Eat the big pink mint.

Flush hard,  
It's a long way to Athens.

Gone

From your wooden palace.

The wild mice pelt clothes  
Slipped from my toes

Where termites  
Scribble the walls.

Twisted forth,  
And gone,  
'Little father',

The 'snip' off your  
Nine-ninety-nine,

From where you groomed  
Yourself too small.

No more  
Dragging this wormy anus  
Round on shag piles from  
Persia to Thrace.

I've severed  
My reeking gonads,

Fed them to your  
Shrunken face.

Janus head  
It's said,  
Will give good door.

IX IX V  
IX I IX I

For a Roman who's proof  
That Greeks fucked bears.

V V IX  
VII V IV I

Heard this one?

This'll kill ya,

About the ropes of hair  
Care of  
Venus the Bald  
Tugging Mercs across the plain.

Those measuring road-rashed bellies  
A perte de vue to me  
Night and day.

The one  
About the saint

Stranded high  
Upon his pillar.

Thirty summers,  
Thirty winters,

His constant visitor,  
His mother.

But he'd stare into the distance,  
Ignored her calls from down  
Below...

"DID YOU EVER THROW YOUR OWN  
MOTHER'S FOOD BACK AT HER!"

"DID YOU EVER TELL HER,  
TAKE THIS JUNK AWAY!"

"WHAT KIND OF UNNATURAL SON  
WOULD DO THAT TO HIS OWN  
MOTHER!"

... The tasteless one  
About the bantam  
Who couldn't climb a rung.

Your Helipolis is scrapheap.  
Gone,  
The brown slug  
Of your tongue.

For eunuch Ron  
Who sleeps at night  
Across the emperor's  
Bedroom door.

III V IX  
IX I V I

Grostulating-Gorbi  
Requires fresh packing.

II IX V  
I IV IX I

OVER,  
It's over,

Syrinx screaming all around,

BAR! BAR! BAR!  
BAR! BAR!

BAR! BAR! BAR!  
BAR! BAR! BAR!

Aquil-Aetos!  
Aquil-Aetos!

Screaming all around,

Filling up my life,

Screaming all around.

BAR! BAR! BAR!  
BAR! BAR!

BAR! BAR! BAR!  
BAR! BAR!

OVER,  
It's over,

Your Nibelung  
Can't be found.

Their shadowless  
Shadows,

Wiping me.

Wiping me clean  
Away.

BAR! BAR! BAR!  
BAR! BAR!

BAR! BAR! BAR!  
BAR! BAR! BAR!

Where's;

The scent of pine torches,  
The lumbering caravans,

The felt covered wagons, moving like galleons?

The 'wedgie', the 'melvy' to threaten the air?

Only fledge muffled  
Long hollow bone-drums  
A beating.

The dark day behind us,  
The dark day ahead

The wind drone across

Skull goblets.

THEN,

Basel-cum-Strasbourg-cum-Frankfurt-cum-Speyer-cum...

I hear the only place you're ever invited is outside.

If brains were rain, you'd surely be a desert.

Look, don't go to a mind reader,  
Go to a palmist;  
I know you've got a palm.

Does your face hurt?  
Cuz it's killing me.

CUT;

To

Lost Lumbago City.

I am perched  
Against the sky.

A banner shoal of sparrows  
Sways in the twilight.

Down there,  
As  
Ish kabibbles

Schlepp the shade  
Forever,

Earth's hoary  
Fontenelle  
Weeps softly  
For a  
Thumb thrust.

A chorus of threadbare  
Black-stockinged legs  
Is fanning out  
Into a frazzled black  
Rose.

No  
Phalanxes fleeing  
Like zippers of blood,

Red plumes nodding  
Between the horses'  
Ears.

HEY BUDDY!

GIVE IT UP!

HEY PAL!

COME DOWN!  
JOIN THE LIVING!  
WANTED!

A LISPING, HOBBLING, NOSELESS  
RUNT.  
Phone IX IX IX  
IX IX IX I.  
REMEMBER:

'SOMEDAY YOU'LL GO FAR  
IF YOU CATCH THE RIGHT  
TRAIN'?  
HOW ABOUT,

'YOU'RE SO FAT,  
WHEN YOU WEAR A YELLOW RAINCOAT, PEOPLE SCREAM  
TAXI?'

THEN THERE'S,  
'YOU'RE SO BORING  
THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN ENTERTAIN DOUBT'.

I'll grease  
This pole  
Behind me.  
Grease this pole  
Behind me.

Grease this pole.  
Grease this pole.  
There's an unfinished rumour  
Doing the rounds.

It seems the storks are seen  
Returning to the rooftops.  
Carrying back their children.  
Clacking like dried palms.

Loud enough to be heard  
From Reims to Orleans.

River banks are cleared.  
Bridges retaken.  
Oblivion,  
Driven from the city  
Street by street.

So why  
Have screams of laughter,

The pissing stench  
Of mares-milk beer  
Come to bait  
Your toad down  
From his toadstool?

And if  
I'm melancholic.  
And if  
I she'd a tear

'Don't forget to blink,

Lest your eyeballs dry up, fall out  
Of their sockets and dangle on your  
Cheeks like Caesar's shrivelled  
Coglione'.  
it's when I hear  
A sawed-off coffin rolls  
Beneath the Tisza

HEY BAR!  
Ah, my noblest music.

HEY!  
BAR! BAR! BAR!  
HEY BAR! BAR!  
BAR! BAR!

I'll grease  
This pole  
Behind me.  
Grease this  
Pole behind  
Me.

Grease this  
Pole...  
Grease this  
Po...

OVER,  
It's over,  
But where's  
The electrons

Squeezing all around?  
Burning up  
My life.  
Squeezing all around.

OVER,  
It's over.  
Only freezing  
All around.

I greased  
That pole  
Behind me.

Greased  
That pole  
Behind me.  
Your Nibelung  
Can't be found.

I've looked high and low for you,  
I guess I didn't look low enough.

Don't move:  
I want to forget you just the way  
You are.  
I really hope your face clears up.

You know;  
I think you've got

Nothing there.  
Infrared, infrared.

I could  
Drop  
Into  
The  
Darkness.  
It's so cold,

Infrared.  
What if  
I freeze,  
And  
Drop  
Into  
The  
Darkness?