

Mike Scott, My Love Is My Rock In The Weary Land

My love is my rock in the long low weary land
My love is my rock in the long low weary land
Yes my love is my rock in the long low weary land

None of this moves me
I should be weeping but it only hurts when I yawn
I let it blow through me and it's gone
I'm dressed like a scarecrow
Stripped of all my power as if some judge in judgement said
"Off with his greatcoat and his head!"

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Meaningless movies
On the screen behind the band that's blowing, throwing shapes
Half of the music is on tape
My mentor and champion
Is busy tilting at the windmills of his stately home
The demon he's grappling is his own

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His letter lies open
His accusations flow like poison from his every word
My heart would be broken but for Her
The fag-end of winter
I'm in shock, I'm on the ropes, I don't know what's to come
She plucks the splinter from my thumb

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In the weary land...