

Mike Scott, Rags

Everything is rags
And there's nobody to blame but me
And it would be so easy
If there was no one to hurt but me
But now everything that I do
Coming out of me will just tear through you
In and out of you
Up and down your life like a curse
Cast by the only Son of Rags
Who would wrap you up in all the finest tatters
Though he wanted nothing more, my loved one
Than to wrap you up in joy
But it'd never be with me
You and I are like two worlds
Not meant to collide
Death to each other
In the unravelling of time
So how do you...how do you...
How do you...how do you like it?
What kind of...what kind of...
What kind of dream would you call it
To have one foot in Eden
One foot in Hell
To be always numb
Plagued by demons
Summoned by angels
At the same time endlessly?
But I will
Burn me
Right out of this place
I will lay you down to sleep
So when you awake
I'll be gone and
You
Will remember
Nothing