

Scott Walker, The Cockfighter

It's a beautiful night
From here to those stars

Feathers on the sides
Of my fingers

It's a beautiful night
From here to those
Trembling stars

And the feathers so
Fresh
And the nerves so
Fresh

Do you swear
The breastbone
Was bare

I saw it
And made my
Escape

Do you have
Any doubt
That he slept
In that bed

I can only repeat
I never saw
Him

Better listen
Before you fly
All over your
Man

Better listen
Before i spill
You in

If you could
Turn on your
Side

Move your touch
To that hip

Easy now

Easy now

It's a beautiful
Night

Garcia
A cigarette
For the
Prisoner

That ribbon crack
Like this one and
This one crack like
Those over there and

Those over there crack
Like these two

Bringing those strutters
Bringing those strutters

And that one cracks
Like these do and
These do just like
This over here and
This over here

And out on the rim

All the calcium planets
Growing in
The darkness
All over the
Body
The flapping body

Clickety click
Clickety
Click

I have a greenlight
For fifty thousand

It was the month of
July
We had more in or
Going out

You were responsible
For rolling stock

I acn only repeat
I never saw him
In bed

Do you know what
Happened to most
Of the children

She opened the
Tent
To tame a morset
Of air

Before the sun

Came up