

Steve Kilbey, Fall In Love

I knew this man, he had some kind of fatal affliction.
Each day, a tiny particle, a small drop of his soul, leaked or
Escaped into the air, out beyond the insipid the gray sky and
Into dead space.

The paranormal specialist could find no way to plug the tiny perforations
Which dripped his spirit behind him as he went on down the highway.

Fall in love with me, fall in love with me
It's not impossible
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It's not impossible

It was attributed to hashish and opium addiction, excessive womanizing,
Lashings of money and flattery, and a charmed, but not charming life.

Who can describe the agony of this gradual soul depletion?
Too cowardly to take his own life, he roamed the cafes and cabarets
Searching out other wretches who shared his most hideous malady,
And they spent their days in sophistry and idle banter, as their
Essence oozed, and the void moved ever closer.

Fred, the man, charlatan bastard, poor piteous doomed puppet,
Immersed himself in these vices, but this only exacerbated his
Demise more rapidly.
Eventually he could derive pleasure from nothing, the most lurid
Pornography or the most holy scriptures failed to arouse him from his
Stupor, his boredom.
Great cities, or the endless beautiful plains stretched out before
His jaded gaze and disappeared into the nothingness of his feeling.