

# The Jesus And Mary Chain, On The Wall

Unlike the mole  
I'm not in a hole  
And I can't see anyway  
Just like a doll  
I am one foot tall  
But dolls can't see anyway  
The frozen stare  
The clothes and hair  
These make me taste like a man  
Tied to a door  
Chained to a floor  
An hour glass grain of sand  
Life in a sack is coming back  
I'm like the clock on the wall  
Swim in the sea  
Swim inside me  
But you can't swim far away  
I never grew  
Covered up by you  
And nothing grows anyway  
Life in a sack is coming back  
I'm like the clock on the wall