

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