

# Bachdenkel, An Appointment With The Master

She leaves instructions on her doorstep  
And they say, do not disturb her  
And you tell yourself she's sleeping  
But secretly she's keeping  
An appointment with her master  
Who wears gold upon his fingers  
And puts silver in your pocket

Come the morning she's still sleeping  
And you think an explanation  
Might be useful for the future  
But she just looks as if to tell you  
That if you really want an answer  
To the question that you're asking  
Ask the master  
If you really want an answer  
Make an appointment with the master

So I went to see the master  
And he said that there's no need to be  
An everlasting loser  
You take her and you use her  
And pay very close attention  
To the manners and the movements  
Of your lord and loving master

Then he led me into darkness  
And I felt that I was falling  
And I said, can I be dreaming?  
No, I know I am not sleeping  
For my eyes were being opened  
My imagination tutored  
By my lord and loving master

Then she showed me to her table  
And we dined before the master  
And his blood was like a living wine  
And I saw no need to ask her  
For my manners and my movements  
Were those that I had studied  
From my lord and loving master