

# Barry Adamson, Split

Without further ado (or a don't)  
Allow me to impose myself upon you

I'm El Deludo  
Oscar De La Soundtrack  
Mr. Moss Side Gory  
From Rusholme, with blood

That's me, H. P.  
Harry Pendulum, the last of the big-time swingers  
I'm livin' off a theme  
The cold war reality  
Takes the subtle shape of

Bridges and houses and pitches and ditches and vampires and witches an itch in my britches requi

But look  
Over there  
What light through yonder windscreen breaks  
Steering the wheels of this tired old jalopy  
Onward and upward into desire

It's simply majestic and my English Breakfasts  
slip through my fingers like slivers of ice  
cooling my burnt out brow-beaten brow

To breathe again sweet river  
Sparkling shades of chestnut burnished copper and jade  
And in the moonlight once you've cast your shadow aside  
Decide you're the one you wanted to be!

Question: who did it?  
Answer: me.  
Shrewdness abounds  
The man with the golden arm...erican excess card  
Primo de primo  
And splat goes the God damn  
Goodbye, cucaracha  
See y'around like a Rousseau  
If you feel with blind hue

Fivers and divers and wheelers and dealers my baby says maybe so maybe soleil be and gives me

And all of Ethiopia awaits for me!

But I don't got a passport  
So I guess it's that time that we gotta  
Pass the port

Oh, please, do forgive me, JFT  
I mean uh... pass the port of Saints  
And take a good long look  
Into my face  
What d'you make?  
Yeah that's right

I'm of mixed race

No, no, no, y'know, I don't mean like ah an Englishman, a Scotsman and a Negro and a Russian al

But then again...  
And this is where things really come into play  
An extremely important part of the process, you see  
If all of those guys ain't on the same team, or if uh, one of them, like you know

Even just one of them makes a dumb pass  
Then that's me

Split

Completely undone  
Half of me one  
And half of me none  
No longer whole  
Just one gaping hole

Shot right through to my shotten-through soul  
Oh God, perish the thoughts  
'Cause next thing you know, and this is like uh, really where it is  
It's just like Meinl said  
There's a light at the end of the tunnel  
And when you see it, it means  
That you're dead - POP!