

# Kate Bush, Organic Acid

He got her drunk very quickly  
Holding hands, they found the broom-cupboard  
Where he had control as far as the fall  
When his hand covered wet hair  
She took over among furniture wax  
Dust, and the cloying yellow of polishing-cloth  
When he was sick, she comforted him

Oh hush, my friend, and sleep  
And cuddle to the wind  
Sleep on through the waves  
That may wet your lover's dream

We have been far through this night long hours  
We will go far, tomorrow, out of sight, ooh...

He couldn't do it properly  
The disco, the office, the pub,  
Had left out those details of delight.  
Satisfied, he would collapse out,  
Puzzled at why she still squirmed,  
Held onto him, tears curling into her mouth  
This was something their stories always omitted  
That her joy would seem like pain  
When he focused after his release.

Do sand and shells and stones  
Peep in through your night?  
But you should not be hurt  
For all will pass with time.

We have been far through this night long hours  
We will go far, tomorrow, out of sight, ooh...

In the third week of the relationship  
She was tripping on organic acid  
Would stop to pick up a rained-out leaf  
Would give it tenderly into his hand  
Full of dead things before they reached the car

When they drove she sat with mouth open  
As though photographed on the impact of a stomach punch  
Her right fist gripping the skin of his left leg

Hooking the steering-wheel closer to his heart  
He feared her, and slapped out sideways into her face  
She entered the cut with her tongue  
Gurgling gratitude for the strange taste

Do you fear the dark?  
Then hush, and realise  
That though the angels never come  
Prayers can soothe your mind

We have been far through this night long hour  
We will go far, tomorrow, out of sight, ooh...

There was no premonition of the wet Hog's Back  
The sportscar slumped, snout into a beech  
Their corpses giving the vehicle arms  
Petrol and blood at last dripping together  
But quick flashes of a planned lunch  
Cold red beef, white cloth by a cherrywood fire  
Game pie, and for him two pints of colder beer

The winter air tucking under their eyelids  
As they spun on the gravel at Clandon  
Their hands steaming from quick moisture  
The aromatic finger drawn up to his nostril  
Dazed after mutual masturbation  
They zigzagged into a conservative end

Oh hush, my friend, asleep.