

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.