

# Phantom/Ghost, Memo From Turner

didn't I see you down in San Antone  
on a hot and dusty night  
we were eating eggs in Sammy's  
when the black man drew his knife  
then you drowned that jew in Rampton  
as he washed his sleeveless shirt  
you know that spanish-speaking gentlemen, the one we all call Kurt

I remember you in Hemlock Road  
in 1956  
you were a faggy little leather boy  
with a smaller piece of stick  
you were a lashing, smashing hunk of man  
your sweat shines sweet and strong  
your organs working perfectly  
but there's a part that's not screwed on

Were you at the coke convention  
back in 1965  
you're the misbred grey executive  
I've seen heavily advertised  
you're the great gray man whose daughter licks  
policemen's buttons clean  
you're the man who squats behind the man  
who works the soft machine

come now, gentleman  
there must be some mistake  
how forgetful I'm becoming  
now you fixed your buisness straight.

when the old men do the fighting  
and the young men all look on  
and the young girls eat their mothers meat from tubes of plasticon  
be wary of these my gentle friends  
of all the skin you breed  
they have that tasty habit  
they eat the hands that bleed

so remember who you say you are  
but keep your noses clean  
boys will be boys  
who play with toys  
so be strong with your beast  
oh Rosie dear don't you think it's queer  
so stop me if you please  
the baby is dead my lady said  
you gentlemen why you all work for me

come now gentleman  
your love is all I crave  
you'll still be in the circus  
when I'm laughing in my grave