

Robert Fripp, Disengage

Mrs Marion is strict with her servant
Behind locked doors over coffee they speak
They speak to my sister and my parents
And I'm trying hard not to shriek
Disengage
Disengage
Disengage
Disengage, disengage

She decodes my secrets and my fragments
I'd create any betrayal for their sake
She asks me to wait in the hallway
Where I'm doing my best not to, not to, not to shake
Disengage, disengage
Disengage
Disengage
Disengage

Muttering words to her
Muttering words to her
Muttering words to her for convenience
I start to head for the door
Mrs Marion screams over my shoulder
Walking out's just another metaphor
Disengage