

Scott Walker, Hand Me Ups

Mend
Amend
Bring and rub
Beat the band
I tried
I tried
Shrugged off the splintering white bone
Teeth shaken out with a stroke
Brain running down along spear
from the wound in the eye hole
Stones pounding in
past the screens
past the shields
I felt the nail driving into my food
while I felt the nail driving into my hand
Rub a dub
God and bring
beat the band
I tried
I tried
what?
When you can't hear the bleating all night
Else he's strumming the springs of his cot
When?
What you can't see is
her tiny mouth
squealing and shrieking with laughter
Dispensing
with each little toe
each little finger
let them whirl away into the darkness
The pee pee soaked trousers
The torn muddied dress
No ankles at the gates at dusk

Ever caught the dawning
The audience is waiting
Its audience is waiting
Its audience is waiting
Its audience is waiting
No Fado live from last year's winning country
Twelve bunnies in a hutch for nine new weeks
The audience is waiting
Its audience is waiting
Its audience is waiting
Its audience is waiting
And it will catch my toes
It will catch my fingers
The pee pee soaked trousers
The torn muddied dress
Forever and ever
Forever and ever
Forever and ever
Forever and ever
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Bring and rub
Beat the band
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