

# The Fall, The Reckoning

I phoned you up from Dallas  
But your heart was still in marble  
And your head  
Was reckoning

Your friends are dis-compos-mentis  
And like most in leather jackets are  
Coveting  
Reckoning  
Reckoning

And you're sleeping with some hippie half-wit  
Who thinks he's Mr. Mark Smith  
Reckoning  
Beckoning  
Reckoning

I'm left alone in Europe  
Consulting an atlas  
Wandering  
Wandering

And it's evil that you spark off  
In disguise as basic truth  
Listening  
Listening  
Listening  
Reckoning  
Reckoning  
Beckoning  
Reckoning