

# The Fall, You Haven't Found It Yet

You haven't found it yet,  
Haven't found it yet.

Look at the glass, turn your head  
You haven't found it yet.  
Moving down the lane inside  
It's flashy Camden Town  
It's that London lyric again  
You haven't found it yet.

Impulses crowd your head  
Too much to be absorbed  
You're into the top shackle  
Mental saw-down of your head.\*  
Which bemoans a simple fact.  
You haven't found it yet.

It seemed so clear in bed  
It's dark but your legs, they are dead  
Your pen is encombred in mattress  
You're not going to get it yet  
You haven't found it yet

You're dying but still warm  
Put this writing on your tomb  
Spit out with dying breath  
You haven't found it yet.

I dictate  
Transcribe  
Relations  
Dear Cousin  
It's destiny.

The grist that curtails the mill  
shall make us strong