

Uncle Ho, Nothing To Have

An uncanny sweetness seeps in through
A black speaker into me and you,
Chasing the dust out of the things we wear.

We walked out of the dusk into the light
Of the promenade, side by side.
Throwing stones into a fading day...

WE ARE SORTED OUT,
IT MAKES ME ILL.
I WANT TO BURN, I WANT TO FEEL
THERE IS SOMEWHERE TO GET TO,
SOMETHING TO HAVE.

There is a curious glow that radiates calm.
It's in the waves, it's in the dawn.
It's in the cars crushed into squares of scrap.

Finding shy creatures under the stones.
It's all part of the place called home.
Can this be true, can such things be?

WE ARE SORTED OUT,
IT MAKES ME ILL.
I WANT TO BURN, I WANT TO FEEL
THERE IS SOMEWHERE TO GET TO,
SOMETHING TO HAVE.

THERE WERE LOVED ONES,
MACHINES THAT CLICK.
THE END IS BITTER AND NOT AT ALL QUICK.
THERE IS NOWHERE TO GET TO,
NOTHING TO HAVE.