Dimple

Scott Walker

November in July
Eyes glistening in darkness
Like freshly crushed fliesFourteen bones held together
By avian phlegm
When the whistling has ended
I won't stale againSlurry soul, unbearable clink
Fraying through tartared chink
Took the Dorgi, left the dent
Frozen fast in the sagging night4/4 of silence, 5/4 of shame
When the sneezings subsided
I won't stare again
Ink-a-dink-a-dink
(Hej do, hej do)
A-dink-a-dink-a-dink-a-doo
(Hej do, hej do)Jutland is crooning narcrotic Lorilies
(Ingen, ingenting, ingen, ingenting)
Awaiting command
Its huge snout wedged between my thighs
(Ingen, ingenting, ingen, ingenting)Ink-a-dink-a-dink
(Hej do, hej do)
A-dink-a-dink-a-dink-a-doo
(Hej do, hej do)Jutland is hvining while stars fall in thuds
(Ingen, ingenting, ingen, ingenting)
Flattening the cheek, like soft muffled scuds
(Ingen, ingenting, ingen, ingenting)
Tongues lick the lead Lego
They won't be denied
If you're listening to this
You must have survivedMy only pige passed your only dreng
In Jutland's sheer city
(Farvel, farvel)November in July
Apropolis lip to where acid-fast fly
Crepey and shiny guanine restrain
While out lifting scalp
I will not glare againTook the shilling, ditched the score
Frozen fast in the lowering night
In the lowering left-testicle night
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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