# Buoy

## Mick Karn

All the things you like
Guided by their charms
Behind them safely store
Wrap your greedy arms around them all
Sail, don't try to steer, just sail
You can be a hell of a force
With the button to a broken man
Because?
You know I'm impatient
I've been hounded down before
The diving bell keeps surfacing
It doesn't ring anymore
Did the little boy only get his orders from himself?
Did the whole world revolve around his middle class act?
The girl next door hears voices in her head every night
Mother's fears that he's bringing home trash from the pile
You know I'm impatient

I've been hounded down before
The diving bell keeps surfacing
It doesn't ring anymore
And you know I'm impatient
I've been hounded down before
The diving bell keeps surfacing
It doesn't ring anymore
Wife still believes life settles like a stream of dust
Through the beams you lose you underneath
And did the little boy, on his pedestal
And the girl next door, once the voice is gone
And did the whole world, and the mothers fears
Sink the sunshine on the back field?
And the grasping hand is never full
And the perfect life is just damaged goods
And you should have talked and you should talk too
Cuz in twenty years you'll be a fucking mute

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