

These Drinkers

Kitchens of Distinction

Nothing's untainted not even Pooh Bear).Switch off the noises with the drunks.

Pull around the fire until there's burnt hands

And the moon is the fattest and the fullest,

And it's a god with ideas of mirth.Oh switch off the sun with these painful eyes.

The sight of anything is too much to do.Turn to the wall to wet your feet

Blinded deaf and happy at least.

Turn off the noises of incessant voices

That tell this and lie about whatever.The only weapon is a beautiful fresh bottle

With memory collapsing under its tidal waves.

The stars are vibrating signs

Advertising names and faces and places of monsters.Unplugging the lot because there's not enough dark

In which to hide not even to sleep,

Not even to sleep with these drinkers.The bright pain of nightmare

And the loss of all reason

Brings no such releases.

Nowhere to climb anymore.

Songwriters

DAN GOODWIN, JULIAN SWALES, PATRICK FITZGERALD
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