Two Ragged Soldiers

Scott Walker

They spoke transparent phrases to looking glass women
And they took the detours that scattered the way
They departed from summer like two ragged soldiers
Dragging their heels through their fantasiesThere were meals in the missions for two frozen statues
And long drafty sermons devouring their knees
Sometimes passions in winter turn to cold soundless moments
That teared in the eyes of their fantasiesThere were nights on park benches, stale bread for the pigeons
Good mornings to faces who just turned away
And on one road confusion, the other desire
So they took to the road of their fantasiesOne would speak of a lake where he used to go swimming
The other had no memories left for his mind
With their arms round each other the two ragged soldiers
Laughed through a war that they couldn't see

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