Phrasing

Scott Walker

Pain is not alone.
P-a-i-n is n-o-t alone.
Pain is not a-l-o-n-e.
P-a-i-n i-s not alone.
Neath a protein moon
in a protein sky,
running protein fields
with my protein eye.There's a protein song
howling through
the meat.
Driving protein bods
from my protein street.
P-a-i-n i-s n-o-t alone.
Pain is not a-l-o-n-e.
Pain is not alone.
P-a-i-n i-s n-o-t a-l-o-n-e.
From the south
the Klan sends
roses.Lymph-lacquered nails
hover
in waifed
autumn sunfor dragging down
the back
of summer.
From the east
come killer
poses.Khuschev's shoe
beats a black
tattooin the middle
of the day.From the north
flow floats
with quivering
virgins,fresh from frozen
catacombs.Did ya spot
the die-cut
crosses?Did ya?Did ya?Pain is not alone.
P-a-i-n is not alone.
Pain i-s not a-l-o-n-e.
P-a-i-n is n-o-t alone.Neath a protein moon

in a protein sky,
running protein fields
with my protein eye.
Here's to a lousy life.
Here's to a lousy life.
Here's to a lousy life.
Here's to a lousy life.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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