

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 sun for dragging down
the back
of summer.
From the east
come killer
poses. Khuschev's shoe
beats a black
tattoo in 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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