

The Rabbit Skinner

David Sylvian

Who'll do for him
Child of the 50's
With no common sense
And no easy resting place
Only lichen on beeches
Oil on gun barrel
And the hard taste of pennies

A gardener's folly
Stands as proud as you please
The lungs won't fill, the heart won't start
Landlocked child of the seas
And he alone is a man without qualities

Combed his body for disorders
But the disease lived on in far off quarters

As a God everything was filled to excess
As a man he settled for less

Here lies the rabbit skinner
God love the rabbit skinner

A life without purchase
No story to tell
And three little bitches fight where he fell.

Foxes, foxes, give her a sign
Enter the little girl and show her what's mine

Play hard and fast with the rules if you please
Here lies a man without qualities