

He takes his dinner in the bath  
Love sickened and infirmed  
The orderly found him there  
Fileted on the marble stairs  
Hat still in hand  
His smoking remains  
Blown out by a kiss from the Sunday scene  
Sunday soon Sunday soon someday soon

Someday someday someday

His eyes are closed his mouth has named her rosary her lips and  
tongue  
She is the centrifuge that throws the spies from the sun  
The cistine chapel dated with the gattling gun  
Someday soon  
Oh the meadows set on him  
Move like starlings of the clearing and tenor of a foggy tongue

The forcefield round his frosty hips  
Whose shape recalls the wicked spade  
That buried him but on his lips the last rites of man  
Someday soon