

Dealer

Scott Walker

The windows are ringing
shaking Night-nites for angels
rattling throats up and down on a beam.

Cooling the hearts
cooling the plasma
keeping ice junkies packed hard on a seam

The other side of a prowler
the dead still search the living.

At least there we did not not fail.

Coming to in the overcast
tracks are still flowing.

At least there he does not wail.

Psalms of your hands
sung into the lateness
move a circuit on the white
and he can't feel a thing.

Gone always alone to all you are never
he climbs into your mouth
when the windows ring.

The windows are ringing
shaking dead men for angels
Hissing brains boiling up
press't to the bone

uncoils the wire whole night long
bumping out thru the eye in knots.

Sweet hot numbers
sweet hots
bumping out thru the eye
on a wire of knots.

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