

Phrasing

Scott Walker

Pain is not alone
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'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

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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
Khrushchev'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?

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'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