

Plastic Palace People

Scott Walker

Over the rooftop sails Billy
A string tied to his underwear
Through cobbled stone streets a child races
And shouts "Billy, come down from there"

"My mother's calling" his voice whimpers
A string clutched in his tiny hand
Not till I've seen the sky's not lit up
In tears, child try and understand
Don't pull the string, Don't bring me down
Don't make me land

Plastic palace people
Sing silent songs, they dream too long
Their memories just stare
Plastic palace Alice
She steals the cards tomorrow deals
With deafening despair

Hurry, you've got to get in line
Your nose might start to shine
And sweat it out and dance about
The whole eternal life

A harvest of stars surrounds Billy
The night clings to his happy eyes
Asleep in town square beneath a fountain
A child murmurs a weary sigh
My mother weeps, And weaves her hair
With worries please, Come down from there

Plastic palace people
Through fields of clay and granite grey
They play without a sound
Plastic palace Alice
Blows gaping holes to store her fears
Inside her lovers head

Listen, they're laughing in the halls
They rip your face with lies
To buzzing eyes you cry for help
Like gods they bark replies

Over the rooftops burns Billy
Balloon sadly the string descends
Searching its way down through blue submarine air
The polka dot underwear
To meet the trees, In morning square
Just hanging there, Just hanging there