

## Two Ragged Soldiers

Scott Walker

They spoke transparent phrases to looking glass women  
And they took the detours that scattered the way  
They departed from summer like two ragged soldiers  
Dragging their heels through their fantasies

There were meals in the missions for two frozen statues  
And long draughty sermons devouring their knees  
Sometimes passions in winter turn to cold soundless moments  
That teared in the eyes of their fantasies

There were nights on park benches, stale bread for the pigeons  
Good mornings to faces who just turned away  
And on one road confusion, the other desire  
So they took to the road of their fantasies

One would speak of a lake where he used to go swimming  
The other had no memories left for his mind  
With their arms round each other the two ragged soldiers  
Laughed through a war that they couldn't see

Laughed for a world filled with fantasy