

## Exquisite Corpse

Shriekback

Up the stairs, go through the cupboards, secrets are to  
me

The droppings of the animal I stalk relentlessly  
Nothing titillating or deliciously decayed  
I guess the truth is nothing special but elusive anyway

Go down on the river bank the watchman shines his torch  
But he sees no sign of the exquisite corpse  
He sees no sign of the exquisite corpse

All the clues are added up to make a wider scheme  
The patterns are so intricate like opiated dreams  
The characters I see are only actors in a play  
A seedy tv drama to be screened around midday

I follow her to price-check  
And get the girl to talk about  
Her father and his lawyer and the exquisite corpse  
Her father and his lawyer and the exquisite corpse

The city murmurs in its sleep incriminating sounds  
Its poisons and its weaponry are scattered all around  
I know there's more to all of this than I can touch or  
see  
It's dead and cold and dangerous, but elegant to me

With burning eyes and coffee breath and then a day in  
court  
Still I lay fifty pences on the eyes of this exquisite  
corpse  
I lay fifty pences on the eyes of this exquisite corpse