

It was a thing with a head like a spud ball  
It was a song, the song we were looking for

I always have to state to myself  
It has nothing to do with me  
He has nothing  
He is not me  
(His vendetta parchment)

Floating grey abundance  
Against my palace of conscience  
(Our hero deeply loved  
Moonlit walked past privet and wide-leaved foliage)

I'll tell you of the rats in this world  
Fawning in place with The Face  
Men coming between each other  
For the sake of a two-minute urge  
(It is headless)  
Worth \$5 in London  
And cursed anon.  
Our hero, still deeply loved  
Moonlit walks past privet and wide leaved  
It was no more a net of mesh  
It was class  
He did not blink a lid  
He braced his self-imposed gorgeous adult net  
And breeze  
And it was class  
And no no-man's land  
Ever had this?

Their follies are strong liberation