

You Haven't Found It Yet

The Fall

You haven't found it yet,
Haven't found it yet.

Look at the glass, turn your head
You haven't found it yet.
Moving down the lane inside
It's flashy Camden Town
It's that London lyric again
You haven't found it yet.

Impulses crowd your head
Too much to be absorbed
You're into the top shackle
Mental saw-down of your head
Which bemoans a simple fact.
You haven't found it yet.

It seemed so clear in bed
It's dark but your legs, they are dead
Your pen is entombed in mattress
You're not going to get it yet
You haven't found it yet

You're dying but still warm
Put this writing on your tomb
Spit out with dying breath
You haven't found it yet.

I dictate
Transcribe
Relations
Dear Cousin
It's destiny.

The grist that curtails the mill
Shall make us strong