

## Behind The Moon

The Fatima Mansions

Green bed of bottles, open to the sky  
Bare head of drunk man, the beads of sweat go dry  
He says he's sorry, tender as a lamb  
She says, "go", meaning, "stay", meaning, "You have to pay"  
Behind the moon / In the dead zone  
In the darkness where lovers all are blind  
Sources of light in this land of the dead  
Are electric shocks and blows to the head  
The silence broken by his voice alone  
Saying, "yes", meaning, "no", as he tears down their home  
Behind the moon / In the dead zone  
I'll still be calling, calling out for you  
Behind the moon, when all hope has gone  
Well, what else would you have me do?  
Green bed of bottles  
Green bed of bottles and bottles and...  
--

Dave Watson, Severed Heads Liberation Front (Re-  
release the Stretcher EP!)

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"A man is measured by the depth of his anger."--Eddie

"So he sanded off his winkle with his Black & Decker drill."--I  
an Dury