

Belong Nowhere

The Fatima Mansions

No dates to miss, no home to phone
No face to kiss, no good alone
No family, no history, a permanent delinquency
No will to smile, no room to cry
No time to think
Just watch, don't flinch
Why yes, that's you in your millionth clinch
You murder every time you blink
Some flee disasters for their lives
You flee the spawn of grubby lies
At one with graveyard dust and shipyard rust
Too loose to trust
You'll heal so much faster
If your homeland is your master
No dirt-cheap Adriatic sun
No heart of gold back of the gun
No deathcamps built for less than fun
No white man's bond, no civilization
No right to more than birth and death
From the drivelling drones of the former west
Their credo dead like Brezhnev's bones
Their headless spears and special malnutrition zones
No deathcamps here, I tell you
Just grey convenience hell
Ten civil wars unended
'neath billboard signs which yell,
"You need someone pretty
Someone English and shifty....."
CHORUS:
Let the dirt cover all, cover all, cover all
Let the dirt cover all
For it's the mother of us all and our bed when we fall
We belong nowhere
And by the way, you're dirt! Dirt! You're dirt!
Always know your worth
As you roam this mirthless earth--You're dirt! Dirt!
No sleep, the 'phone, god knows what time
Just a wordless click on the end of the line
And a thud at the door out back in the dark
As some wirehair creature spins 'round the yard
Why do you run? Why do you hide?
Why do you bruise and then decide?
You didn't mean it, you didn't see
Well, now you're run to rags and so is she
You'll drink the Balkan brandy
You will forget your name
You will become a captain
And you will lose all shame
You need someone pretty
Someone English and shifty--CHORUS
Let the dirt cover all, cover all, cover all
Let the dirt cover all
From the veil to the shawl
From the flirt to the brawl
We belong nowhere