

Today I found a baby's glove
Lying on the drainage board, so still
Yesterday a leather glove
From the slim fingered hand of a woman

The next time I saw one
It was lying half frozen
And twisted on the kerb
And I couldn't take it

Now I have my own private collection
All lined in rows when you open up the wardrobe doors
Now I have no room for my obsession
Lined up and labelled in neat little packets

The next time I saw one
It stuck inside my head
And became all that
I could think about

And through wax seals and padlocks
A hand through my ribcage
Past the choking I saw palms and fingers grasping
Shoulders...collarbone...crushing
I imagined myself
Hacking desperately at a sea of appendages,
Forward and right,
Freeing myself like a butcher,
Feeling the mash of bone and sinew
Running slowly down the front of my body
And I couldn't take it any more

I said, I've got to go,
I've got to get out of here,
I've got to go,
And I ran down the street,
I've got to go,
I've got to get out of here,
I've got to go..