

(A Dancing Master Such As) Mr. Confess

The Mekons

So you thought I was drunk. You thought it was just a stupid joke. But in fact this is very serious. I've nothing to regret. I he primrose curtains began to hurt my eyes. ihe double glazing and central heating just started me sneezing. The leaf5r avenue , Volvo parked outside, the sound ofcrunching gravel - it all m ade me very tired. I burnt the toast this morning. My daughter was a punk... she didn't seem to mmd. I was sick of songs about travel and making love in the sand. Slavery, imperialism, capitalism, unemployment, oh how ugly I am, but virtuous, my surgeon's knife is slipping. I'd rather be in die ocean, floating like a log. My heart is cold. I fee! so ashamed when people ask me what I do. It's humiliating. I'm alright. I appropriate infinitely but I am without investment, an unusable inessential asset . Under the throne I am the victim of thy might. I am gone with the wind. Pity the madmen ofpoor humankind - without knowledge , raving ofglory, like me.

The garlands I bind are but gathered and strewn in the wind.