

(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. The primrose curtains began to hurt my eyes. The double glazing and central heating just started me sneezing. The leafy avenue, Volvo parked outside, the sound of crunching gravel - it all made me very tired. I burnt the toast this morning. My daughter was a punk... she didn't seem to mind. 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 the ocean, floating like a log. My heart is cold. I feel 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 of poor humankind - without knowledge, raving of glory, like me. The garlands I bind are but gathered and strewn in the wind.