

Do I Know You

The Mekons

Wholesomely connected, Happy commodity
The glory of shopping and fucking

This great freedom, Good fortune to work and play
I think it's the end of the century

Out of the flame, out of the shadow
Unobscured
Look for a glimpse of something good
unshaken, nice (?)
Unobscured

I'll try to think, try to remember
We burned with the same desire
Reality must find it's own fort

Master slave, the games we play
In this open prison

The dominatrix reports to me
But I seek unknown comfort

Out of the flames, out of the shadow
Unobscured
Look for a glimpse of something good
unshaken, nice (?) unobscured

I'll try to think, try to remember
We burned with the same desire
Reality must find it's own fort