

## 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

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Unobscured  
Look for a glimpse of something good  
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