

## I'm Not Here (1967)

The Mekons

A velvet glove strokes a a hairy thigh  
The dawn is breaking across the sky  
My mind is purple  
Like the bubbles around your lips  
Oh baby I sure groove the way you move your hips.

Satan has already sat down to eat  
Feasting on freshly slaughtered meat  
A splash of blood  
Falls on your milk white breast  
Oh look Nixon has arrived with Hitler  
As his very special guest

Straying by the waterside  
My reflection looks so cool

The ripples whisper warning  
I could end up in the pool

Floating through forever  
like blossom in the wind  
meeting all the people who've sinned and sinned  
and sinned

Calling earth on the telephone  
Slurred speech and unfinished phrases  
Curly headed heads are turning  
It's getting very hazy.