

## Lyric

The Mekons

I said yes I said no I said ask again  
they've caled a snap last judgement  
the length of this room was impossible to ases  
strange attractors, letters of the alphabet  
I was shaking like a fruit tree  
casting apples to the ground

Where do murderers go man?  
who's to doom when the judge is up for trial?

I drunk and drugged myself in the taverns and the alleys  
I don't know what I have inside me something wants to come out  
I absolutely had to leave I was sick of violent scenes  
they don't mean a fucking thing to me  
flowers of flesh in starry fields uncurled stretched out alone  
I'll take the smell of your skion back to my room

Where do murderers go man?  
who's to doom when the judge is up for trial?  
I cannot tell a lie  
I canot tell the truth

above this town, above the clouds and seas  
beyond the sun, past the ether, past the frontiers of the starr  
y skies  
my mind flies far away through the limpid realms of space  
equally insensitive to the suffering of human kind  
the infinite expansion of infinite things  
continous luminous, serene, through the dark tedium of a millio  
n nights