

## Nocturne

The Mekons

The boy wakes up and rubs his eyes  
wonders where the cannibal lies  
I am abroad upon the deep  
but I'll be back

I see stars above my head  
and the moon's pollution ring  
trance and sound, radio!

always wakeful in old age  
sleeping looks so much like death  
best to pace the night cloaked deck  
forget the tomb

forget the tomb that lies beneath the planks  
then I'll come back  
and dance to him again

Torchlight licks the surface skin  
here be monsters on the map  
out among the unknown tribes  
I'm not alone  
vintage fear and paranoia  
his last Christmas in Great Britain  
I am abroad upon the deep but I'll be back

Slender ribbons of piss on the walls  
in the streets where someone disappeared

You were painting in the dark  
old stinking tired and cold  
you said 'don't be scared'  
'don't feel alone'

I see stars above my head  
and the moon's pollution ring  
trance and sound, radio!

I'll send a letter from the grave  
giving comfort and advice  
it's a blank and folded page  
so square and white