

## Spit

The Mekons

Hide yourself until they're buried  
Like a dog you'll forget them you're better  
off that way  
There's no-one to turn to  
Those swingin' bodies  
Are the shadows of your dreams  
Roar through you like a fire  
Cold grey ashes are all a fire gives  
Are all a fire leaves  
That's the best that he could do  
A life torn in two like a rag  
That ragin' beast whose breath in my nostrils  
Sweeps through my brain  
Let it pass  
We can be sure that in the end  
The dregs will taste just the same  
That scarching heart I look back on that  
and laugh like a drain