

Stonehead

The Mekons

A picture of the world
your womb and your brains
Rubing and pounding
Turned us to stone
A space between worlds
Where we can stay
By flowing water
Keeping evil at bay

I am the stonehead
I am the King
You are the Queen
We rule nothing

I am the stonehead
Your neck is so thin
We lie on the bed
Out of our heads

We could be anything
Maybe no one
One day we'll be gone
Leaving no trace
We pride ouselves that our memory
Will vanish from the memory of the world