

## Too Personal

The Mekons

i cannot be too personal  
'cause it ain't going to make much sense  
throwing words around the place  
and sitting on the fence  
trying hard to mean too much  
when i talk to you  
veiled, protected, and dangerous  
the lid is closed tight  
a velvet lined jeweled box  
with hard metal sides  
holds the secrets sharp and clean  
like the edges of a blade  
designed to pierce the hardest heart  
i knew i'd got it made  
children walking hand in hand  
that were never meant to be  
through an empty shopping street  
out in the a to z  
and history catches up with us  
and punches me in the face  
stunned with a bleeding nose  
an antenna, a mast of pain  
takes me aside and i receive  
a small gift of knowledge  
i'm still trying to understand