

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