

Phantom/Ghost, Memo From Turner

didn't I see you down in San Antone
on a hot and dusty night
we were eating eggs in Sammy's
when the black man drew his knife
then you drowned that jew in Rampton
as he washed his sleeveless shirt
you know that spanish-speaking gentlemen, the one we all call Kurt

I remember you in Hemlock Road
in 1956
you were a faggy little leather boy
with a smaller piece of stick
you were a lashing, smashing hunk of man
your sweat shines sweet and strong
your organs working perfectly
but there's a part that's not screwed on

Were you at the coke convention
back in 1965
you're the misbred grey executive
I've seen heavily advertised
you're the great gray man whose daughter licks
policemen's buttons clean
you're the man who squats behind the man
who works the soft machine

come now, gentleman
there must be some mistake
how forgetful I'm becoming
now you fixed your buisness straight.

when the old men do the fighting
and the young men all look on
and the young girls eat their mothers meat from tubes of plasticon
be wary of these my gentle friends
of all the skin you breed
they have that tasty habit
they eat the hands that bleed

so remember who you say you are
but keep your noses clean
boys will be boys
who play with toys
so be strong with your beast
oh Rosie dear don't you think it's queer
so stop me if you please
the baby is dead my lady said
you gentlemen why you all work for me

come now gentleman
your love is all I crave
you'll still be in the circus
when I'm laughing in my grave