

The Writer

Fischer-Z

The other side of the room an empty bottle lies broken.
Purple faces are sure, of snow white sheets to soak in.
His clothes are spread around, they smell of perspiration.
A half eaten meal attracts the flies attention.
Do I Do I Do I Do I Hear the man's cries.
Do I Do I Do I Do I Look in his eyes.
Do I Do I Do I Do I Care if he dies
Do I Do I Do I Do I?
Take a paper towel and place it over his head.
Phone up reception and report him as dead.
Open up the window and expose him to light.
Push it all away from me...No that can't be right.
Ri High hight...
A continental breeze has set the blinds in motion.
Brings just a hint of change from the Atlantic Ocean.
The ancient church bell rings. Defies the march of progress.
The senoritas said you were too young to notice.
[Repeat Chorus]