

Split

Barry Adamson

Without further ado (or a don't)
Allow me to impose myself upon you

I'm El Deludo
Oscar De La Soundtrack
Mr. Moss Side Gory
From Rusholme, with blood

That's me, H. P
Harry Pendulum, the last of the big-time swingers
I'm livin' off a theme
The cold war reality
Takes the subtle shape of

Bridges and houses and pitches and ditches and vampires and witches an itch
in my britches requiring some stitches and central control says that I gotta
go I can't hide in the snow I stand down in the dark and I passed as a mast
er that thinks a lot faster than I give him credit which raises my limit I'd
rather not split it but truth in my soul is the notion that I'm gonna SPLIT
!

But look
Over there
What light through yonder windscreen breaks
Steering the wheels of this tired old jalopy
Onward and upward into desire

It's simply majestic and my English Breakfasts
Slip through my fingers like slivers of ice
Cooling my burnt out brow-beaten brow

To breathe again sweet river
Sparkling shades of chestnut burnished copper and jade
And in the moonlight once you've cast your shadow aside
Decide you're the one you wanted to be!

Question: who did it?
Answer: me
Shrewdness abounds
The man with the golden arm...erican excess card
Primo de primo
And splat goes the God damn
Goodbye, cucaracha
See y'around like a Rousseau
If you feel with blind hue

Fivers and divers and wheelers and dealers my baby says maybe so maybe solei
l be and gives me a look I give me a left hook follow through with a right t
hat has plenty of bite and the day is a cinch though I'm tempted to flinch w
ith the thought that I may or in no better way and the concrete and clay tha
t I pound from the grey disappears from my view with the notion that I'm gon
na SPLIT!

And all of Ethiopia awaits for me!

But I don't got a passport
So I guess it's that time that we gotta

Pass the port

Oh, please, do forgive me, JFT
I mean uh... pass the port of Saints
And take a good long look
Into my face
What d'you make?
Yeah that's right

I'm of mixed race

No, no, no, y'know, I don't mean like ah an Englishman, a Scotsman and a Negro and a Russian all ah competing against each other in some significant track and field event

But then again...
And this is where things really come into play
An extremely important part of the process, you see
If all of those guys ain't on the same team, or if uh, one of them, like you know
Even just one of them makes a dumb pass
Then that's me

Split

Completely undone
Half of me one
And half of me none
No longer whole
Just one gaping hole

Shot right through to my shotten-through soul
Oh God, perish the thoughts
'Cause next thing you know, and this is like uh, really where it is
It's just like Meinl said
There's a light at the end of the tunnel
And when you see it, it means
That you're dead - POP!