

Exquisite Corpse

Shriekback

Up the stairs, go through the cupboards, secrets are to
me

The droppings of the animal I stalk relentlessly
Nothing titillating or deliciously decayed
I guess the truth is nothing special but elusive anyway

Go down on the river bank the watchman shines his torch
But he sees no sign of the exquisite corpse
He sees no sign of the exquisite corpse

All the clues are added up to make a wider scheme
The patterns are so intricate like opiated dreams
The characters I see are only actors in a play
A seedy tv drama to be screened around midday

I follow her to price-check
And get the girl to talk about
Her father and his lawyer and the exquisite corpse
Her father and his lawyer and the exquisite corpse

The city murmurs in its sleep incriminating sounds
Its poisons and its weaponry are scattered all around
I know there's more to all of this than I can touch or
see
It's dead and cold and dangerous, but elegant to me

With burning eyes and coffee breath and then a day in
court
Still I lay fifty pences on the eyes of this exquisite
corpse
I lay fifty pences on the eyes of this exquisite corpse