

The Birthday Party "VIXO"

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ah fed Vixo on ev'ry fear 'n' fret 'n' phobia
til it nor ah could stand the strain no longer
sucked a chicken bone, tossed it in the corner
raisin up like Lazaur's, up, up from its cot
an making for the door, now...
infant-prodigy creates a phantom-friend, yeag
stickin' sack an ol' Jack-Jack into its itchin-ten
oh! don't ya linger! ooh! don't ya linger, now,
mah monster-piect...mah perfect-murder-machine
don't ya linger, for ah can feel mah youth slipping outa
me
yeah, ah can feel mah youth slip outa me.
call it, call it Vixo. call it Vee.
ah all it, an it comes to me.
call it Vixo. call it me
march headlong into the heart of fear
ah will follow thee.

what kept ya? whaa? what kept ya?
you get trouble? sum'n go wrong?
Vixo grinning, climbs up into mah lil boy arms.
what you get?
tell me, what ya gone 'n' brung me from the hollow?
yeah! we're laughin'...but our laughter is shallow
ain't it funny...my childhood name is Sorrow.
Vixo sighs, 'n' lays its head upon mah pillow.

call it. call it Vixo. call it Vee.
call it, an it comes to me.
Vee...ah...Hex...oh-oh, come crawl with me.
into the dark heart of despair
ah will not forsake thee.

listen...instruction!
ditch it, pitch it. now hitch it up along the ridge
ya laughin b'neath the Sherriff's wheels
that go screamin cross Hooper Bridge
skirt the out-skirts. up mah back-stair. ya sack all
undone.
don't touch nothin! water runnin in the tub
get there! and scrub ev'ry one.
when ya STRUCK ya STRUCK!

ya struck a thousand crickets dumb
Hooper-Hollow iced over then, all hush, hush
in the cool midday sun
hush! ah say hush! hu-u-u-ush!
sittin on the roof, laugh at mahself
as they rope off the woods
watchin' all the good-people
go beating the bush.

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