

Frank Black & The Catholics

"Robert Onion"

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Robert leads me into thought
Onion layers wait for you
Bounty of eternal fields

Every muscle knot I feel
Robert tell me what to do
Tell exactly what you're not, yeah

Tails pushing grand whales
Heads hope to have the stuff
Each flag had no sail

Can you believe enough?
And though Diana calls to you
She will never never yield
Every siren has her spot

Four hundred million
Oh that was very far
Robert sweet Onion

Makes me feel so tired
Another layer and layers and layer, oh no
Robert can you find your way?
Show me the way to come

Zugzwang got me in a way
Under my opposing thumb
Brandishing my shield

Robert leads me into thought
Into the dimming blue
Nowhere in this world

For this old Jack-Tar
Three cheers for Robert
To the cinnabar one ponders

Layers and layers and layers and
Layers and layers and layers and
Layers and layers and layers and
Layers and layers and layers and

Robert, Robert, Robert

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