

Hitchcock Robyn "Wax Doll"

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Son, there are mirros here-watch your performing little
whales
Or snip your harness of and take another walk around
the bay
The way the English say we only mustn't grumble in the
end
A needle in your back, an arrow in your heart, you smile
CHORUS
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?
It cramps your handwriting, and dulls what little style
you have
You cast your mind back to professionals like Alan
Breeze
Who sees the windows freeze and hands around the
keys
"Unlock yourself," he says, but no one ever does
Except for Jacob Lurch, and Mr. Moose and Dandy
CHORUS
Do you think that anybody wants to be your friend

Now that they know?
Son, there are breakers here-your living room it glides
across the sea
Or high above waves, the wrinkled little waves you
cannot smooth
We travel everywhere, we're gonna take the suburbs to
the stars
If I was man enough I'd come on your stump
If I was man enough I'd come on your stump
But don't you know, this is the Home Counties
CHORUS

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