

Robyn Hitchcock

"4th Time Around"

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When she said,
"Don't waste your words, they're just lies,"
I cried she was deaf
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes
Then said, "What else you got left?"
It was then that I got up to leave
But she said, "Don't forget
Everybody must give something back
For something they get."
I stood there and hummed
I tapped on her drum and asked her how come
And she buttoned her boot
And straightened her suit
Then she said, "Don't get cute."
So I forced my hands in my pockets
And felt with my thumbs
And gallantly handed her
My very last piece of gum
She threw me outside
I stood in the dirt where ev'ryone walked
And after finding I'd
Forgotten my shirt
I went back and knocked.
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it
And I tried to make sense
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair
That leaned up against...
Her Jamaican rum
And when she did come, I asked her for some
She said, "No, dear."
I said, "Your words aren't clear
You'd better spit out your gum."
She screamed till her face got so red
Then she fell on the floor
And I covered her up and then
Thought I'd go look through her drawer
And, when I was through
I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you
And you, you took me in
You loved me then
You didn't waste time

And I, I never took much
I never asked for your crutch
Now don't ask for mine

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