

Robyn Hitchcock

"As Lemons Chop"

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As lemons chop
As houses change
As chance remarks grow strange
As feet grow out like fruit on legs
As consciousness just begs
As choirs howl
As horses sag
As cigarettes won't drag
As hairstyles grow on trees in time
As ministers are slime
As whistles blow
As ceilings bend
As broken hearts don't mend
As ashtrays fall into your lap
As everyone's on maps
As summer fades
As winter grins
As you are eating pins
As mummies walk down empty roads
As time and life explode
So I'm without your body heat
Your warmth or your internal streak
I want you so bad
I could kill this moment
Just to be next to you

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