

Robyn Hitchcock

"Autumn Sea"

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Somewhere in the autumn sea
The kind of love you are to me
I stole you
From a very special friend
So the friendship had to end
And how
You can't kill relationships
Watch them drown like sinking ships
Around you
But to live is to betray
Every second every day
Oh wow
Here comes the now

Somewhere in the autumn air
I can smell you everywhere
Beside me
Though your face has disappeared
Finally, I know I cared
For you
As the leaf falls in the sea
Slips the sand of memory
Inside me
Rows of lights flash off and on
Finally I see you've gone
It's true
What can I do?

[Spoken]

"Hunting? No, I think it's a perfectly beastly sport!"
quipped Frobisher as they leaned on the
mantlepiece over the crisp autumn fire.

Featherstonehaugh felt his calves warming pleasantly
as the brandy seeped below his waist:
knotting slightly over the abdomen, suddenly passing
back up through the spine,
causing a small trickle of the otherwise pleasing brown
fluid to shoot from the fontanel on top of his head
which landed on top of the other guy's head
(I've forgotten his name now... aw, anyway, he got

covered in it).

"Aw, what's this?"

"Some kind of fluid," said Featherstonehaugh.

"Fluid? Oh, that's the tops!"

Somewhere in the autumn sky
Cross my heart and swear to die
I chose you
Trails burning everywhere
Sulfur fingers in the air
I scream
Brambles swarm around the fence
Everything in deep suspense
I froze you
Out, but it's your point of view
I am just somebody who has been
Into your dream

[Spoken]

"No, they use them for clothes pegs, you know!"
continued Featherstonehaugh, somewhat more droll.

"Really?" said Butterworth, who was feeling rather left
out of the conversation.

"Oh yes, that's right, you know,
they pick them up in Siberia and bring them over."

"Siberia!" interjected the fellow whose name I still can't
remember.

"Topping place! Went there once. Found a little
moustache.

One of the Russkies had it. Wah ha ha!

Took it home, don't you know. Showed the little lady.

Hrrmph.

She put it on. Left me for another woman. Hmmm.

Rum things, lefts. And women."

He was left alone: there was no one there, not even a
woman,

just the fireplace and his ever swelling chins.

As the brandy began taking lethal effect,

Featherstonehaugh (or was it Butterworth?

Or was it the other guy whose name I can't remember?)

found himself slowly turning into

some kind of helpless, diseased houseplant.

As he watched his future and his past gradually

become interchangeable like a highway surrounding a

drunken man
that begins to spin, he looked up above him.
Even the angels were asleep. It was one of those
nights.

Ahhh. October.

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