

## **Robyn Hitchcock "Flanagan's Song"**

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All the young girls look like ravens  
As they flock around the pool  
And they peck at their reflection  
In the shadows of men's drool  
I could look out there forever  
Forever has no holes  
Through the windows of eternity  
You can glimpse the passing souls  
This party's over  
The bells are ringing themselves  
I'm going home  
She was standing on the table  
With a message on her skin  
I'm a look right in her eyes  
But I could not see in  
I have loved you from a distance  
Loved you from up close  
Like the tiny frog that breathes  
I can nestle in your cloak  
This party's over  
The bells are ringing themselves  
And I'm going home  
I was always in a hurry  
But I never knew what for  
Paranoia chased me out  
And then time just closed the door  
Now the party's over  
The drugs are taking themselves  
And I'm going home

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