

## **Robyn Hitchcock**

### **"Flavour Of Light"**

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Long slender shadows, pulsating in windows  
While feathery curtain hide fountains of eyes from the  
light  
A different disease in another translation  
Though you don't understand the familiar sensation

But who needs to talk  
When you're caught in the flavor of night?  
And you, yeah, you with your ice cream hands  
You, yeah, you are my friend

All that you want could be happening for you  
Just like the road that unrolls there before you, tonight  
Eyes you don't trust but the fingers have beckoned  
How long you got left? Well, how long do you reckon?

But who goes to waste  
When they're tasting the flavor of night?  
And you, yeah, you with your ice cream hands  
You, yeah, you are my friend

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