

Robyn Hitchcock

"Green boy"

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First blood

The man in breeches leans against the wall
And keeps a green-striped clove ball in his pouch
You know him as your friend but he is
Filling in for someone

First come

The girl in breeches bends her head and sighs
And rubs a green-striped gourd across her palm
You know her as your love but she is
Marking time just marking time

Hold to me say to me kiss to me fall for me

Do to me

What you will

And all the answers are the same as they have been
before

And all the questions are the same as you've been
looking for

My friend

First served

The man in green-striped tights is now inside
He picks his teeth with fragments of his lute
You chose him as your guard but he is
Here with you and no one else

There's no one else

Hold to me say to me kiss to me fall for me

Do to me

What you will

What you will

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