

Robyn Hitchcock**"Grooving on an Inner Plane"**

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Well a million stars is what you are
And it seems like that to me
Or a million sprats in conical hats
Who're oozing in the sea

The deep sea fish has one big wish
And he gets up on the plate
That girl he choose
Knows how to ooze
You can always tell what she ate

She's been grooving on a inner plane
Grooving grooving back again
Grooving on a inner plane
Grooving grooving back again

Plato Pluto Monroe Garbo
All between the sheets
And they make their deals and drive their wheels
Down sugar-coated streets
Hands in the syrup and the feets in the stirrup
And the rest goes in your mouth
The short is warm and the long is storm
And there ain't nothing in the South
But anyway

I don't know why I'm so alone
I've always been a rolling stone

Grooving on a inner plane
Grooving grooving back again
Grooving on a inner plane
Grooving grooving back again
Grooving on a inner plane
Grooving grooving back again
Grooving on a inner plane
Grooving grooving back again

Ah, sock it to me, Reginald...

I don't know what you're going through

I hope I'm going through it, too

Grooving on a inner plane
Grooving grooving back again
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