

Robyn Hitchcock "Jewels For Sophia"

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I got a flashlight in my pocket
And it goes right through the socket
Of a dead man's strum my thumb so numb
And I'm gripping on the handle of a Roman septic
candle
And I can't let go or I'll fall into the dark
But in my other hand gripped tight
In the fingers of the night I got
Jewels for Sophia
Jewels for Sophia
I been basted, really wasted
Chock full o' nuts and ifs and buts
It tasted great, shade, but I got another mouthful of
desire
I got Lucas fruits, zoons, Barney, Pat Pat Saturday
Call in one for Nixon and another one for Stipe
This may read like a fax
But in the hand I never relax I got
Jewels for Sophia
Jewels for Sophia
Oh Lord I just amalgamated saturated clams
Dig Rex in tunnels with gerbils in your annex
I got Lord fluff ginger silicone pusscat
Never make a bad one out of all the stuff I weave
But up my sleeve, yeah, up my sleeve I got
Jewels for Sophia
Jewels for Sophia
Jewels for Sophia
Sophia shine on, shine on Sophia
Sophia shine on, shine on Sophia
See, I bring you colored ones
Yeah, I bring you colored ones
Onion glove, my kind of peelers
I feel as if a drain has opened in this world
That sucks out all the guilt and leaves fresh air
And free health care and good hair days
And an amazing pair of lips
That sucks your pips into infinity, pops, and so I gots
Jewels for Sophia
Jewels for Sophia
Jewels for Sophia
Jewels for Sophia

Jewels

(hidden track -- Mr. Tongs:

Hello, you've reached Goodfellas, Martin Scorsese's classic

tale of Italian-American manhood starring Ray Liotta, Bob

DeNiro, and Joe Pesci. Unfortunately, we're all busting each other's [noise] at the moment.

You've got to find your way around me

And everywhere you look

Ahh, little priestess, are you ready for Mister Tongs?

Well, I sure hope so

Matter directs itself

Inch by frozen inch

Toward the plinth

The benchmark so tidy

With feet all sewn up in their heads

Hoot hoot

Curling whistle blow

Remember the Memsahib

With a sack that burned himself out

Automatically toward your house

I could kiss your tree now

If you said your branches would bend

Hoot hoot

Curling whistle blow

Every sound I make is mine

But you have to leave the time out

For the funnel of dreams

Marking your own time together

When I could kiss your one or two of them

Bend like that

And snap

I said worm away each evening

With your jewels and your finks

And all your friends

Do you think that it counts?

Of course my dear, everything counts

But everything must be aborted eventually

And then you are left with the stones

You've got to find your way around me

Oh, little priestess are you ready for Mister Tongs?

And his friends?

Hoot hoot

Hoot hoot

Hoot hoot

Sometimes, Leslie I can't believe your grasp of the bicycle)

(hidden track -- Don't Talk to Me About Gene Hackman:

I'll have a warm bath

I'll have a bottle of wine

I'll put myself to bed
And I'll feel just fine
But don't talk to me about Gene Hackman
He's got an evil grin
He's got curly hair
And every time he smiles
It means trouble somewhere
So don't talk to me about Gene Hackman
He's in every film
Sometimes wearing a towel
And if it isn't him
You get Andie MacDowell
So don't talk to me about Gene Hackman
Don't talk to me at all
Don't say hello
You could be Gene himself for all I know
In Unforgiven
He was totally mean
But when he got his
I really felt for Gene
But don't talk to me about Gene Hackman
I'll have a cold shower
I'll have a bottle of pop
I'll get a dog named Laszlo
From a Laszlo shop
But don't talk to me about
G-E-N-E H-A-C-K-M-A-N
Gene Hackman)

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