

Robyn Hitchcock

"Mr Rock 'n' Roll"

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I won't breathe and I won't snarl and I won't even come
I'll be like a statue, I'll be curious and numb
Sounds that grow on top of you will leave you standing
hard
Like a damaged piece of wood or like a tub of lard
Mr. Rock 'N' Roll, are you receiving me?
Please
I won't interact with you or mess you up at all
I won't stand and I won't crawl and I won't even fall
Silence is a radio that you can call your own
Be massaged by people who collect outside your
phone
Mr. Rock 'N' Roll, are you receiving me?
Please
We used to dance to you, boy
I used to dance to you, boy
And your humming
I won't dream and I won't blink and I won't even hear
There'll be a religious voice and no one will be there
Eyes that shine and globes that smart and you'll be
feeling fine
Up on the horizon where the eagles' talons shine
Mr. Rock 'N' Roll, are you receiving me?
Please

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