

Robyn Hitchcock

"Nightride to Trinidad"

Visit "[Nightride to Trinidad](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well, the worst trip I ever had
Was a night ride to Trinidad
All the anchors waving in the air
On long black chains of greasy hair
I was riding on a loaf of bread
When I should have been downstairs instead
All the waiters was greasy as hell
And the old one rang on a dismal bell

Come back baby with your iron lung
That makes me feel forever young

Oh, the sun was high and the Earth was small
Just a tiny little muddy ball
And the captain tried to sell his shoes
To a foreign bloke, but he refused
But there was nothing any of us could do
To stop that damn thing swallowing you
When the dawn came up and I paced the deck
There were limpets growing around my neck

Come back baby with your iron chain
That makes me feel twenty-five again
Yeah, six bells, oh ho

Aw, floating in a vat of yeast (Oomba oomba oomba
oomba oomba oomba oom)
Was a handsome human female beast (Oomba oomba
oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)
And she tried to kill herself three times (Oomba oomba
oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)
But she got engulfed in living slime (Oomba oomba
oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)
With inflating grapefruits on her chest (Oomba oomba
oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)
Oh, she told me that she loved me best (Oomba oomba
oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)
Well I told that I loved her worst (Oomba oomba oomba
oomba oomba oomba oom)
And that any second I was gonna burst (Oomba oomba
oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)

Ah, look at the moon, it's starting to melt
Well I'm not surprised, the way everything felt
Alright sir
Cold
(Oomba oomba oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)
(Oomba oomba oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)
(Oomba oomba oomba oomba oomba oomba oom)

Well, the worst trip I ever had (Irene, a coast is clear)
Was a night ride to Trinidad (I dream the coast is clear)
(Irene, a coast is clear)
(Irene, the coast is clear)
(Irene, a coast is clear)
"Ahoy there, Mr. Watson, lower the mainsail!" (Irene,
the coast is clear)
"Aye Aye, Cap'n... much obliged."
"By the way, Mr. Watson... Have we got any of those
sticky things left?"
"Oh, sticky things, Sir, I dunno... Go down the hold and
have a look."

Visit [Robyn Hitchcock](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.