

Robyn Hitchcock

"September Cones"

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I'll find a way
To make you see
Just what your love
Has done for me
Right from my skin
Down to my bones
September Cones
September Cones
The horses tramp
Beneath the tree
Their breath is mist
It seems to me
They're solid ghosts
Each one alone
September Cones
September Cones
The phonebox glows
Beside the sea
There's no one there
But you and me
So let's make love
In the ozone
September Cones
September Cones
And when she's lonely
She just gazes in the glass
And when she's lonely
She just counts the blades of grass
The glider crashed
Into the hill
Where your time stopped
My time stood still
And overhead
A bomber drones
September Cones
September Cones
Here comes a boy
He's looking pale
He's growing horns
He's grown a tail
He needs a love
To call his own

September Cones
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September Cones
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