

Robyn Hitchcock **"Skool Dinner Blues"**

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I woke up this mornin'
School dinners all around my mind
I woke up this mornin'
School dinners all around my mind
Not a moment, now
I looked for you, baby
But school dinner's all that I could find

I woke up this mornin'
A tablecloth over my face
I woke up this mornin'
A tablecloth over my face
I can't be your table, honey
I just can't lay you no place
No, I can't

Hey now, baby
Got the school dinner blues
I got through my navel
To my walkin' shoes
You look so good
But you taste so bad
Like every piece of news
A man ever had

I'm in the laundry (I'm in the laundry)
I'm in the luandry (There was a good thing)
I'm in the laundry

Oh schucks, baby, what would I say?

You dress like a ham
But you talk just like a lump of coal
You walk like a ham
But you taste just like a piece of coal, yeah you do
I can't help but feel that the
Whole thing's got out of control

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