

Robyn Hitchcock

"Sleeping With Your Devil Mask"

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I see the birdies in the trees I see the fishes in the seas
And perching on the garden wall I see the man that
made it all

I see the sand, I see the stones I see right through into
your bones

Your skeleton can dance all night and caper beneath
the swaying light

Sleeping with your devil mask is all I want to do

And when I stop it means I'm through with you

Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah, yeah

So welcome Mr. Dennis Forbes who's brought along his
perspect orbs

And they are full of leather peas that rattle like a slow
disease

I've got to have a nasty thought because of all the stuff
I bought

From sultry Mr. Garrick Hobbs who does a load of
useless jobs

And in the chapel after lunch they used to cluster in a
bunch

Sleeping with your devil mask is all I wanna do

And when I stop it means I'm through with you

Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah, yeah

It's all compulsion, there's no choice my mother's
second name is Joyce

And once when she was very young she saw a cellist
being hung

Thirteen men with long black heads all came and stood
around her bed

And when the morning light came in she saw their
heads had all caved in

Their rotting brains fell to the floor and crawled away
towards the door

Sleeping with your Devil mask is all I wanna do

And when I stop it means I'm through with you

Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah, yeah

The organism rapes itself as it gives birth upon the
shelf

And over where the magpie struts a flower billows from
my guts

Some things go in some things go out and next time
back I'll come back a trout

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