

Robyn Hitchcock

"The Crawling"

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Something is crawling, yes, it's crawling
Out of a dark place into a light place
Something is spawning, yes, it's spawning
Out of a damp place into a dry place
Something is swarming, yes, it's swarming
Out of a flaky place into a scented place
Ummm

I see the trail, the broken stems of corn
I see the shadow, but not the thing itself
I see the plume of smoke on the horizon
I hear the shouts and screams, but I don't know much
Something is crawling

Why do you ask me?
Why do you touch me? (Why touch me?)
Why do you ask me?
Why do you touch me? (Why touch me?)
Because there's nothing left
It's only flesh and blood (Nothing left)
Because there's nothing there
It's only flesh and blood (Nothing left)

You think you've got her and you're a lucky guy
But can you hold a fish?
You think you know her, you're so intuitive
But can you know a mist?

Yeah, how long do you want it?
How long have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?
Have you got it, baby?
Have you got it, baby?
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?
Have you got it, baby?
Have you got it, baby?
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?

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