

Robyn Hitchcock

"The Face of Death"

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The face of death is my best friend
He lurks behind my favorite bend
And though we meet, we never speak
I've got a feeling he's unique

He looks so crushed, but he's alright
He eats his food, he sleeps at night
His leather jacket's quite like mine
I'm sure we two would get on fine

But some day I'll make him mine
I'll wear your face, I'll come to tea
My place or yours and then you'll see
It's like walking through a mirror

He tried too hard, it never came
To anything, they burned his name
They threw him out 'cause he was wrong
And left him trapped inside this song

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