

Robyn Hitchcock

"The Idea Of You"

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The idea of you sets me alight
And then I burn all through the night
Like a cigarette smoulders on a beach
I cant forget youre out of reach
I love the idea of you
The idea of you, wired for sound
When your beating heart is under the ground
Im not possessed, I never was
Who would have guessed it's just because
I love the idea of you
I love the idea of you
Whats that you said, time will grow old
And in your head your heart will turn cold
Rivers run out, mountains run down
The idea of you is always around
I love the idea of you
I love the idea of you

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