

Robyn Hitchcock

"The Man With The Lightbulb Head"

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I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on in the dark
I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on for a lark
And how's about you, my pretty one?
Do you still roll and dream of bees?
How's about you, my pretty one?
Do you still dream of bees?
I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on all the time
I'm alone like a queen in bed
With a barrel of vodka and lime
And how's about you, my pretty one?
Do you still smear yourself with jam?
How's about you, my pretty one?
Do you know who I am?
"Daddy, it's the man with the lightbulb head."
"Avert your eyes from his gaze, Junior, and we may yet
be saved."
"But Daddy... it's you!"
"You're too late.I've come to turn you on. Huhahaha!"
"I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on in the dark
I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on for a lark."
"Excuse me, madam, is this your brain?"

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