

Robyn Hitchcock

"The Philosopher's Stone"

Visit "[The Philosopher's Stone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I can't keep pace with you
Give you something wild
I can change place with you
Turn you into something
Action comes to him who waits
If he's not gone cold
I can turn you into lead
I can turn you into gold
Read the small print
The Philosophers' Stone but I'm grateful
In the coffin of guitars, there her music lies
Foliage and solos, growing from her eyes
This is England
The philosopher's stoned, but ungrateful
Nazi in a wheelchair
And a cardigan
And a v-necked sweater
He's a sad old Nazi man
He's so friendly!
The Philosophers' Stone but I'm grateful
The Philosophers' Stone but I'm grateful
Bury me in cellophane
Underneath a vault
I can climb back out again
But it's not my fault
I can climb back out again
What can you do?
The Philosophers' Stone but I'm grateful
The Philosophers' Stone but I'm grateful
The Philosophers' Stone but I'm grateful

Visit [Robyn Hitchcock](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.