Robyn Hitchcock "Trilobite"

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Trilobite, right Dwight's in the light-bite Trilobite, right in the light-bite, Dwight

Basking on the shores of time The little stone creature ain't dead to the world They call him

Trilobite, right Dwight's in the light-bite Trilobite, right in the light-bite, Dwight

Clicking away for a second of fame A billion years later they give it a name They call it

Trilobite, right Dwight's in the light-bite Trilobite, right in the light-bite, Dwight

When I'm too wasted these rocks to clamber
Then lean me on the cliff and encase me in amber
And a creature from future in
Way out when
Will clock my fossil and name me Sven
That's a nice name
Alright!

Built for a world where nothing needs shaving Look at them stone antennae a-waving

Trilobite, right Dwight's in the light-bite Trilobite, right in the light-bite, Dwight

Let's hold a clicking championship The Trilobite wins and everybody else loses

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