

## **Robyn Hitchcock**

### **"Wax Doll"**

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Son, there are mirrors here -- watch your performing  
little whales  
Or snip your harness off and take another walk around  
the bay  
The way the English say "We only mustn't grumble in  
the end"  
A needle in your back, an arrow in your heart, you smile  
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?  
It cramps your handwriting and dulls what little style  
you have  
You cast your mind back to professionals like Alan  
Breeze  
Who sees the windows freeze and hands around the  
keys  
"Unlock yourself," he says, but no one ever does  
Except for Jacob Lurch, and Mr. Moose and Dandy  
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?  
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?  
Son, there are breakers here -- your living room it  
glides across the sea  
Or high above the waves, the wrinkled little waves you  
cannot smooth  
We travel everywhere, we're gonna take the suburbs to  
the stars  
If I was man enough, I'd come on your stump  
If I was man enough, I'd come on your stump  
But don't you know, this is the Home Counties?  
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?  
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?  
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?  
What you say, what you do  
What you say, what you say, what you say  
What you do, what you do, what you do

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