

## Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians

### "Railway Shoes"

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Take a breath, take a breath, take a breath  
Honey take it on me  
'Cause your lungs are in terrible shape and it's easy to  
see  
I've been X-raying you since you walked into here  
You've got nothing to hope  
You've got nothing to fear  
Heartburn and chemistry and lung disease  
Make mincemeat of your passion on days like these

And everything you say is like sugar  
The sweeter it gets you know I lick it away

Radio forecast intermittent storms  
Tidal waves that change their forms  
Yeah!

With a knot in your heart you're afraid of the galaxy  
way  
And I hand you a tape of my song which you always  
mislays  
And your diagram was nervous when I saw you on TV  
You're so vulnerable, honey, now you're fatter than me  
I've got a Harrison Ford poster rolled up in my desk --  
I'd sign it for you, dude, if you'd only request

And everything you say is like iron;  
It smashes me up but it's brittle inside

Radio forecast intermittent storms  
Tidal waves that change their forms  
Yeah!

You need love, baby, love, baby, love -- don't you throw  
it away;  
It's the musk on your tongue and your hoof that are  
making me stay  
In a bar in Sacramento on a cloudy afternoon  
Cutting paper napkins into little crescent moons  
Decision-making apparatus can't survive your death  
"Good morning, Mr. Seagrove -- have you met my dead

friend Seth?"

"No, sir, I haven't had that pleasure yet"

But everything you say is like acid  
It eats me away, but there's something inside

Radio forecast intermittent storms  
Tidal waves that change their forms  
Yeah!

What am I going to do with myself if I lose you?  
What am I going to do with myself if you stay?

Jesus could raise the dead, Jesus could fly  
Jesus could raise the dead, Jesus could fly  
No sweat. (Jesus could raise the dead, Jesus could fly)  
No sweat at all. (Jesus could raise the dead, Jesus could fly)  
And everything you say is an ocean; (Jesus could raise the dead, Jesus could fly)  
It's keeping me up but it's pulling me down (Jesus could raise the dead, Jesus could fly)

Radio forecast intermittent storms  
Tidal waves that change their forms  
Yeah, Radio forecast intermittent storms  
Tidal waves that change their forms  
Ah!

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