

Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians

"The Wreck Of The Arthur Lee"

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I was walking home when I heard you knock
There were two of you, it was such a shock;
There was one that cried on the telephone
And the other laughed deep inside my bone
Ahhhhhhh.

I can tell you this, when the full moon seed
It be plant in you, and it's what you need
Cause the flower of Love growing in your heart
Will eventually tear your world apart
Ahhhhhhh.

The Moon inside gets round and round
The Moon inside gets round

I can tell you this, when the female hand
She contours you, and you're like the sand
And you'd never guess you were in so deep
Till you try to walk, but you just can't creep
Ahhhhhhh.
Ahhhhhhh.
Ahhhhhhh.

The moon inside gets round and round
The moon inside gets round

Well she takes her time, but she arrives
With her candle stub and her carving knives
Like a pumpkin head you'll be lit within
So she severs you with a six inch grin
Ahhhhhhh.

The Moon inside gets round and round
And the Moon inside gets round
And round and round and round
And round and round and round
And round
And round
The moon inside gets round and round
And the moon inside gets round

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