Birthday Party, The "Vixo"

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ah fed Vixo on ev'ry fear 'n' fret 'n' phobia til it nor ah could stand the strain no longer sucked a chicken bone, tossed it in the corner raisin up like Lazaurs, up, up from its cot an making for the door, now... infant-prodigy creates a phantom-friend, yeag stickin' sack an ol' Jack-Jack into its itchin-ten oh! don't ya linger! ooh! don't ya linger, now, mah monster-piect...mah perfect-murder-machine don't ya linger, for ah can feel mah youth slipping outa yeah, ah can feel mah youth slip outa me. call it, call it Vixo. call it Vee. ah all it, an it comes to me. call it Vixo, call it me march headlong into the heart of fear ah will follow thee. what kept ya? whaa? what kept ya? you get trouble? sum'n go wrong?

Vixo grinning, climbs up into mah lil boy arms.

what you get?

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tell me, what ya gone 'n' brung me from the hollow?
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yeah! we're laughin'...but our laughter is shallow

ain't it funny...my childhood name is Sorrow.

Vixo sighs, 'n' lays its head upon mah pillow.

call it. call it Vixo. call it Vee.

call it, an it comes to me.

Vee...ah...Hex...oh-oh, come crawl with me.

into the dark heart of despair

ah will not forsake thee.

listen...instruction!

ditch it, pitch it. now hitch it up along the ridge

ya laughin b'neath the Sherriff's wheels

that go screamin cross Hooper Bridge

skirt the out-skirts. up mah back-stair. ya sack all undone.

don't touch nothin! water runnin in the tub

get there! and scrub ev'ry one.

when ya STRUCK ya STRUCK!

ya struck a thousand crickets dumb

Hooper-Hollow iced over then, all hush, hush

in the cool midday sun

hush! ah say hush! hu-u-u-ush!

sittin on the roof, laugh at mahself

as they rope off the woods

watchin' all the good-people

go beating the bush.

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