

## **Hitchcock Robyn and the Egyptians**

### **"Wax Doll"**

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Son, there are mirros here-watch your performing little  
whales

Or snip your harness of 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

CHORUS

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

CHORUS

Do you think that anybody wants to be your friend

Now that they know?

Son, there are breakers here-your living room it glides  
across the sea

Or high above 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

CHORUS

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