

# Heliotrope

Robyn Hitchcock

Heliotrope my love  
Her face to the heavens  
Her petals all around her dial  
Her shadow follows her  
It looks like a seven  
-- And I'm as loaded as a gun --  
She worships the sun  
She worships the sun

I lie beneath the ground  
My eyes are unseeing  
My name is gone from all the files  
The tombs are shimmering  
Deep into her being  
It could be lethal  
But it's fun  
She worships the sun  
She worships the sun  
She worships the sun

She's full of happy beans  
No shadow within her  
Your paranoia makes her smile  
And when the cat's head grins  
She's ready for dinner:  
You know you're gonna be the one!  
She worships the sun  
She worships the sun  
She worships the sun  
I said now  
She worships the sun