

# The Crawling

Robyn Hitchcock

Something is crawling, yes, it's crawling  
Out of a dark place into a light place  
Something is spawning, yes, it's spawning  
Out of a damp place into a dry place  
Something is swarming, yes, it's swarming  
Out of a flaky place into a scented place  
Ummm

I see the trail, the broken stems of corn  
I see the shadow, but not the thing itself  
I see the plume of smoke on the horizon  
I hear the shouts and screams, but I don't know much  
Something is crawling

Why do you ask me?  
Why do you touch me?(Why touch me?)  
Why do you ask me?  
Why do you touch me?(Why touch me?)  
Because there's nothing left  
It's only flesh and blood (Nothing left)  
Because there's nothing there  
It's only flesh and blood (Nothing left)

You think you've got her and you're a lucky guy  
But can you hold a fish?  
You think you know her, you're so intuitive  
But can you know a mist?

Yeah, how long do you want it?  
How long have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?  
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?  
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?  
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?  
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?  
Have you got it, baby?  
Have you got it, baby?  
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?  
Have you got it, baby?  
Have you got it, baby?  
Have you got it, baby, flesh and blood?