

Acid Bird

Robyn Hitchcock

Sucking on a tap that never dries
Could you take it right
Between your eyes?
Bending blood, bending blood
The father stood, the father's hood
Black shadow on an acid bird that etched Her way across a field
So long ago

Walking through the fields
In summer heat
Look at all the creatures 'round your feet
Pumping blood, pumping blood
The mother gave, the mother gave
White ointment of an acid kiss that Burned upon the lips she gave you
So long ago
So long ago

Fun in the sun, luck in the bloodstream
Shallow bodies writhing on the grass
Fun in the sun, hair in the slipstream
Tadpoles shooting through
A hollowed glass

Cutting out a silhouette of dreams
Everything is older than it seems
Son of blood, son of blood
The baby shakes the baby snakes
That crawl across the acid rings that Flicker from your corpuscles
One sunny day
One sunny day

Fun in the sun, everyone knows it
They could be as mellow as the hay
Fun in the sun, everyone blows it
They grow up and instantly turn grey
Black shadow of an acid bird that etched Its way across a field
So long ago
So long ago