

Brenda's Iron Sledge

Robyn Hitchcock

We head downhill, my hands fly back
Our fingers freeze, our hair falls out, our hair falls out
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The iron piston pumps and spouts
The steaming air as hot as sprouts
All aboard, Brenda's iron sledge
No one's on top, they're comfortable
They're sitting on a human chain, a human chain
They're sitting on a human chain
Their limbs compressed in icy slush
Of freezing in a raw meat groove
All aboard, Brenda's iron sledge
Please don't call me Reg, it's not my name
The body's rear, a bucking sled
Which hits a tree and falls asleep, and falls asleep
Which hits a tree and that is that
The grasshoppers curl up and burst
And Brenda shovels on the wurst
All aboard, Brenda's iron sledge
Please don't call me Reg, it's not my name