

Egyptian Cream

Robyn Hitchcock

Egyptian cream, she loves to smear
She loves to smear it everywhere
On her face and on her hands
'Til she feels like she's a man

And when the change comes and the hair Grows all over her skin
She's a natural, she's part of
The body she's in

In the Sahara, there she lay
On an ironing board one day
She was gone for seven months
Hadn't guessed what happened once

When they told her "You're pregnant." She threw up her hands
And thousands of fingers
Grew out of the sand

Egyptian cream

Egyptian cream, she loves to smear
She loves to smear it everywhere
When you're sore, too sore to dream
Try some more Egyptian cream

And when the change comes
And the grass grows all over the mound
The tadpoles come slithering
Out of the ground

Egyptian cream