

Lysander

Robyn Hitchcock

I circle your heart like I circle the world
But I never touch down
In case I grew and grew
And couldn't leave there

Solitary guy, you need professional help
You put too much in your mouth
I'm gonna leave you leave you leave you out
Into the womb of chance

In my cemetery heart, you know they close at six
And then the dead are locked in
To be with you and you and you and I
I hope their eyes are closed

Beautiful girl, you spin around and around
You are the answer to me
You know I knew, I knew, I knew
You would be

Into the bureau she rambled
Tethered by the headphones
Then she calls on Anubis
You are you, and you are not what you do

Who do you trust
The little spider or me?
Which would you crush in a frame
The one you knew or just the one that loved you?

It's in the palm of your hand
A little papery heart
A crumpled throwaway bird
A bird that flew and flew and flew and flew
About a parasol, about a parasol