

Mr. Deadly

Robyn Hitchcock

Randomly the radio that wanders through the stations like
a train
Flickers on the dashboard as the melody dissolves into
his brain
Hovering the kestral over chequered fields suspended in
the air
Settles on a movement and swoops down to find this time,
there's nothing there
And all who hear him say you must further gone then they
And all who hear him say he must be mad to be himself
around today
All my final children will be sticky little mushrooms in
a field
Harvesting your future just by sitting there whatever
will it yield
And all who hear him say you must be further gone then
they
And all who hear him say he must be mad to be himself
around today
Around today
Around today
Around today