

Sleeping With Your Devil Mask

Robyn Hitchcock

I see the birdies in the trees
I see the fishes in the seas
And perching on the garden wall
I see the man that made it all
I see the sand, I see the stones
I see right through into your bones
Your skeleton can dance all night
And caper 'neath the swaying light

Sleeping with your devil mask
Is all I want to do
And when I stop it means
I'm through with you
Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah, yeah

So welcome Mr. Dennis Forbes
Who's brought along his perspex orbs
And they are full of leather peas
That rattle like a slow disease
I've got to have a nasty thought
Because of all the stuff I bought
From sultry Mr. Gareth Hobbes
Who does a load of useless jobs
And in the chapel after lunch
They used to cluster in a bunch

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Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah, yeah, yeah

It's all compulsion, there's no choice
My mother's second name is Joyce
And once when she was very young
She saw a cellist being hung
Thirteen men with long black heads
All came and stood around her bed
And when the morning light came in
She saw their heads had all caved in
Their rotting brains fell to the floor
And crawled away towards the door

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The organism rapes itself
(Sleeping with your devil mask)
And then gives birth upon the shelf
(Sleeping with your devil mask)
And over where the magpie struts
(Sleeping with your devil mask)
A flower billows from my guts
(Sleeping with your devil mask)

Some things go in some things go out
And next time 'round I'll be a trout