

Statue With A Walkman

Robyn Hitchcock

He's a statue with a walkman
Knows his hemoglobin count
Statue with a walkman
Also the correct amount

Pretty boy, pretty walkman, pretty sound

He's a statue with a walkman
Actually, he's lying down
Statue with a walkman
Butterflies upon his crown

Pretty day, pretty rooster, pretty sound

He's a statue with a walkman
Basking in the dying rays
Statue with a walkman
Hardly moves at all these days

We're all different versions of the same thing
We're all different versions of the same thing

Yeah, they say that old statue with a walkman, he don't seem to get around like he used to. Don't see him in the forest, near the clearing, where the kindly old lady lives. Don't see him moseying up to the three bears saying, "Mind if I join you?" Don't see him leaning over the shoulder of Goldilocks as she ruffles through the hip-hop section at Sam Goody. Don't see him perched on the Town Hall looking sheepish with a parachute, thinking, "It's made of silk. Ain't made of milk. But it won't get me to the ground, 'cause I'm stuck on the roof." No. Don't see him inside the library books trying to look up Irving Berlin in the section for sixteenth century literature. No! Fact is, friends, and I'm telling you in confidence 'cause I know no one gonna to hear that, some of the young hippies in town, they came to me and they said, "We don't believe there ever been a statue with a walkman." I said, "You ever seen Death?"

Statue with a walkman
Vanished like the trilobite
Statue with a walkman
Birds upon his head alight

Pretty boy, pretty loser, pretty sound
Pretty day, pretty walkman, pretty sound

Aah aah
Aah

Yeah, I was 'round at the Judge's house just the other night. Me and that old judge, we was sittin' either side of a big barrel of creosote. And I was matching him ladle for ladle, you know. First he'd take a pull on that old barrel and he'd... he wouldn't say nothin', he'd just proffer it to me as befits a man of his dignity, yes. And I'd take a hit of that old creosote and I'd hand it back to him and hours would just drift by. And to make it all more memorable we was listening to Don Henley records

digitally remastered on CD. Well, seems like our bliss could have gone on uninterrupted for decades. You know how time seems to dwindle and stop when you're having fun in the middle of the night with a wealthy man. But just then I heard me a little clicking outside. And I said, "Judge? You hear that?" And he said, "You get it, boy. I make more money than you." Well, I deposited my ladle in that old barrel and I strode to the window to observe what could be taking place outside of the window. First I peeled back lovingly the French window curtains then I pushed open the windows themselves. There was a light summer breeze, it was July the twenty-ninth. The stars were twinkling and on the rich jeweled gravel terrace, there, stood that old statue with a walkman reading a book to himself in the moonlight. Yeah.