

The Philosophers' Stone

Robyn Hitchcock

I can't keep pace with you
Give you something wild
I can change the place with you
Turn you into something

Action comes to him who waits
If he's not gone cold
I can turn you into lead
I can turn you into gold

Read the small print
The philosophers' stone
But I'm grateful
The philosophers' stone
But I'm grateful

In the coffin of guitars
There her music lies
Foliage and solos
Growing from her eyes

This is England
The philosophers' stone
But I'm grateful
The philosophers' stone
But I'm grateful

Nazi in a wheelchair
And a cardigan
And a V-necked sweater
He's a sad old Nazi man

He's so friendly
The philosophers' stone
But I'm grateful
The philosophers' stone
But I'm grateful

Bury me in cellophane
Underneath a vault
I can climb back out again
But it's not my fault
I can climb back out again
What can you do?

The philosophers' stone
But I'm grateful
The philosophers' stone
But I'm grateful
The philosophers' stone