

The Speed of Things

Robyn Hitchcock

All in the terror of the moment
That pounces as it open swings
A line of dots illuminated
For I have seen the speed of things
I fed you in your chair this morning
You made a mess of everything
By afternoon, you drove a sports car
You were driving at the speed of things
You held my hand when I was crying
You were allergic to bee stings
I threw some earth onto your coffin
And thought about the speed of things
I kissed you by the clear, cold river
I felt like I was growing wings
But I grew horns and found another
Oh, a girl to share the speed of things
Oh, a girl to share the speed of things
All in the terror of the moment
That pounces as it open swings
A line of dots illuminated
For I have seen the speed of things