

Linctus House

Robyn Hitchcock

You know i used to call my baby up
and we'd get real close
just like the telephone was a sofa
and our thoughts would mingle
and we'd leave our minds wide open
like a big window in the evening air
and we'd say,
'hey baby, come on in and help yourself to my soul'
'hey baby, come on in and help yourself to my soul'
but these days, even saying, 'hello? how are you?'
'i'm fine, how are you?' takes a lot of sweat
ain't that a shame
ain't that a shame
but in linctus house
in my flesh hotel
i don't care anymore
you know my baby and me
as kimberley would say
we'd curl up like two dogs
in front of a fire
and our eyes would reflect each other
in the warm long heat of love
yeah, the warm long heat of love
and i would hear the rain falling
on the leaves outside
i could'nt stand to close the window
'cos i'd shiver if i left her side
but now i'd shake if we should meet
and i spend most of my time in the bushes
ain't that a shame
know what you're doing
ain't that a shame
know what you've done
but in linctus house
in my flesh hotel
i don't care anymore
'i understand how everything sometimes
turns out to be nothing,' you say
but i wonder if you do
and if we understood each other
there'd be no need to talk
but even that, even talking is out of reach
should i say it with flowers or
should i say it with nails?
i'm not the kind to push you around
but i don't want to make myself vulnerable
and if i was on my knees
you'd have a pretty good view of my skull
and i happen to know you're carrying a chisel
but in linctus hotel
in my flesh hotel
i don't care anymore
no
in linctus house
in my flesh hotel
i don't care
ain't that a shame

know what you're doing
ain't that a shame
know what you've done