

This Could Be The Day

Robyn Hitchcock

This could be the day I've waited for all my life,
And it's coming true.
This could be the day I've waited for all my life,
And it looks like you.

Bells of fire, hissing through
The dark and tropical night,
Thrown by Nubian slaves.

This could be the night I've waited for all my frumpy, little,
life.
This could be the night I cut a malignant growth
With a steel knife.

Tongues of fire, hissing through
The dark and tropical night,
Thrown by Nubian slaves.

This could be the train I've waited for all my life,
Coming 'round the bend.
This could be the chain that fettered me all my life,
Coming to an end.

I always bowed and curtsied.
I held the candle high,
And I blessed your valuable feet
As they went by.

Tongues of fire, hissing through
The dark and tropical night,
Thrown by Nubian slaves.