

You And Oblivion

Robyn Hitchcock

All of the colors ran out
'Round mid-November-o
We was a-scuttle about
Do you remember-o
You left your radio on
With berries all over it
When all the music was gone
You were in mauve a bit

Something about you
You and oblivion
Something about you
You and oblivion

You held on tight to the rails
I held the other one
Seeking your personal grail
Just like your mother's one
Gliding past hedges and clocks
Off to infinity
I can remember your locks
And your virginity

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Sitting alone by the tombs
Under the obelisk
Mixing up powders with brooms
You shoulda got a whisk
This is the month of the dead
Leaves on your Ouija board
Carry them 'round in your head
They've got free room and board, yeah

Right when the death train got your ma
Right when the death train got my pa
Let's slip your hand on the platform
Said I must be going, yeah
"See you."-- "See you."

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