

Robert Onion

Frank Black

Robert leads me into thought
Onion layers wait for you
Bounty of eternal fields
Every muscle knot I feel
Robert tell me what to do
Tell exactly what you're not, yeah
Tails pushing grand whales
Heads hope to have the stuff
Each flag had no sail
Can you believe enough?
And though Diana calls to you
She will never never yield
Every siren has her spot
Four hundred million
Oh that was very far
Robert sweet Onion
Makes me feel so tired
Another layer and layers and layer, oh no
Robert can you find your way?
Show me the way to come
Zugzwang got me in a way
Under my opposing thumb
Brandishing my shield
Robert leads me into thought
Into the dimming blue
Nowhere in this world
For this old Jack-Tar
Three cheers for Robert
To the cinnabar
One ponders
Layers and (x12)
Robert (3x)