

## August Hair

Robyn Hitchcock

August hair  
Almost there  
And then you ride to me  
August brain  
Feels no pain  
And then you ride to me  
Deep inside your murky heart-o  
Meat or fish, I  
Swim around you  
Deep inside your milky sign and  
Meet and never  
Did I find you  
August hair  
Far away  
And you trying out my name  
August hair  
Is almost there  
And then your archers came  
Deep inside this ghostly haze-o  
Meet a pope you  
Still amaze me -- Ah...  
Deep below this modern ceiling -- Ah...  
You will always always keep me feeling -- Ah...