

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...