

## Brenda's Iron Sledge

Robyn Hitchcock

We head downhill, my hands fly back  
Our fingers freeze, our hair falls out, our hair falls out  
Our fingers freeze, our hair falls out  
The iron piston pumps and spouts  
The steaming air as hot as sprouts  
All aboard, Brenda's iron sledge  
No one's on top, they're comfortable  
They're sitting on a human chain, a human chain  
They're sitting on a human chain  
Their limbs compressed in icy slush  
Of freezing in a raw meat groove  
All aboard, Brenda's iron sledge  
Please don't call me Reg, it's not my name  
The body's rear, a bucking sled  
Which hits a tree and falls asleep, and falls asleep  
Which hits a tree and that is that  
The grasshoppers curl up and burst  
And Brenda shovels on the wurst  
All aboard, Brenda's iron sledge  
Please don't call me Reg, it's not my name