

## Bright Fresh Flower

Robyn Hitchcock

She's my bright fresh flower and I love her  
She's a soul born in this world divine  
There's a Roman ancestor behind her  
I say "Goodnight, sweet child of mine."  
She's my bright fresh flower and I dream her  
I wake in her to find the world sublime  
Never could be bothered with mathematics  
I say "Count me in, sweet child of mine."  
Oh oh oh ooh  
She's my bright fresh flower and I hold her  
Tenderly as if I held her spine  
Every time I feel myself I'm older  
I say "Goodnight, sweet child of mine."