

Flanagan's Song

Robyn Hitchcock

All the young girls look like ravens
As they flock around the pool
And they peck at their reflection
In the shadows of men's drool
I could look out there forever
Forever has no holes
Through the windows of eternity
You can glimpse the passing souls
This party's over
The bells are ringing themselves
I'm going home
She was standing on the table
With a message on her skin
I'm a look right in her eyes
But I could not see in
I have loved you from a distance
Loved you from up close
Like the tiny frog that breathes
I can nestle in your cloak
This party's over
The bells are ringing themselves
And I'm going home
I was always in a hurry
But I never knew what for
Paranoia chased me out
And then time just closed the door
Now the party's over
The drugs are taking themselves
And I'm going home