

Heliotrope

Robyn Hitchcock

Heliotrope my love
Her face to the heavens
Her petals all around her dial
Her shadow follows her
It looks like a seven
-- And I'm as loaded as a gun --
She worships the sun
She worships the sun

I lie beneath the ground
My eyes are unseeing
My name is gone from all the files
The tombs are shimmering
Deep into her being
It could be lethal
But it's fun
She worships the sun
She worships the sun
She worships the sun

She's full of happy beans
No shadow within her
Your paranoia makes her smile
And when the cat's head grins
She's ready for dinner:
You know you're gonna be the one!
She worships the sun
She worships the sun
She worships the sun
I said now
She worships the sun