

I Got A Message For You

Robyn Hitchcock

Treat me lean and wirey.
Treat me hot and fiery.
Tell me you desire me.
I got a message for you.

Treat me flat and blubbery.
Treat me lean and rubbery.
Let's go to the shrubbery.
I got a message for you.
(I got a message for you.)

If I was a hairless spinster,
Covered in festering boils,
Would you still make love to me,
Or would you recoil?

Dip me in the custard.
Cover me with mustard.
As long as we are clustered,
It's alright; I've got a message for you.
(I got a message for you.)

Though I'm not a piece of veal,
Or a piece of ham,
Can't you get your teeth in me
Just the way I am?

Roll me in the greenery.
Point me at the scenery.
Exploit me in the denary.
It's alright; I've got a message for you.

Treat me soft and feathery.
Treat me hard and leathery.
Oh, what lovely weathery.
Oh, ha, ha.

(I got a message for you.)
(I got a message for you.)
(I got a message for you.)