

# Jewels For Sophia

Robyn Hitchcock

I got a flashlight in my pocket  
And it goes right through the socket  
Of a dead man's strum my thumb so numb  
And I'm gripping on the handle of a Roman septic candle  
And I can't let go or I'll fall into the dark  
But in my other hand gripped tight  
In the fingers of the night I got  
Jewels for Sophia  
Jewels for Sophia

I been basted, really wasted  
Chock full o' nuts and ifs and buts  
It tasted great, shade, but I got another mouthful of desire  
I got Lucas fruits, zoons, Barney, Pat Pat Saturday  
Call in one for Nixon and another one for Stipe  
This may read like a fax  
But in the hand I never relax I got  
Jewels for Sophia  
Jewels for Sophia

Oh Lord I just amalgamated saturated clams  
Dig Rex in tunnels with gerbils in your annex  
I got Lord fluff ginger silicone pusscat  
Never make a bad one out of all the stuff I weave  
But up my sleeve, yeah, up my sleeve I got  
Jewels for Sophia  
Jewels for Sophia  
Jewels for Sophia

Sophia shine on, shine on Sophia  
Sophia shine on, shine on Sophia

See, I bring you colored ones  
Yeah, I bring you colored ones

Onion glove, my kind of peelers  
I feel as if a drain has opened in this world  
That sucks out all the guilt and leaves fresh air  
And free health care and good hair days  
And an amazing pair of lips  
That sucks your pips into infinity, pops, and so I gots  
Jewels for Sophia  
Jewels for Sophia  
Jewels for Sophia  
Jewels for Sophia  
Jewels

That sucks out all the shit and leaves fresh air