

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
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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
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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
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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
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Jewels for Sophia
Jewels

That sucks out all the shit and leaves fresh air