

My Favourite Buildings

Robyn Hitchcock

My favourite buildings are all falling down.
Seems like I dwell in a different town.
But why should I bother with painting them brown?
When they'll all be pulled down in the end.

My favourite buildings stretch upwards for miles.
Remind me, somehow, of your favourite smiles.
Like oak leaves in autumn, cascading on stiles
In the rain.

Nobody seems to know how long
All of these buildings belong,
Till they become part of you.
People, get down on your knees.
Buildings are like a disease.
You could wind up in a zoo,
And most people do.

My favourite buildings are all laid to waste.
One might as well sculpt a statue from toothpaste,
And someday I could have a fifty-inch waist.
It's all free,
For my favourite buildings
And me.