

My Wife And My Dead Wife

Robyn Hitchcock

My wife lies down in a chair
And peels a pear
I know she's there
I'm making coffee for two
Just me and you
But I come back in with coffee for three
Coffee for three?

My dead wife sits in a chair
Combing her hair
I know she's there
She wanders off to the bed
Shaking her head
"Robyn," she said
"You know I don't take sugar!"

My wife and my dead wife
Am I the only one that sees her?
My wife and my dead wife
Doesn't anybody see her at all?
No, no no, no, no no no no

My wife sits down on the stairs
And stares into air
There's no one there
I'm drilling holes in the wall
Holes in the wall
I turn round and my dead wife's upstairs
She's still wearing flares
She talks out loud but no one hears

And I can't decide which one
I love the most
The flesh and blood
Or the pale, smiling ghost

My wife lies down on the beach
She's sucking a peach
She's out of reach
Of the waves that crash on the sand
Where my dead wife stands
Holding my hand

Now my wife can't swim
But neither could she
And deep in the sea
She's waiting for me

Oh, I'm such a lucky guy
'Cause I've got you baby
And I'll never be lonely