

Raymond Chandler Evening

Robyn Hitchcock

It's a Raymond Chandler Evening
At the end of someone's day
And I'm standing in my pocket
And I'm slowly turning grey

I remember what I told you
But I can't remember why
And the yellow leaves are falling
In a spiral from the sky

There's a body on the railings
That I can't identify
And I'd like to reassure you but
I'm not that kind of guy

It's a Raymond Chandler Evening
And the pavements are all wet
And I'm lurking in the shadows
'Cause it hasn't happened yet