

Sinister But She Was Happy

Robyn Hitchcock

She was sinister but she was happy
Basically she was the Jeanne Moreau type
Sinister but she was happy
Sinister but she was always pleased to see you
And her living words
Were her dying words
She said "Yeah"

She was sinister but she was happy
With a cheery smile and poison blowpipe
Sinister but she was happy
Like a kind of spider half-inclined to free you
Her lopsided grin made it so hard to win
She said:
"Alright you are -- and your promises
Are just promises -- but a sinister little
Wave of a hand goes a long, long way
In these troubled times"

She was sinister but she was happy
And you can't say that of everybody can you?
Sinister but she was happy
Like a chandelier festooned with leeches
And she rolled along
Till she came on strong and she said:
"Alright you are and your promises
just are promises -- but a sinister little
Wave of a hand goes a long, long way
In these troubled times."