

The Man With The Lightbulb Head

Robyn Hitchcock

I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on in the dark
I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on for a lark

And how's about you, my pretty one?
Do you still roll and dream of bees?
How's about you, my pretty one?
Do you still dream of bees?

I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on all the time
I'm alone like a queen in bed
With a barrel of vodka and lime

And how's about you, my pretty one?
Do you still smear yourself with jam?
How's about you, my pretty one?
Do you know who I am?

"Daddy, it's the man
With the lightbulb head."
"Avert your eyes from his gaze,
Junior, and we may yet be saved."
"But Daddy... it's you!"
"You're too late. I've come to turn
You on. Huhahaha!"

"I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on in the dark
I'm the man with the lightbulb head
I turn myself on for a lark."

"Excuse me, madam, is this your brain?"