

# The Underneath

Robyn Hitchcock

We are the underneath  
We fit inside a two words  
No credit cards for us  
No plastic and no mobiles  
If you can't sell me something  
Then how can you respect me?  
If you can't sell me something  
We might as well not be  
We practice but we don't know  
We practice but we don't know  
Eat sausages and yams  
Read papers with the words on  
I know just who I am  
The one you drew the birds on  
The birds begin to fly  
And suddenly I'm naked  
I'm up there in the sky  
Don't know if I can make it  
We practice but we don't know  
We practice but we don't know  
We practice but we don't know  
We practice but we don't know  
We are the underneath  
Not popular or local  
So silently we tread  
So you can do your vocal  
We're what's left when you take away everything  
We're what's left when you take away everything  
We're what's left when you take away everything else  
When everything has gone  
We're all that is remaining  
And deep into my heart  
Forever will be raining  
If you can't sell me something  
Then how can you respect me?  
If you can't sell me something  
We might as well not be  
We practice but we don't know  
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We practice but we don't know  
We are the underneath