

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
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