

## The Yip Song

Robyn Hitchcock

The old man, he was flesh-they wheeled him in upon a trolley  
Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn  
Draw a window on his skin  
This old man, he was next-blindfolded to face the volley  
Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn  
Love will come of all our sins  
Painted on my tail fin now Vera Lynn  
This old man preserved-in his mind he lay with Molly  
Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn  
Septicemia always wins  
Cleanse us with your healing grin now  
Vera Lynn  
Coma high, coma low  
Blood is precious, yes or no?  
I believe in surgery-and that's a fact  
I believe in making it easy  
I believe in surgery, but I never act  
I believe in making it easy  
Easy...  
This old man, he was gone-he was gone and I was sorry  
Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn  
Down I spiral, down I spin  
Forces sweetheart, I'm your twin now  
Vera Lynn  
Yip