

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