

Wax Doll

Robyn Hitchcock

Son, there are mirrors here -- watch your performing little whales
Or snip your harness off and take another walk around the bay
The way the English say "We only mustn't grumble in the end"
A needle in your back, an arrow in your heart, you smile
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?
It cramps your handwriting and dulls what little style you have
You cast your mind back to professionals like Alan Breeze
Who sees the windows freeze and hands around the keys
"Unlock yourself," he says, but no one ever does
Except for Jacob Lurch, and Mr. Moose and Dandy
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?
Son, there are breakers here -- your living room it glides across the sea
Or high above the waves, the wrinkled little waves you cannot smooth
We travel everywhere, we're gonna take the suburbs to the stars
If I was man enough, I'd come on your stump
If I was man enough, I'd come on your stump
But don't you know, this is the Home Counties?
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?
Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?
What you say, what you do
What you say, what you say, what you say
What you do, what you do, what you do