Homburg

Jon Langford

(brooker / reid)*Your multilingual business friend
Has packed her bags and fled
Leaving only ash-filled ashtrays
And the lipsticked unmade bed
The mirror on reflection
Has climbed back upon the wall
For the floor she found descended
And the ceiling was too tallYour trouser cuffs are dirty
And your shoes are laced up wrong
You'd better take off your homburg
'cos your overcoat is too long
The town clock in the market square
Stands waiting for the hour
When it's hands they both turn backwards
And on meeting will devour
Both themselves and also any fool
Who dares to tell the time
And the sun and moon will shatter
And the signposts cease to sign

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/