

16 Years

Robyn Hitchcock

The sun flies through the sky, leaves darkness in its wake
And now I hear the hellhounds barking at the gate
To be honest, sometimes I want you to relate
This ain't up for discussion, it's not a topic for debate
Entrepreneurs that want to bottle up the hate
And slap a label on the glass so hard that it'll break
If you break it you buy it, and we sold it by the case
It's okay if you just try it, you can hold it to your face
How close can you get without touching it?
How far removed can you get from the public?
Can you keep a secret?
If not, can you tie a slipknot?
Can you stand high up on this brick block?
Listen to the clock tick-tock and switch gears
It's been 1 2 3 4 5 6 years
Are they all dancing now? Are you joining the party?
Are you celebrating your life just by destroying your body?
It's a part of your psyche that I want to sightsee
I don't need you as a tour guide, and I don't want you to like me
I was voted least likely

That's it just least likely
So pardon me if I seem fiesty
Bite my tongue like a bullet, take a pull from the peace pipe
Push past the low expectations of me each night
I leave light in my wake and I moonwalk across the floor
Until I hear the sex kittens all purring at the door
There's something outside that we all want
But inside there's an ex who marks a soft spot
'Til it rots and decays and then no one else cares
It's been 7 8 9 10 11 12 years
Now I sell pennies to the well-wishers
Fish through the coinslots
I fall for a girl's bait, participate in boycotts
I demonstrate a demon's trade
With a face void of thoughts
If that don't launch a thousand ships
Than that's Helen of Troy's loss
There's nothing in this horse

It's hollow, it's empty, its entry will not be forced
Like an eyesocket stripped clean of tears
It's been 13 14 15 16 years

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