

Flavour of Night

Robyn Hitchcock

Long, slender, shadows pulsating in windows,
While feathery curtains hide fountains of eyes from the light.
A different disease in another translation,
Though you don't understand a familiar sensation.
But who needs to talk when you're caught in the flavour of night?

And you, yeah, you, with your ice cream hands...
You, yeah, you, are my friend.

All that you want could be happening for you,
Just like the road that unrolls there, before you, tonight.
Eyes you don't trust; the fingers have beckoned.
How long you got left? Well, how long do you reckon?
But who goes to waste when they're tasting the flavour of night?

And you, yeah, you, with your ice cream hands...
You, yeah, you, are my friend.

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