

Hitchcock Robyn, My Favourite Buildings

My favourite buildings are all falling down
Seems like I dwell in a different town
But why should I bother with painting them brown
When they'll all be pulled down in the end
My favourite buildings stretch upwards for miles
Remind me somehow of your favourite smiles
Like oak leaves in autumn cascading on stiles
In the rain
Nobody seems to know how long
All of these buildings belong
Till they become part of you
People get down on your knees
Buildings are like a disease
You could wind up in a zoo
And most people do
(cha)
My favourite buildings are all laid to waste
One might as well sculpt a statue from toothpaste
And someday I could have a fifty-inch waist
It's all free
For my favourite buildings
And me