

Hitchcock Robyn, The Yip Song

The old man, he was flesh-they wheeled him in upon a trolley

Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn

Draw a window on his skin

This old man, he was next-blindfolded to face the volley

Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn

Love will come of all our sins

Painted on my tail fin now Vera Lynn

This old man preserved-in his mind he lay with Molly

Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn

Septicemia always wins

Cleanse us with your healing grin now

Vera Lynn

Coma high, coma low

Blood is precious, yes or no?

I believe in surgery-and that's a fact

I believe in making it easy

I believe in surgery, but I never act

I believe in making it easy

Easy...

This old man, he was gone-he was gone and I was sorry

Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn

Down I spiral, down I spin

Forces sweetheart, I'm your twin now

Vera Lynn

Yip
