

# Hitchcock Robyn, Wax Doll

Son, there are mirros here-watch your performing little whales  
Or snip your harness of and take another walk around the bay  
The way the English say we only mustn't grumble in the end  
A needle in your back, an arrow in your heart, you smile

CHORUS

Is your wax doll still crying in the fire?  
It cramps your handwriting, and dulls what little style you have  
You cast your mind back to professionals like Alan Breeze  
Who sees the windows freeze and hands around the keys  
"Unlock yourself," he says, but no one ever does  
Except for Jacob Lurch, and Mr. Moose and Dandy

CHORUS

Do you think that anybody wants to be your friend  
Now that they know?

Son, there are breakers here-your living room it glides across the sea  
Or high above waves, the wrinkled little waves you cannot smooth  
We travel everywhere, we're gonna take the suburbs to the stars  
If I was man enough I'd come on your stump  
If I was man enough I'd come on your stump  
But don't you know, this is the Home Counties

CHORUS

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