

# Hitchcock Robyn, The Man Who Invented Himself

He came bursting out of nowhere like a sphere into the sun  
And he cast his light on everything, it was like he never died  
And he landed right on target, but the target rolled away  
And it left him pointing nowhere you could hear the children  
say

He's the fellow, the man who invented himself  
When you need her love so badly but she's trying to relax  
You can't work it with your fingers so you try it with an axe  
And he taps you on the shoulder; looking out for number one  
Is like drilling for a rainbow or an iceberg in the sun

He's the fellow, the man who invented himself  
Nobody knows where he's from  
Nobody knows where he's gone and gone and gone  
But he's not here

When you're waiting for your baby to get back from the moon  
And throw her arms around you, in a fairly quiet lagoon  
Well that loneliness is nothing, just imagine how he feels  
He's the only person in the world who still believes he's real  
He's the fellow, the man who invented himself