

Hitchcock Robyn, This Could Be The Day

This could be the day I've waited for all my life
And it's coming true
This could be the day I've waited for all my life
And it looks like you
Bells of fire hissing through
The dark and tropical night
Thrown by Nubian slaves
This could be the night I've waited for all my frum-
-py little life
This could be the night I cut a malignant growth
With a steel knife
Tongues of fire hissing through
The dark and tropical night
Thrown by Nubian slaves
This could be the train I've waited for all my life
Coming 'round the bend
This could be the chain that fettered me all my life
Coming to an end
I always bowed and curtsied
I held the candle high
And I blessed your valuable feet
As they went by
Tongues of fire hissing through
The dark and tropical night
Thrown by Nubian slaves