

# Frank Black And The Catholics, Robert Onion

Robert lead me into thought  
onion layer wait for you  
bounty of eternal fields  
every muscle knot i feel feel  
robert tell me what to do  
tell exactly what you're not  
tails pushing grand whales  
heads hope to have the stuff  
each flag had no snail  
can you believe enough?  
and though diana calls to you  
she will never never yield  
every siren has her spot  
four hundred million  
oh, that is very far  
Robert sweet onion  
makes me feel so tired  
another layer and layers and layers oh, no  
Robert can you find your way?  
show me the way you come  
zugzwang got me in a way  
under my opposing thumb  
brandishing my shield  
Robert leads me into thought  
into the dimming blue  
nowhere in this world  
for the old jack-tar  
three cheers for robert  
to the cinnabar  
one ponders layers and layers and layers.