

Robyn Hitchcock, Bass

We're overheating in a small town world
We're overeating in a small town world
I hear the sound of several different crimes
The distant eel and the silver chimes
Lieutenant Hodges often said to me
"I see a shoal of them far out to sea";

A distant cormorant above the grey
It wheels in dots and then it falls away
A feather biro in a knotted clump
Performs a vixen with a feline hump
I wanna hold you in a solar globe
The way your body is beneath a robe

Bass, bass

The juicy flounder and the tender chub
Will swim around you when you leave the pub
Their mouths are open and they will not shut
Unless you kiss them all behind the hut
But don't go messing with a guy like Reg
He'll leave you gurgling behind the hedge

Bass, I'm talking about bass
Let me tell you about bass
You wanna ooze with a bass

The looming mullet and the wily bream
Are at the window with a quiet scream
The feisty barbel and the gruesome tench
Are decomposing on a yellow bench
There's something fluttering upon the sand
And all I wanna do is hold your hand

Bass, talking about a bass
Let me tell you about a bass
I wanna function with a bass

Because
He'd never make love to a loaf of bread
Unless of course he found one in his bed
Now frogs are reproducing on your back
And bubbles keep emerging from a crack
It's not a cormorant it's not a shag
It's only something in a plastic bag