

No Man's Land

Syd Barrett

You would hold your head up high
You even try
You would hold another hand:
Oh understand!
They even see me under call
We under all,
We awful, awful, crawl
To hear my hour
Come see me cry
Just searching you even try
I can make you smile
If it's there will you go there too?
When I live I die!
They even see me under call
We under all, we awful, awful, crawl
Because of you, to see me be

Tell me, tell me
Don't, if you?
Stop that, that just upset yourself
Listen, Listen, if you ask in person
I'll stick to the joke, you know
Yelling and sceaming, help me!
All that in the afternoon, for that matter
So she'd asked if we could stay with Grace
Maybe a day or a couple of weeks
You know, until Tuesday
Pick up my mushrooms
Clean my skin up
Pick up some tissue
Pick up the production
It's all fine! you know
And she served the wine
And had cups for 3 or 4 people
And that nonsense
Gracie do her song, heavily spaced
All the pink shine on war
Explodes from beneath
Don't you would rather
Be out the front door sometime
Long ago instead of being
Cooped up like a caught rat?
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