

An Elegant Chaos

Julian Cope

Busy at home
I was happy for a while
But the joke is over
Looking down
At the carefully laid out infamy

Take a scythe, take a scythe
To the rotting core
Of man vegetaton
Now I sigh
At the cool cool attitude to ignorance

The look in your eye
When you gave this to me
Just put me on my guard
In this elegant chaos
I stand to one side

Shouting how
Was I forced into this or was it given to me
It's a nice idea
As a gift or as something to try for a while
70 years
It's neither one thing nor the other
My big fear
Is to dig it at last and have it taken away

The look in your eyes
When you gave this to me
Just put me on my guard
In this elegant chaos
I stand to one side

It's not a problem of secrecy
I take it in my stride
Did I learn to breathe to be killed like this
Faces to the glass
I see them televise my death
Oh and here comes the part
Where I break down and cry

People I see
Just remind me of mooing
Like a cow on the grass
And that's not to say
That there's anything wrong
With being a cow anyway

But people are people
With the added advantage
Of the spoken word
We're getting on fine
But I feel more of a man
When I get with the herd

The look in your eyes
When you gave this to me

Just put me on my guard
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