

Arcady

Peter Doherty

In Arcady, your life trips along
pure and simple as the shepherd's song
Seraphic pipes along the way in Arcady
In Arcady
In Arcady oh
Never saw I such a scene
Such fare maids upon such a molten green
They employ their holiday with dance and game
And things I may never name
In Arcady
In Arcady well
You said he was your teacher
Taught you true and wise
But now you know more than your teacher
I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes
In Arcady
but you see how twisted it becomes
just See how quickly twisted it becomes
When the cat gut binds my ankles to your bedstead
no That ain't love, no that ain't love
Said he was your teacher
and he Taught you true and wise
but Now you know more than your teacher
I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes
In Arcady
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In Arcady, your life trips along
Pure and simple as the shepherd's song
the Seraphic pipes along the way in Arcady
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