

Sea Song

Robert Wyatt

You look different every time you come
from the foam-crested brine
It's your skin shining softly in the moonlight
Partly fish, partly porpoise, partly baby sperm whale
Am I yours? Are you mine to play with?
Joking apart when you're drunk
You're terrific when you're drunk
I like you mostly late at night - you're quite all right

But I can't understand the different you
In the morning when it's time to play
at being human for a while
Please smile!

You'll be different in the spring, I know
You're a seasonal beast
Like the starfish that drifted with the tide, with the tide
So until your blood runs to meet the next full moon
Your madness fits in nicely with my own, with my own
Your lunacy fits neatly with my own - my very own

We're not alone...