

## 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 screeching, 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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