

XTC

"Broomstick Rhythm"

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As you're sweeping
Autumn leaves up
You are sweeping
My fallen heart up with 'em
As you're sweeping
Autumn leaves up
You are sweeping
In swish-back broomstick rhythm

You're dressed in red
Your hair [would had a] brush on fire
To make leaves dress up dead
Ordered to parade
Swayed by broomstick rhythm
Hey!

As you're sweeping
Winter snow up
They have fallen
For you so please forgive 'em
As you're sweeping
Winter snow up
You are sweeping
In swish-back broomstick rhythm

You're dressed in white
There is no; why don't we surrender
And in envy of you
Melting drips will rush
Brushed in broomstick rhythm
Hey! hey!
As you're sweeping
Summer dust up
See a squirrel
In homage making rhythms
As you're sweeping
Summer dust up
You are sweeping
In swish-back broomstick rhythm

You're dressed in blue
The sky and sun a hue more paler

Than the glow in your heart
I bask in your rays
Days of broomstick rhythm

As you're sweeping
Springtime rain up
You are sweeping
My tears up for [i live 'em / a living?]
As you're sweeping
Springtime rain up
You are sweeping up
What there remains
Of fears I earn
Upon giving my heart
Away to somebody
For good

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