

Incredible String Band

"Lordly Nightshade"

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Captured by Hitler with Oliver Twist in the tower
Guards say, "Here's pens and paper, just sit down and
work for an hour"
Oh, goodness, how can we escape? But it's not
worthwhile
All I can do is smile

Down gallons of glandular corridors of the dark castle
The pompous old bellman is tolling one bell
At bath time there's hippies in chains, they are crossing
the hall
Where Hitler is making his new film about it all

We slip trough a pew and escape, but I just don't know
All I can do is grow

Tell me more, what then

Down Main Street I go on a duffel-coat hoping instead
For a little room, yawn, I'm so tired with this big bag of
coal on my head
It's a top hat, I'm trying to sell or a lesson to learn
Vaguely seeking some fire to burn

While a whole group of middle aged persons with
dwarfish expressions
And tinned conversations in Sunday blessed blue
Standing around for a photograph, watch the cuckoo
Do you need any coal? But it doesn't appear that they
do

Then I offered my throat to the wolf, but I just can't die
All I can do is fly

Tell me more, what then

Safe and secure in the skirts of the midsummer wood
Cooking soup with stale words and fresh meanings, it
tastes so good
The green wolf with his bunch of red roses is slinking
away
All on a summer's day

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