

Robert Wyatt

"Little Red Robin Hood Hit The Road"

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In the garden of England dead moles lie inside their
holes

The dead-end tunnels crumble in the rain underfoot
Innit a shame?

Can't you see them?
Can't you see them?
roots can't hold them
Bugs console them

I fight with the handle of my little brown broom
I pull out the wires of the telephone
I hurt in the head and
I hurt in the acting bone
Now
I smash up the telly with remains of the broken phone
I fighting for the crust of the little brown loaf
I want it I want it I want it give it to me
(I give it you back when I finish the lunchtea)
I lie in the road try to trip up the passing cars
Yes me and the hedgehog
We bursting the tyres all day
As we roll down the highway towards the setting sun
I reflect on the life of the Highwayman yum yum
Now I smash up the telly and what's left of
The broken phone
/]

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