

Barrett Syd**"Octopus"**

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Trip to heave and ho, up down, to and fro'

you have no word

trip, trip to a dream dragon

hide your wings in a ghost tower

sails crackling at ev'ry plate we break

cracked by scattered needles

little minute gong

coughs and clears his throat

madam you see before you stand

hey ho, never be still

the old original favourite gran

grasshoppers green herbarian band

and the tune they play in us confide...

so trip to heave and ho, up down, to and fro'

you have no word

Please leave us here

close our eyes to the octopus ride!

Isn't it good to be lost in the wood

isn't it bad so quiet there, in the wood

twenty even less to me than I thought

with a honey plough of yellow prickly seeds

clover honey pots and mystic shining feed...
well, the madcap laughed at the man on the border
hey ho, huff the talbot
Cheetah he cried shouted kangaroo
so through their tree they cried
Please leave us here
close our eyes to the octopus ride!
The madcap laughed at the man on the border
hey ho, huff the talbot
the winds they blew and the leaves did wag
and they'll never put me in their bag
the seas will reach and always see
so high you go, so low you creep
the winds it blows in tropical heat
the drones they throng on mossy seats
the squeaking door will always creep
two up, two down we'll never meet
so merrily trip for good my side
Please leave us here
close our eyes to the octopus ride

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