

Syd Barret

"Clowns And Jugglers"

Visit "[Clowns And Jugglers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 cackling at every plate we break

Was cracked by scattered needles
The little minute gong coughs and clears his throat
Madam you see before you stand
Hey ho, never be still
The old original favorite grand
Grasshoppers green Herbarian band
And the tune they play is, "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?
Meant even less to me than I thought
With a honey plow of yellow prickly seeds
Clover honey pots and mystic shining feed

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 raging seas will always seep
So high you go, so low you creep
The wind, it blows in tropical heat
The drones they throng on mossy seats
The squeaking door will always squeak
Two up, two down we'll never meet

Please leave us here
Close our eyes to the octopus ride!

Please leave us here
Close our eyes to the octopus ride!

Visit [Syd Barret](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.