

## Syd Barret "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 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 her Barian 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 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  
Cheat he jumped shouting Kangaroo  
It's true in their tree they cried

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Close our eyes to the Octopus ride

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The madcap laughed  
At the man on the border  
Hey ho huff the Talbot

The winds ain't blew and the leaves in white  
They'll never put me in their bag  
The seas will reed you'll always see  
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 ever meet  
So merely trip and go my side

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