

## Syd Barret "Opel"

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On a distant shore, miles from land  
Stands the ebony totem in ebony sand  
A dream in a mist of grey...  
On a far distant shore...

The pebble that stood alone  
And driftwood lies half buried  
Warm shallow waters sweep shells  
So the cockles shine...

A bare winding carcase, stark  
Shimmers as flies scoop up meat, an empty way...  
Dry tears...  
Crisp black squeaks tore reeds  
Make a circle of grey in a summer way, around man  
So don't ground...

I'm trying  
I'm trying to find you!  
To find you  
I'm living, I'm giving,  
To find you, to find you,  
I'm living, I'm living,  
I'm trying, I'm giving

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