

Syd Barret "Rats"

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Got it hit down, spot knock inside a spider
Says, "That's love yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"
That's love yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Says that's love, all know it, TV, teeth, feet, peace, feel
it
That's love yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
That's love yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Like the fall that brings me to
I like the fall that brings me to
I like the cord around sinew
I make a cord around sinew

Duck, the way to least is less
Tea craving of the metal west
'Ell tomorrow's rain and test
'Ell tomorrow's rain and test

Love an empty son and guess
Love an empty son and guess
Pimples dangerous and blessed

Heaving, arriving, tinkling
Mingling jets and statuettes
Seething wet we're meeting fleck
Seething wet we're meeting fleck

Lines and winds and crib and half
Each fair day I give you half
Of each fair day I give you half
Of each fair day I give you half

I look into your eyes and you
Flathe in the sun for you

Bam, spastic, tactile engine
Heaving, crackle, slinky, dormy, roofy, wham
I'll have them, fried bloke
Broken jardy, cardy, smoocho, moocho, paki, pufftle

Sploshette moxy, very smelly
Cable, gable, splintra, channel

Top the seam he's taken off

Rats, rats lay down flat
We don't need you, we act like that
And if you think you're un-loved
Then we know about that

Rats, rats, lay down flat
Yes, yes, yes, yes, lay down flat

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