

Syd Barrett

"Warsaw"

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I was there in the backstage
when first light came around
I grew up like a changeling
to wait the first time around
I could see all the weakness
I could pick all the faults
But I concede all the faith-tests,
just a stick in your throat
3 - 1 - G
I'm around in your soundtrack,
to mirror all that you've done
To find the right side of reason
to kill the three lies for one
I could see all the cold facts,
I could see through your eyes
All this don't make no contact
no matter how hard I try
3 - 1 - G
I could still hear the footsteps,
I could see only walls
All this don't make no contact,
here, hearing no at all
I could see contradiction,
I could give up the right
Just to live in the past tense,
To make believe you were right!
3 - 1 - G
3 - 5 - 0 - 1 - 2 - 5

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