

## **Kinks, The**

### **"Scattered"**

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This song is dedicated to the memory of  
Annie Florence Davies and Carol Bryans.

Like a seed that is sewn  
All the children are scattered  
By a breeze that is blown  
Now the crops are all scattered  
We are torn, we are shattered  
Now some of us are barmy and battered  
And the fields where we gathered  
Are overgrown in weeds and in tatters  
Through it all we were scattered

To the fields we are scattered  
From the day we are born  
To grow wild and sleep rough  
Till from the earth we are torn  
And a soul that is free  
Can live on eternally  
And the spirit can live on  
Though it's scattered in the world beyond  
And I've been out of my mind  
Ever since she's been gone

I look around that empty room  
No sight nor sound  
She's left so soon  
She's out of view  
But the I find  
Those scattered clues she left behind  
A photograph with a smiling face  
A cigarette stubbed out on the fireplace  
A coffee cup with her lipstick stains  
I guess I'll never see her again

Now my life is all scattered  
Ever since she's been gone  
I feel older, I feel fatter  
I feel the blues coming on  
We get bruised  
We get battered

But we'll pick up the pieces that scattered  
And with emotional glue  
We're gonna stick together, body and mind

Ever since she went away  
I've been alone to contemplate  
Time and space and why world's move  
While sitting in my solitude  
I've watched the stars and wondered why  
They're scattered up there in the sky  
And is she up there out of view  
On some higher platitude

I wish I knew  
Wish I could prove  
The reason why this life on earth  
Is scattered like the universe  
I'm scattered here and scattered there  
Bits of me scattered everywhere

To the fields we are scattered  
Then from the dust we are born  
We survive somewhat battered  
To a new life, a new dawn  
IN the end what will it matter  
There'll only be my ashes to scatter  
And all the logical answers  
To a worrying mind  
Will be scattered in time  
Beaten and battered  
To the earth you are scattered  
You're going home so what does it matter  
To an atomic mind  
Scattered here while you travel time

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