

# Robert Wyatt, A Last Straw

Seaweed tangled in our  
home from home,  
reminds me of your  
rocky bottom.

Please don't wait for  
the paperweight,  
err on the good side.  
Touch us when we collapse.

Into the water we'll go  
head over heel.  
We'll not grow fat inside  
the mammary gland.

Seaweed tangled  
in our home from home,  
reminds me of  
your rocky bottom.

Please don't wait  
for the paperweight,  
err on the good side.  
Touch us when we collapse.

Into the water we'll go  
head over heel.  
A head behind me  
buried deep in the sand.