

# Robert Wyatt, A.W.O.L.

Patty lives up in the attic now  
Her feet rarely touching the ground  
Haunted by waltzes with Harry  
Harry's hat hanging here in the hall

Memories fading for patty now  
There's nothing and no one to trust  
Just the tick and the tock  
Of the damnable clock  
As the world that she does turns to dust

Patty stays up in her attic now  
In silence except for the sound  
Of the tick and the tock  
Of the damnable clock  
While the world that she knows disappears

Drinking in riddles  
Waving to trains  
Waving to trains that no longer run  
Thinking in riddles  
And waving to trains  
Waving to trains that no longer run