

# Robert Wyatt, Blues In Bob Minor

Roger's in the archive looking up casement  
Martha's in the government digging up the basement  
Rebel into representative for the voter  
Shadow backhencher couldn't get a word in  
Turned up anyway... issues burning  
All consuming... drinks in the cabinet  
Spent a lot of time just examining the building  
drinks on the house? you must be joking  
Corridors of power cuts toy telephone bills  
Long time no see underneath the floorboard  
Looking for the roots of the family treetops  
Toe's in the water but you've only got ten.

Fingers in the eel pie poke around tip top  
Tunnelling a wormhole Eartha Kitty catfish  
Meadow brown peacock... pupa-larva-caterpillar  
Hibernate in winter of our discotheque no  
End in sight.. more like a spiral... coil  
Or curler... just unwinding... very slowly  
Revealing endless disappearing pipelines  
Genuflecting... bowing deeply... it  
Don't take a weathergirl to see where  
The wind is blowing... what the wind is bending

Isobars are opening... sex to midnight  
Cabinet shuffling homeward bound... taking  
A detour... rendezvous do... chapel in the valley  
Of the blown up doll... that's not Martha  
Shunting in a siding... she got homework  
Up to here  
Roger's in the footnotes up to his elbones  
Verse and chapter disinterred  
Borrowing a bookcase don't come easy  
The weight of the evidence in parenthesis  
Beggars tightly furled belief

Heads on blockabeater repetition on the line  
Shell shock supertroopers... whirl banking oil palm  
Intercontinental drift... over the rainbow  
Over the sea to ska rocker skintone  
hirsuit missed a link and that's not all  
That he got missing inna thousand years of  
Orthotoxic waste disposal... god proposal  
Jealous sky... whatever is a girl to do  
To break the service in its tried and tested  
And found wanting state of oh! boy network  
Stewardship?

Little Johnny Aardvark never hurt  
Nobody... Martha friend and Roger too  
Tone down a little... sotto voce... some tall order  
Given that four minutes seems eternity time  
In the bushed up world of waspish Vsigns  
A-sides sui-C-side salads of the bad young B-sides  
What's the point of digging deeper just to lay  
The ghost of Sala Hal-Din Yusuf ibn Ayyub?

"Don't give up" the dead man cried  
"There's more of us than there of you  
Soon you'll all be on our side... forever more or  
Lester Young died... 'Fat Girl' also... blowing all the blues  
Away side... dust ain't just dust... trust us like we  
Live forever... broken loose from greystone tether  
Keep on tiptoe through the archive... we are dead

But you are alive... Martha yes and Roger too  
Until you let the gringos grind you down&quot;