

Robert Wyatt, Forest

Deep in the forest
the omens are bad,
a cloud passes over the moon

Devil Wind
bends the trees,
a cloud passes over the moon.

And the moon takes a peep
when the Gypsy girl sings,
and her song rises up
from the dark to the light,
like smoke to the sky,
when the Gypsy girl sings
at the river's edge.

Deep in the forest
the omens are bad,
a cloud passes over the moon.

White wolf waits,
grey wolf howls
at the girl by the river's edge.

The bullet head boys
with their baby blue eyes,
their donner und blitzen,
the lily white gadje
religiously hatching their plots
in the eyries of eagles.

But the moon's keeping watch
at the Gypsy girl sings,
sees her song rising up
like smoke to the sky
from the dark to the light,
when the Gypsy girl sings
at the river's edge.

Like the sun on the forest
her song rises up, from
the ashes of Auschwitz,
the death camp at Lety,
the white cliffs of Dover,
the song of the Roma
lives on and on...

Trees grow tall
though the winds blow cold,
tall trees grow.

Tall trees grow
where the cold wind blow,
trees grow tall.