

Robert Wyatt, Just A Bit

Faith may not be such a bad thing.
Hope can still feel pretty good.
I'm as mad as any hatter,
I feel safer touching wood.

I like totem poles and icons
(icon tact is de rigeur).
So ring dem bells and pump that organ,
chants for him and hymns for her.

'Bracadabra hocus locus,
magic mush, no room for doubt
as wailing walls induce psychosis
(beat your braincells inside out).

Transcendental art's religion,
thinking you'll improve your mind,
when all it does (if you're in luck)
is camouflage the daily grind.

Nature's harmony's a discord
if you listen with both ears.
Poor Gaia's up to here in white noise.
She cannot assuage your fears.

Superstition's like religion;
bonsai version faintly sad.
And I know that (I must admit it)
touching wood is just a bit mad.