

# Robert Wyatt, Sea Song

You look different every time you come  
from the foam-crested brine  
It's your skin shining softly in the moonlight  
Partly fish, partly porpoise, partly baby sperm whale  
Am I yours? Are you mine to play with?  
Joking apart when you're drunk  
You're terrific when you're drunk  
I like you mostly late at night - you're quite all right

But I can't understand the different you  
In the morning when it's time to play  
at being human for a while  
Please smile!

You'll be different in the spring, I know  
You're a seasonal beast  
Like the starfish that drifted with the tide, with the tide  
So until your blood runs to meet the next full moon  
Your madness fits in nicely with my own, with my own  
Your lunacy fits neatly with my own - my very own

We're not alone...