

Slapp Happy/Henry Cow, In The Sickbay

Still awake as day is breaking
my spirit's broken too
Fed on leeks, by now too weak
to speak when spoken to
Nannies, fussing with flannels
feeding the spaniel celery

These grey sickbay days
Slowly the sacred core decays

Above the bed the virgin's head
perspective all askew
On the rail a grail of pale
medicinal gruel
Nurses, whispering verses
click shut their purses and depart

These grey sickbay days
Slowly the sacred core decays