

# Slapp Happy/Henry Cow, Riding Tigers

We're not well, dear. Toll the bell, dear.  
As our lives dissolve we revolve  
Lonely & uninvolved.  
Pencil thin, we're near done in, we're  
masticating maize. An empty gaze,  
sitting like that for days.  
Try as we may, calendars  
are scattered, furnaces go cold,  
wardrobes flap in tatters, you & I grow old.