

Syd Barret, Baby Lemonade

In the sad town
cold iron hands clap
the party of clowns outside
rain falls in gray far away
please, please, Baby Lemonade
In the evening sun going down
when the earth streams in, in the morning
send a cage through the post
make your name like a ghost
please, please, Baby Lemonade
I'm screaming, I met you this way
you're nice to me like ice
in the clock they sent through a washing machine
come around, make it soon, so alone...
please, please, Baby Lemonade
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the party of clowns outside
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