

The Incredible String Band, Waiting For You

I've been wearing faces in the strangest places
Just to make a dream come true
The dawn is sweet but it's incomplete and I'm waiting for you
The breeze is blowing and my hair is growing
Forgotten everything my mother knew
The day is young and spring is sprung and I'm waiting for you
Must you bring that horse in here Miss Jones
(although your snowshoes do look terrific)
Yes they all come from out of the sky you know

I'm waiting for the dove that never came home
I'm waiting for the painter when his colours were gone
I'm waiting for the soldiers at the war, I'm waiting for a royal decision
I'm waiting for the sun to snore
I'm waiting for a rumble from Jericho, waiting for the world to begin

I'm a bareback rider, I'm an outsider and love to dance the boogaloo
I'm a turnip head, I'm a lately wed and I'm waiting for you

More tea vicar? (Hold that tiger)
Yes, the hydrangeas do look divine this time of the year

I'm wailing for the angels to put on their smiles
I'm waiting for the judges to come to trial
I'm waiting for the aeroplane, I'm waiting for the graves to open
I'm waiting to be sold in chains
I'm waiting for a signal from the trapdoor queen
Waiting for the world to begin

I'm a snake charmer, I'm a guava farmer
I'm a goose to me don't ever say boo
Let the universe roll, I'm a simple soul and I'm waiting for you
Oh it sounds so sweet when you play it me like that..
(that tiger really doesn't want to be held)

I'm waiting for the signs to point a different way
I'm waiting for God to take a holiday
I'm waiting for night in the mine
I'm waiting for the hills to grow steeper
I'm waiting for the man they call Shine
I'm waiting for Willie the Weeper to wake,
waiting for the world to begin

I'm off to market with an old straw basket singing dodeodeodo
Green cloth to wear in the spring, in the April breezes how it will blow
I'm going to introduce to you now the
personalities who compose the Jim Spiggatt Occult Quart.
Over there on my left we have Miss Cynthia de Monfort-Jones on her silvery toned
mandoline, and just a little further over the left we have that famed Oriental bass player
Miss Fenola Bumgarner (first time in captivity folks!)
On the pounding batterie and coterie we
have that well known bricklayer's labourer from Pilton,
Mr Jack McMarker- and perhaps we just have time to devastate your synaesthesia
with one more searing chorus from Black Jack Davy on the steam organ. That's all.