

Robert Wyatt, Little Red Robin Hood Hit The Road

In the garden of England,
dead moles lie inside their holes.
The dead-end tunnels crumble
in the rain, underfoot.
Innit a shame?

Can't you see them?
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Roots can't hold them.
Bugs console them.

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Can't you see them?
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"(repeat to fade)"

I fight with the handle of my little brown broom.
I pull out the wires of the telephone.
I hurt in the head, and I hurt in the aching bone.
Now I smash up the telly with remains of the broken phone.

I fighting for the crust of the little brown loaf.
I want it. I want it. I want it. Give it to me.
I give it you back when I finish the lunchtea.

I lie in the road, try to trip up the passing cars.
Yes, me and the hedgehog, we bursting the tyres all day.
As we roll down the highway towards the setting sun,
I reflect on the life of the highwayman, yum yum.

Now I smash up the telly and what's left of the broken phone.