

Robin Williamson, Me And The Mad Girl

Words and music Robin Williamsson 1978

I learned in school
That I was mad if they were sane, you see
They had to beat me black and blue
They said it hurt them more than me
But I learned who were my enemies
and I learned who were my friends
I learned to read between the lines
When I was 10
I'd do anything to get out of school
Away from the teacher's stick
To shoot streetlamps with my slingshot
Smoke cigarettes and get sick
Steal apples in September
Fight shadows in green June
Or just sit and smell the burning leaves
Of an autumns's afternoon
Of an autumns's afternoon

Once I met a mad girl
As she came hopping through the furze
Her clothes all stuck with fluff and stuff
Bearded barley and bristly burrs
and I was high among the branches green
and she, she hadn't seen me there
As she went shuffling with her shadow
and snatching at the air
Wild weeds, wilting
Were twined all in her curls
and I could tell by her mad blue eyes
She was a mad girl
She was thin as any sparrow
Her song it had no tune
Just scuffling through the piney glades
Of a summer's afternoon
Of a summer's afternoon

I came dropping through the branches down
She started round in surprise and fear
I don't know what I had to say
But something I knew she had to hear
She picked up a piece of flint
Drew back her arm and flung it high
Not a bad throw that cut my cheek
Just below the eye
Mad girl, mad girl
Before you ran away
I knew you were as mad as me
and as sane as a summer's day
Mad girl, mad girl
We both were wrong again
You took me for an anemy
and I took you for a friend
I took you for a friend