

Syd Barret, No Man's Land

You would hold your head up high
you even try
you would hold another hand:
oh understand!
They even see me under call
we under all,
we awful, awful, crawl
to hear my hour
come see me cry...
Just searching you even try
I can make you smile
if it's there will you go there too?
When I live I die!
They even see me under call
we under all, we awful, awful, crawl
because of you, to see me be.