

Syd Barret, Opel

On a distant shore, miles from land
stands the ebony totem in ebony sand
a dream in a mist of gray...

on a far distant shore...

The pebble that stood alone
and driftwood lies half buried
warm shallow waters sweep shells
so the cockles shine...

A bare winding carcass, stark
shimmers as flies scoop up meat, an empty way...
dry tears...

crisp flax squeaks tall reeds
make a circle of gray in a summer way, around man
stood on ground...

I'm trying

I'm trying to find you!

To find you

I'm living, I'm giving,

To find you, To find you,

I'm living, I'm living,

I'm trying, I'm giving