

Syd Barret, She Took A Long Cold Look

She took a long cold look at me
and smiled and gazed all over my arm
she loves to see me get down to ground
she hasn't time just to be with me
her face between all she means to be
to be extreme, just to be extreme
a broken pier on the wavy sea
she wonders why for all she wants to see...
But I got up and I stomped around
and hid the piece where the trees touch the ground...
The end of truth that lay out the time
spent lazing here on a painting dream
a mile or more in a foreign clime
to see farther inside of me.
And looking high up into the sky
I breathe as the water streams over me...