

# 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...