

Syd Barrett, It Is Obvious (Take 5)

It is obvious

May I say, oh baby, that it is found on another plane?

Yes I can creep into cupboards, sleep in the hall

Your stars, my stars, a simple cock bar

Only an impulse, pie in the sky

Mumble listen dolly

Drift over your mind, holly

Creep into bed when your head's on the ground

She held the torch on the porch

She winked an eye

Reason it is written on the brambles

Stranded on the spikes, my blood red, oh listen

Remember those times I could call

Through the clear day

Time be there

Braver and braver, a handkerchief waver

The louder your lips to a loud hailer

Growing together, they grow to each either

No wondering, stumbling, fumbling

Rumbling minds shot together

Our minds shot together

So equally over a valley, a hill

Wood on quarry stood, each of us crying

A velvet curtain of gray

Mark the blanket where the sparrows play

And the trees by the waving corn stranded

My legs move the last empty inches to you

The softness, the warmth from the weather in suspense

Mote to a grog, the star a white chalk

Minds shot together, our minds shot together