

# XTC, Broomstick Rhythm

As you're sweeping  
Autumn leaves up  
You are sweeping  
My fallen heart up with 'em  
As you're sweeping  
Autumn leaves up  
You are sweeping  
In swish-back broomstick rhythm

You're dressed in red  
Your hair (would had a) brush on fire  
To make leaves dress up dead  
Ordered to parade  
Swayed by broomstick rhythm  
Hey!

As you're sweeping  
Winter snow up  
They have fallen  
For you so please forgive 'em  
As you're sweeping  
Winter snow up  
You are sweeping  
In swish-back broomstick rhythm

You're dressed in white  
There is no; why don't we surrender  
And in envy of you  
Melting drips will rush  
Brushed in broomstick rhythm

Hey! hey!

As you're sweeping  
Summer dust up  
See a squirrel  
In homage making rhythms  
As you're sweeping  
Summer dust up  
You are sweeping  
In swish-back broomstick rhythm

You're dressed in blue  
The sky and sun a hue more paler  
Than the glow in your heart  
I bask in your rays  
Days of broomstick rhythm

As you're sweeping  
Springtime rain up  
You are sweeping  
My tears up for (i live 'em / a living? )  
As you're sweeping  
Springtime rain up  
You are sweeping up  
What there remains  
Of fears I earn  
Upon giving my heart  
Away to somebody  
For good