

XTC, Motorcycle Landscape

On a hanging garden -----
----- (babylon seat)
----- (baby batters)
----- (weak)
----- (hope you be great)
And the children have said their backbones
Will hurt you if you think

For there is a doll's arm
Floating in the scum
And it's calling you over
While it's calling you a bum
And it beckons you to frown
And it beckons you to brown
And it thinks it's found a
Chance to build another real
Motorcycle landscape

The only thing that watches there
----- (nails) are bloody red

On a -----
(come to) ----- are dead
All that we can read while
----- are girlie magazines
For their (jest) they're save your wrapper
Girls aren't in their teens

(billions can sleep while hold to)
(fields of meaningless wire)
Do the kids in-----
----- on the fire)
(though ----- to marriage
(stabbed of broken bliss)
(shade -----
(some them were) like this

For there is a doll's arm floating in the scum
And it's calling you over while it's calling you a bum
Motorcycle landscape