

# XTC, Summer's Cauldron

Drowning here in Summer's Cauldron  
Under mats of flower lava  
Please don't pull me out this is how I would want to go  
Breathing in the boiling butter  
Fruit of sweating golden Inca  
Please don't heed my shout I'm relax in the undertow  
When Miss Moon lays down  
And Sir Sun stands up  
Me I'm found floating round and round  
Like a bug in brandy  
In this big bronze cup  
Drowning here in Summer's Cauldron  
Trees are dancing drunk with nectar  
Grass is waving underwater  
Please don't pull me out this is how I would want to go  
Insect bomber Buddhist droning  
Copper chord of August's organ  
Please don't heed my shout I'm relax in the undertow  
When Miss Moon lays down  
in her hilltop bed  
And Sir Sun stands up  
raise his regal head  
Me I'm found floating round and round  
Like a bug in brandy  
In this big bronze cup  
Drowning here in Summer's Cauldron