

# Little Red Robin Hood Hit the Road

Robert Wyatt

In the garden of England dead moles lie inside their holes  
The dead-end tunnels crumble in the rain underfoot  
Innit a shame?

Can't you see them?  
Can't you see them?  
Roots can't hold them  
Bugs console them

I fight with the handle of my little brown broom  
I pull out the wires of the telephone  
I hurt in the head and  
I hurt in the acting bone  
Now

I smash up the telly with remains of the broken phone  
I fighting for the crust of the little brown loaf  
I want it I want it I want it give it to me  
(I give it you back when I finish the lunchtea)  
I lie in the road try to trip up the passing cars  
Yes me and the hedgehog  
We bursting the tyres all day  
As we roll down the highway towards the setting sun  
I reflect on the life of the Highwayman yum yum  
Now I smash up the telly and what's left of  
The broken phone

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