

# Rats (John Cavanagh)

Syd Barrett

Got it hit down  
Spot knock inside a spider  
Says: "That's love yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!"  
"That's love yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!"  
Says: "That's love, all know it  
TV, teeth, feet, peace, feel it  
"That's love yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!"  
"That's love yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!" Like the fall that brings me to  
I like the fall that brings me to  
I like the cord around sinew  
I make a cord around sinew Duck, the way to least is less  
Tea craving of the metal west  
'ell tomorrow's rain and test  
'ell tomorrow's rain and test  
Love an empty son and guess  
Love an empty son and guess  
Pimples dangerous and blessed Heaving, arriving, tinkling  
Mingling jets and statuettes  
Seething wet we meeting fleck  
Seething wet we meeting fleck  
Lines and winds and crib and half  
Each fair day I give you half  
Of each fair day I give you half  
I look into your eyes and you,  
Flathe in the sun for you Bam, spastic, tactile engine  
Heaving, crackle, slinky, dormy, roofy, wham  
I'll have them, fried bloke  
Broken jardy, cardy, smoocho, moocho, paki, pufftle  
Sploshette moxy, very smelly,  
Cable, gable, splintra, channel  
Top the seam he's taken off Rats, rats lay down flat  
We don't need you, we act like that  
And if you think you're un-loved  
Then we know about that  
Rats, rats, lay down flat!  
Yes, yes, yes, yes, lay down flat!

Songwriters

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