

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 sinewDuck, 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 blessedHeaving, 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 youBam, 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 offRats, 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
SYD BARRETT
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