

The Mad Hatter's Song

Incredible String Band

Oh seekers of spring how could you not find contentment
In a time of riddling reasons in this land of the blind
By the joke of fate alone it's sure that as the loved hand leaves you
You clutch for the slip-stream, the realness to find But do what you like, do what you like, do what you like
Do what you like, do what you like, do what you can
Do what you can, live till you die my poor little man
For Jesus will stretch out His hand no more But in the south there's many a waving tree
Oh, would that musky fingers move your pain
In the warm south winds the lost flowers bloom again
And if you cried, you know you'd fill a lake with tears
Still wouldn't turn back the years Since the city has took you mad Hatter is on my mind
So sad, sad to see the way it grew those other people that I knew
That have either fell or faltered mad Hatter is on my mind
And you must have to see clear some time Prometheus the problem child still juggling with his brains
Gives his limping leopard's visions to the miser in his veins
Saying Gods are indigestions I come for gain
But I am the archer the lover of laughter and mine is the arrowed flight I am the archer, and my eyes yearn after
the unsullied sight
Born of the dark waters of the daughters of night
Dancing without movement after the clear light Oh Perithian fate be kind in the rumbling and trundling rickshaw
of time
Hooked by the heart to the king fisher's line
I will set my one eye for the shores of the blind

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