Baby Lemonade

Syd Barrett

In the sad town, cold iron hands
Clap the party of clowns outside
Rain falls in gray far away
Please, please, Baby LemonadeIn the evening sun going down
When the earth streams in, in the morning
Send a cage through the post, make your name like a ghost
Please, please, Baby LemonadeI'm screaming, I met you this way you're nice to me like ice
In the clock they sent through a washing machine
Come around, make it soon, so alone
Please, please, Baby LemonadeIn the sad town, cold iron hands
Clap the party of clowns outside
Rain falls in gray far away
Please, please, Baby Lemonade

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