

Sea Song

Robert Wyatt

You look different every time you come
From the foam-crested brine
Your skin shining softly in the moonlight
Partly fish, partly porpoise, partly baby sperm whale Am I yours? Are you mine to play with?
Joking apart, when you're drunk, you're terrific when you're drunk
I like you mostly late at night, you're quite alright
But I can't understand the different you in the morning When it's time to play at being human for a while please
smile
You'll be different in the spring, I know
You're a seasonal beast like the starfish that drift in with the tide
So until your blood runs to meet the next full moon You're madness fits in nicely with my own
Your lunacy fits neatly with my own, my very own
We're not alone

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