

# Birdie Hop

Syd Barrett

Birdie hop, he do,  
He hop along  
A lonely bird upon  
A window there, he, he  
There he blow  
A windy snow, he knew the snow  
I know the snow, a hoppy bird  
The antelope ride around the parasol  
Just to see if he's a man enough  
To meet you in the sandpit  
On a flying kind of sighing  
In a meddlesome way  
You know the way  
I see the flies  
She's a little kite, the sort you think you might  
Like to fly 'er and like a kite  
You get to see her every night  
You know the way  
She's only paving her way  
Hectachrome plane  
I see the flies  
Birdie hop, he do, he hop along  
A lonely bird upon  
A window there, he, he,  
There he blow, the windy snow,  
He know the snow, a hoppy bird  
A camel woke up to a polish dawn  
Wouldn't look to see his feet had gone  
He wouldn't like it  
Wouldn't have the strength to fight it  
I see the flies  
I'm the only bird, a little third,  
I lost a quarter, had a yearning  
to be earning just a dollar a day  
And in a way you shouldn't like it  
Hectachrome plane  
I see the flies

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