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 birdThe 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 fliesShe'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 wayShe's only paving her way
Hectachrome plane
I see the fliesBirdie 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 birdA 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 fliesI'm the only bird, a little third,
I lost a quarter, had a yearningto 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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