

# It Is Obvious (Take 3)

Syd Barrett

It is obvious  
May I say, oh baby, that it is found on another plane?  
Yes I can creep into cupboards, sleep in the hall  
Your stars my stars, a simple cock bar  
Only an impulse pie in the sky  
Mumble listen dolly  
Drift over your mind holly  
Creep into bed when your head's on the ground  
She held the torch on the porch,  
She winked an eye Reason it is written on the brambles  
Stranded on the spikes my blood red, oh listen:  
Remember those times I could call  
Through the clear day  
Time be there  
Braver and braver, a handkerchief waver  
The louder you lips to a loud hailer  
Growing together, they ('re) growing each either  
No wondering, stumbling, fumbling  
Rumbling minds shot together,  
Our minds shot together So equally over a valley, a hill  
Wood on quarry stood, each of us crying  
A velvet curtain of gray  
Mark the blanket where the sparrows play  
And the trees by the waving corn stranded  
My legs move the last empty inches to you  
The softness, the warmth from the weather in suspense  
Mote to a grog the star a white chalk  
Minds shot together, our minds shot together

Songwriters

SYD BARRETT Published by

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