# 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 eyeReason 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 togetherSo 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
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