The Mad Hatter's Song

The Incredible String Band

The Mad Hatter's Song Lyrics
Oh seekers of spring how could you not find contentment
In a time of riddling reasons in this land of the blind
By the joke of fate alone
It's sure that as the loved hand leaves you,
You clutch for the slip-stream, the realness to find.
But do what you like, do what you like, do what you like,
Do what you like, do what you like, do what you can,
Do what you can, live till you die
My poor little man.
For Jesus will stretch out his hand no more.
But in the south there's many a waving tree;
Oh would that musky fingers move your pain;
In the warm south winds the lost flowers bloom again.
And if you cried, you know you'd fill a lake with tears,
Still wouldn't turn back the years,
Since the city has took you,
Mad Hatter is on my mind.
So sad, sad to see the way it grew
Those other people that I knew
That have either fell or faltered.
Mad Hatter is on my mind.
And you must have to see clear some time.
Prometheus the problem child,
Still juggling with his brains
Gives his limping leopard's visions
To the miser in his veins.
Within the ruined factory is the normal soul insane
As he sets the sky beneath his heel
And learns away the pain.
But I am the archer the lover of laughter,
And mine is the arrowed flight.
I am the archer, and my eyes yearn after the unsullied sight.
Born of the dark waters of the daughters of night,
Dancing without movement after the clear light.
Oh Perithian fate be kind in the rumbling and trundling rickshaw of time.
Hooked by the heart to the king fisher's line,
I will set my one eye for the shores of the blind.

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