

Octopus (1/6/70, Royal Festival Hall)

Syd Barrett

Trip to heave and ho, up down, to and fro
You have no word
Trip, trip to a dream dragon
Hide your wings in a ghost tower
Sails crackling at every plate we break
Cracked by scattered needles
Little minute gong
Coughs and clears his throat
Madam you see before you stand
Hey ho, never be still
The old original favorite grand
Grasshoppers green Herbarian band
And the tune they play in us confide So trip to heave and ho, up down, to and fro'
You have no word
Please leave us here
Close our eyes to the octopus ride
Isn't it good to be lost in the wood
Isn't it bad so quiet there, in the wood
Meant even less to me than I thought
With a honey plough of yellow prickly seeds
Clover honey pots and mystic shining feed Well, the madcap laughed at the man on the border
Hey ho, huff the Talbot
Cheetah he cried shouted kangaroo
So through their tree they cried
Please leave us here
Close our eyes to the octopus ride
The madcap laughed at the man on the border
Hey ho, huff the Talbot
The winds they blew and the leaves did wag
And they'll never put me in their bag
The seas will reach and always see
So high you go, so low you creep
The winds it blows in tropical heat
The drones they throng on mossy seats
The squeaking door will always creep
Two up, two down we'll never meet
So merrily trip for good my side
Please leave us here

Close our eyes to the octopus ride

Songwriters

SYD BARRETT Published by

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