

# Pink Floyd, Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast

{{Instrumental}}  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

==Spoken Words==

&lt;/lyrics&gt;

"Oh, um, flakes, oh...

Then, uh, I don't know, scrambled eggs, bacon, sausages, tomatoes,  
Toast, coffee.

Marmalade, I like marmalade.

Marmalade, I like marmalade.

Porridge is nice,

Any cereal, I like all cereal.

Breakfast in Los Angeles,  
Macrobiotic stuff.

No reply.

I don't mind the barrow,

I like burying the stuff in.

No, I've got a terrible back.

When I work, it hurts me.

Do you know Elton John?

Why he sort of a...

When drivin' on the radio to sleep,

Getting ready for a gig.

I don't know.

He does that electrical stuff;

I can't follow that.

Scrambled eggs, bacon, sausages, tomatoes,  
Toast, coffee.

Marmalade, I like marmalade.

I don't like coffee.

Porridge is nice,

Any cereal, I like all cereal.

What a day!

What?

My head's a blank."