

# Slapp Happy/Henry Cow, Strayed

All my dismembered, half-remembered yesterdays,  
snowing sour rays,  
interfere with clearly being here today.

I'm sorry to say  
I think I've strayed.

She said "say it - go ahead & at a planet bay it,  
bay - it's the same today  
as any other day";

I've gone astray.

I confess it, why should I repress it?

Unless it's wrestled through

it grows on you,

when you've strayed.

Gone into hiding, can't abide the latest tidings  
from the tribe. It's reported hopes are thwarted,  
nothing of the wonderful survives.

Its resurrection is the purpose of our lives,  
but who can rise?

How thick the lids lie on my eyes