

# Syd Barret, Opel

On a distant shore, miles from land  
stands the ebony totem in ebony sand  
a dream in a mist of gray...

on a far distant shore...

The pebble that stood alone  
and driftwood lies half buried  
warm shallow waters sweep shells  
so the cockles shine...

A bare winding carcass, stark  
shimmers as flies scoop up meat, an empty way...  
dry tears...

crisp flax squeaks tall reeds  
make a circle of gray in a summer way, around man  
stood on ground...

I'm trying

I'm trying to find you!

To find you

I'm living, I'm giving,

To find you, To find you,

I'm living, I'm living,

I'm trying, I'm giving