

## Moon In June

Robert Wyatt

I can still remember  
The last time we played on Top Gear  
And though each little song  
Was less than three minutes long  
Mike squeezed a solo in... somehow  
And although we like our longer tunes  
It seemed polite to cut them down  
To little bits - they might be hits  
Who gives an... after all?  
Tell me how would you feel  
In the place of John Peel?  
You just can't please  
all of the musicians all the time

Playing now is lovely  
Here in the BBC  
We're free to play almost as long and as loud  
As a jazz group, or an orchestra on Radio Three  
There are dancehalls and theatres  
With acoustics worse than here  
Not forgetting the extra facilities  
Such as the tea machine, just along the corridor  
So to all our mates like Kevin,  
Caravan, the old Pink Floyd  
Allow me to recommend 'Top Gear'  
Despite its extraordinary name  
Yes, playing, playing now is lovely  
Here in the BBC  
We're free to play almost as long and as loud  
As the foreign language classes... and the John Cage  
interview...  
and the jazz groups... and the orchestras on Radio 3

Pop stars drink each others' wine  
Plough each others' earth  
Hoping for companionship  
And then perhaps rebirth  
Plant seeds in fresher plots of earth  
Bound up in concepts and dreams  
And fears of worse things to come  
They never do  
They stay the same  
Music-making still  
Performs a normal function  
Background noise for people  
Eating and talking and drinking and smoking  
That's all right by us  
Don't think that we're complaining  
After all it's only leisure time, isn't it?

I could almost sing this song  
In a nice tone of voice  
If I had to, I'd be glad to  
It's awfully nice to be here  
So let's open the beers and get tipsy  
We'd be mad to  
But if you sound refined

You just can't blow the mind of a kiddy  
Or a young lady  
And if you come from the sun  
You just can't fool a mum into thinking  
That you're alright, really  
So before this feeling dies  
Remember, I could be telling lies

Now, I love your eyes  
See how the time flies  
I think it's so great  
You seem to change your fate  
By working and playing  
Something new in every way  
Can be yours in a day  
But I wonder what I'm really saying  
So just before this feeling dies  
Remember I may be telling lies  
Falsehoods  
White lies  
Adverts  
Idle chat  
Banter  
Half-truths  
Rumours  
And just lies, plain lies...

I shan't say...  
One more word...  
So instead... I'll play drums...