

Far Out

Ben Howard

Tell me is there vacancy
In the house beyond the green?
I'm in the fountain of asking
I'm asking

Always a diamond to make
Everybody smiling on the take
Everybody wheeling around
Just to make the sun come down
Everybody knows the rain
When it comes around
Call it
Clearing

Over the top they all cried
Mad, the murder in their eye
Ten walked out one Sunday
To fill the sky in
Well there was no one to see
Just a boy beyond the trees
Picking psilocybin

Far out
Far out
Far out
Oh, so far out

"Time to make a new plan"
Said the gravedigger man
"How am I to make a killing
What with all of this living?
It's abysmal, the state of the union"

And the dogs begin to howl
As they walked through empty mile
At last the trees did lean in to make a suggestion
"Well, we know where they all hang
Yeah, the hoodlums and the gangs
Those that read all the books stacked to the ceiling
Well, they been cutting us down
They've been messing us around
And they asked us all to stay a-sleeping
Treason
Yeah, we call it treason!"

There's a time to wail around
And there's a time to be aware
There's a time to make everything nice and even

Well, he stood in the hall
Feeling good and proud and tall
Found the meaning to a long forgotten secret
I was waking in the bath
Void of purpose, void of path
When I heard them on the outside of the district

Far out

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Oh, so far out

One said, "The violence has begun
We're together all as one
If we don't act now
It'll be tomorrow"
Well, I seen the show before
So I left and closed the door
Went out walking to the nearest forest clearing
There was nothing there to see
Just a boy beyond the trees
Picking psilocybin

Far out
Far out

Tell me is there vacancy
Out in the house beyond the trees?
I'm in the forest of asking
Oh no, I'm asking