

Alife

Robert Wyatt

No nit not.
Nit no not.
Nit nit folly bololey.
Alife my larder.

I can't forsake you,
or forsqueak you,
Alife my larder.
Confiscate,
or make you late you, you
Alife my larder,

Not nit not.
Nit no not.
Nit nit folly bololey.

Burlybunch, the water mole
Hellyplop and fingerhole
Not a wossit, bundy, see.
For jangle and bojangle
trip trip pip pippy pippy pip pip
landerim.
Alife my larder.

(I'm not your larder,
jammy jars and mustard.
I'm not your dinner,
you sippy old custard.
And what's a bololey
when it's a folly?
I'm not your larder,
I'm your dear little dolly.
But when plops get too helly
I'll fill up your belly.
I'm not your larder,
I'm Alife your guarder.)