

XTC, Prince Of Orange

Look at these hands
Spokes of the sun God delay you, spray you
Prince of orange, climb the ladder
Prince of orange will die.

Brass robinettes
Trumpet and drums for the taking, baking
Prince of orange, climb the ladder
Prince of orange will die.

All the food he steals is all right
Far the tall and gentle poplar
Causing fanfare to those listening

Now

Drape 'round your head
Mischief and secrets in green kelt, all hell
Prince of orange, climb the ladder
Prince of orange will die.

Look at these lands (--- --- ---)
You'll get no books for your dinner
Sinner
Prince of orange, climb the ladder
Prince of orange will die