

Hawkwind, Cymbaline

The path you tread is narrow and the drop is sheer and very high
The ravens all are watching from a vantage point near by
Apprehension creeping like a tube-train up your spine
Will the tightrope reach the end; will the final couplet rhyme
And it's high time, Cymbaline
High time, Cymbaline
Please wake me

Butterfly with broken wings has falling by your side
The ravens all are closing in there's nowhere you can hide
Your manager and agent are both busy on the phone
Selling coloured photographs to magazines back home
And it's high time, Cymbaline
High time, Cymbaline
Please wake me

The lines converging where you stand they must have moved the picture plane
The leaves are heavy around your feet you hear the thunder of the train
Suddenly it strikes you that they're moving into range
And Doctor Strange is always changing sides
And it's high time, Cymbaline
High time, Cymbaline
Please wake me

And it's high time, Cymbaline
It's high time, Cymbaline
Please wake me