

Hawkwind, The Demented Man

The questions asked but never known,
The feeling governs which way I'll go
Endless circles on my mind
Spiralling a downward climb which way I'll go.
The thoughts are there for you to find
But you never know which way I'll go

Those flashing lights are warning me
But ever bidding voices see
You're caught in a web of emptiness
The tales told the path you tread
Does it lead into your head?
Or back to a world of emptiness?

Smiling faces watching me
Helping hands just wait and see which way I'll go
White walls stretching in the sun
Was it here that I began which way I'll go?
Faintly voices plead with me
Ever asking ever see which way I'll go.