

# 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.