

Kevin Ayers, Irreversible Neural Damage

If you wear this silver bonnet
I will sew my heart upon it
For this bonnet makes you seem
Like someone I met in a dream, a dream

I won't wear your silver bonnet
Not unless some gold's put on it
You can take your dreams back home
I have plenty of my own, my own

Tell me something distant sister
If I found my dream and kissed her
Would this vision of perfection
Turn into my own reflection

Who or what I am escapes me
Every changing minute shapes me
What I get is what I yearn for
Dreams are what I gladly burn for

In her cradle we have rocked her
Tended by the dreaming doctor
Now she waits in sleeping beauty
For some prince to do his duty