Peter Hammill, Lunatic In Knots

Unchain me from this lunatic before he drags me to my knees; I'd have to be some kind of Houdini to unpick knots like these.

While I was sleeping half a lifetime away someone moved the scenery, all my blocks went astray. So I awoke uneasy and, as I spoke, grew queasy...

I don't remember much about last night but I suspect I went too far, became just a passenger in my actions, asleep at the wheel of the car.

While I was sleeping someone stole in my room, rearranged the pictures and threw my bookmarks away. The shadow's swiftly deepening in the tidepull of the moon while the lunatic does his party tricks but what makes him tick he's still most reluctant to say.

Before the facts there's no pat explanation... only this Other implies whatever I did was Not I.

While I was sleeping
off the wake of the wake
I was less at home in my dreams than in my mistakes.
The lunatic's been creeping
settling and setting on my face
and we're bound together
we're tied and tethered
I don't know whether
the bond is one I can break.

After the act there's no hidden intention, just fumbling around for the plot, tying myself up tighter and tighter in knots.

So many angels, however many can there by, ghosts and djinns dancing on the head of a pin? How many questions are left unresolved? Exactly where do I begin now that the walls are closing in? Who's the lunatic and who's the sensible soul deep within the skin, hanging on and listening in...?

Unchain me from this lunatic restrain him in his cage keep him away from me keep him away from the stage.

Unchain me from this lunatic whose every action shouts me down; keep him away from me, keep me away from this clown.

Unchain me from this lunatic restrain him in his cage keep him away from me keep him away from me keep me away from his rage

While I was sleeping the lunatic stirred. I've no alibi for his beady eye. Oh, I talk my head off... he's a man of few words.