

Sahara, Rainbow Rider

If you stumble through a spider's web
while walking by the moat,
lost in orange velvet and
a mental overload,
and you're cursing at the moon above
'cos all he does is gloat,
while you're searching for your buttonhole
with glassy holes of hope.

Your head is full of stars and things
your mind is getting numb,
machinery ticks on and on
it's got you on the run,
so let it all hang out now boy
the bishops they won't mind,
as long as you keep quiet 'bout
the life you left behind.

Your face is drawn with sticks of chalk
your mind is lined in fear,
your teeth look black and broken
when you grin from ear to ear,
so tugging at your dublet
and hitching up your hose,
let me see you foxtrot
said the blind man to the ghost.

Never laughing never crying
feelings don't exist,
doubting nights of wondering why
and who's next on your list,
daytime comes and with it you
put on your daytime face
there's nothing like a schizo freak
to liven up the place.

The ways and means all disappear
there's no time left things once held dear
The chimes ring out, long nights awake
pretty soon you've gotta break.
As morning nears and the moon it wanes,
you'll feel the fears, you'll feel the pains.
Your sun will burn you up inside
your snow will freeze your cool cool mind.

Life's a long long way below you now
the years slide by, you never take your bow
way above it all, so uninspired
were you never told you look so tired.

How does it feel Rainbow Rider
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