

# Sculptured, Between Goldberg

(music & lyrics by Don Anderson)

Goldberg's variations had permitted sleep  
And the turning in my stomach had awakened me  
The dim blue light through my window  
Had all but calmed me  
I would stay up late into the night  
Until the sun had warmed the Earth  
Gripping at patterns of the morning  
Fighting the sequences before my eyes  
The sun rises and my panic begins  
I've spent all night sick to my stomach  
As if imagination were a disease  
I'm tired, and I hope the sun burns us all  
The Night was  
complex and  
I could not  
break free it's secrets  
I wake with  
the sun and  
I'm ill with  
the sun