

Barclay James Harvest, Medicine Man

Didn't anybody see his hand move faster
Than the lightning in his eyes
Oh! what a cold surprise the flying horses cried
And didn't anybody want to ask the calliope
To call the tune
The flying horses crooned but did not know
The Medicine Man sits on the stage
Eats fire and water, earth and air while we all stare
The silver blade burns bright
And tells us to beware
Of mirrored passages that throw a thousand images
Of younger days
The wheel spins slower as it calls us back to play

Round and round now we go
Shout your name to the wind
As it spins by your side
Coloured lights echo as the sound slips on by
Could that have been me?