

# Curved Air, Phantasmagoria

I bet you sometimes wonder  
What is standing right behind you  
Keep looking over your shoulder to see if it's there  
For some the church bell pealing  
For some the risk of feeling and stealing  
Quietly alone through the night looking under the bed

Don't ring for a taxi  
Don't call a policeman  
Don't send for a doctor he'll just give you pills  
Don't hide in the cellar  
Don't ever believe it  
It's probably friendly, just alone like you

You run upstairs to lie there  
Waiting for the floor to creak and  
And something goes bumpity bumpity bump up the stairs  
The time has come to wonder  
Who could be the owner of that  
Cold clammy hand that's exploring the end of the bed

Don't ring for a taxi  
Don't call a policeman  
Don't send for a doctor he'll just give you pills  
Don't hide in the cellar  
You may not believe it  
It's probably friendly, just alone like you

So if you get lonely  
Just think of the summer

And swimming in sky blue, drift your mind away

So when next time comes  
You feel you're being followed by a  
Fool with a highly intelligent bear for a pet  
Just turn and lead it by the hand  
And lead it home and tell it  
"Take it from me that you need all the friends you can get"

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Just think of the summer  
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