

Curved Air, Piece Of Mind

Now turning again, turning away from the light,
Doors open then shut, corridor footsteps at night.
Wake up in the bed with the screens,
See faces that smile as you dream.
See things come to call as they crawl on the wall,
And you know it's the end.
To them it means nothing, to them it means nothing,
To them it means nothing to them at all.

Seems we're on two different wavelengths, misinterpreting, you realize
What this age of insanity, lack of humanity brings,
You know I couldn't even tell you my name.

Faces watching through the darkness,
Seems like nothing can dispel my fears
Of endless rejection by beings ethereal,
You know its just about as bad as it can.

Now I feel a little better, seems the walk has done me good, you know
I feel I'm beginning to see the existence of,
You know I never even found out quite what.

Now I really feel I'm flying, far beyond my wildest dreams to be
Alive in this prison of torturing ecstasy.
You know at first it never seemed to relate.

The river sweats
Oil and tar.
The barges drift
With the turning tide.
Red sails wide to leeward,
Swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash
Drifting logs
Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.

Let your hopes begin to falter, see your dreams begin to fade, for in
This age of enlightenment, 20th Century man you know
He'll never ever let you go back.

Maybe one day we'll be happy, living life the way we see it through our
Visions of fantasy, Harold in Italy
You know I think I'll just go back to my dreams.