

# Genesis, Cuckoo Cocoon

Wrapped up in some powdered wool-I guess I'm losing touch.  
Don't tell me I'm dying, 'cos I ain't changed that much.  
The only sound is water drops, I wonder where the hell I am,  
Some kind of jam?  
Cuckoo Cocoon have I come to, too soon for you?

There's nothing I can recognise; this is nowhere that I've known.  
With no sign of life at all, I guess that I'm alone,  
And I feel so secure that I know this can't be real but I feel good.  
Cuckoo cocoon have I come to, too soon for you?

I wonder if I'm a prisoner locked up in some Brooklyn jail  
-or some sort of Jonah shut up inside the whale.  
No-I'm still Rael and I'm stuck in some kind of cave,  
what could've saved me?  
Cuckoo cocoon have I come to, too soon for you?