

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?