

# Giles, Giles And Fripp, The Crukster

You're ever in doubt about this world  
With eyes cast in deep frown  
Wheels of turbulence abound after sweet innocence  
But no, not sweet innocence  
Just a bright colour

A colour so purposely painted  
Yet will not cover the stain  
Nor stop the pounding rain  
There is no shelter

There is no shelter for eyes that see  
Troubled stumbling to be but condemned

For to realize and suffer  
That is the penalty for you, me  
No sound can open their eyes  
Nor vision bring reality  
To gloom, darkness

But don't sit at ease  
Though the day is cold  
The searing gap may weld  
And once again while dew is wet  
A bright colour will cover the paint  
Till silence is set  
And then once again you can hear hell's heat