Murphy Peter, Tale Of The Tongue

The time is coming ripe We are running fast I see you coming closer Closer to the mask Come closer treat me softly Where can the dreamer be? How far we've come to know How much we've come to see And when I ask you softly Oh what the real men saw As I hit the roof again Oh what the dreamer saw The street still screams The street still screams of garbage thoughts The stain of anxious guys Still we glimpse the faintest note Of some battered somnambulant men Of the desire to know the whys The street still screams Fixed notions fashion them Their rules police the street No chance of Latin way Hold down to crude belief Lassoed in the charges' web Locked inside the nation's pride To boast the red of freedom's move They take the purple side I'm told from day to day Gaol slip from behind We are the guards of our mistakes Off and running blind So the dreamer speaks in time drunk wine Take the coming day If I seem to lag behind Whisper me the way The street still screams