

Peter Hammill, Amnesiac

I can't think of anything I did or was doing,
I can't seem to get a hold on what's come to pass,
here with half a mind on something else
and half a finger in the glass,
since you ask.

I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be going:
in the end every journey's only pawing the ground
and I've half a mind just to jack it in,
but for this torn-off ticket stub I just found.
Since you ask about the shape I'm in
I'll try my best to pull myself around.

Amnesiac if you say it's so;
amnesiac what happened long ago?
Oh, now I just don't know.

I can't think of anyone that I'd rather be with
but I don't know why you should want to stick here with me
when I can't even find what was on my mind
for all the holes punched in my memory:
it's a wasteland, and I'm terrified
to admit, to let go, to accept I don't know,
all those blanks won't be filled,
I'll be found by the chill of the glacier run
of what I might have done...
Since you last asked about the state I'm in
it seems I've lost all grip on where I'm coming from...

Amnesiac does it so plainly show?
Amnesiac as if I didn't know,
Amnesiac oh say it isn't so...

Amnesiac,
amnesiac,
amnesiac,
black-out, K.O.