

# Peter Hammill, In A Bottle

With the sense of anticipation burning on his skin  
and the train of consequences running at full throttle,  
before the touch, before the kiss,  
this moment just before their history begins,  
he'd give anything to put this in a bottle.

No sense of time, no sense of place,  
in case of senselessness he'll swear to her alone,  
(He'll swear to her alone.)  
though he knows tomorrow this will be another face he's forgotten  
(No memory's quite his own)  
before the fire, before the fall, all this is magical,  
the future so unknown,  
he'd pay anything to get this in a bottle,  
(as if that's a thing he could ever own)  
he'd pay anything to get this in a bottle.

Don Juan had been so careful but he let it slip  
that the elixir he craved was moist upon her faithless lips  
and in the hint of her perfume that lingered on his fingertips...  
distillation.

Overstrength, this eau-de-vie.

(What a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip finally...  
He got the bottle, he knocked back the eau-de-vie.)

He's stripped of recollection,  
he's left with no protection,  
this won't come again,  
although he always knew that he'd foresee  
much more than he'd ever remember.  
(This won't come again.)  
Losing the thread, losing the plot,  
it wasn't/not possible to stay on fire as he was then,  
he'd do anything to breathe life in these embers.  
(But the secret stays untold...)  
He'd give anything to get life from these embers.  
(and the fire has grown cold, cold, cold.)

Between the present and the past, his mouth agape  
and the elixir he drained has twisted essence out of shape;  
and with dark perfume he is wraithed  
now that the genie has escaped from the bottle.

Sangrial, the eau-d-vie.

(What a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip finally...  
eau-de-vie, eau-de-vie.  
Don Juan had been so careful but he let it slip.  
Don Juan had been so careful.  
Eau-de-vie...)