

# Peter Hammill, Our Eyes Give It Shape

I'm getting the idea, I haven't got a clue.  
As my fabulous career ends up dead in the gutter  
the stars are shining down right on cue.  
It's not much of a shock, it comes as no surprise  
that changing all the locks when the horses have bolted  
is a useless exercise.  
And play it how I will and say it as I may  
I won't pick that poison pill as a effortless exit  
from the Mystery Play.

I'm so glad I'm still here to see this,  
the break of day at the end of the long dark night...

All's not as it appears, this tale has many twists  
but if I wasn't here documenting the story  
would that mean that the plot did not exist?  
Oh, would it not be absurd if there was no objective state?  
What if the unobserved always waits, insubstantial,  
till our eyes give it shape?

I'm so glad that I'm still here to see this,  
the whole story is unfolding before my eyes;  
I'm so happy I can barely believe it...  
this simple pleasure is the mystery spice of life.

And I am happy just to breathe in the quality of the light.

I'm getting the idea, I'm seeing things anew,  
it's all becoming clear at this delicate juncture  
there can be no false nor true.  
I want to have it all, I want to see the whole thing through...  
It's a fifty fifty call: maybe Schrdinger's cat  
could be the Cheshire one too?

I'm so glad that we're both here to see this:  
the chink of light in the tunnel of love's embrace.  
I'm so happy I can barely believe it  
A simple pleasure in the simple things makes life great.