

Pink Floyd, Cymbaline

The path you tread is narrow and the drop is sheer and very high
The ravens all are watching from a vantage point near by
Apprehension creeping like a choo-train up your spine
Will the tightrope reach the end; will the final couplet rhyme
And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me Butterfly with broken wings is falling by your side

The ravens all are closing in there's no where you can hide

Your manager and agent are both busy on the phone

Selling colored photographs to magazines back home

And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me

The lines converging where you stand they must have moved the picture plane

The leaves are heavy around your feet you hear the thunder of the train

Suddenly it strikes you that they're moving into range

Doctor Strange is always changing size

And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me