

# Richard Wright, Reaching For The Rail

I'm ill with a fever, I feel like a child  
I lay in the dark till morning came.  
It's so unoriginal  
And I feel it worse at night  
I know it's not terminal  
But I'm near half-dead fright  
And freezing cold.

But sooner than woke up  
To find it all unchanged  
I'll sleep through the day til the daylight ends.  
'Cause it's all so familiar  
As it comes around again  
The same taste to everything  
The same unbroken chain  
That still remains.

With morning I rise,  
A dream that won't leave me,  
You're sad, naked and pale

And you're reaching for the rail

You took a look inside, how could you peel away  
Or break the shell, the hurt you've hidden so well  
For all your days.

And you're going down  
As you slip beneath the waves,  
Won't make a sound  
Won't even leave a trace before you.

I hear an appalling sigh from the streets below  
And it's creeping fear congealed in stone  
That paves the crazy road.  
And all are succumbing and they look so hopelessly  
At the heartbreak, it's easy to deal with,  
Just take these and you'll really never feel it.