

Rick 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.