

# Roger Glover, The Mask

It's later on a Wednesday, the sun is going down  
I'm standing naked by a swimming pool, there's no one around  
My imagination wanders back, red dust is always there  
We lay together in the jungle, and love was in the air

As I dive into the water, both time and motion freeze  
I'm hanging there suspended like a feather in the breeze  
Below is your reflection, like an image from the past  
But I can't be sure if it's really you, 'cause you're wearing a tribal  
mask

Take it off, take off the mask, take it off, take off the mask  
Take it off, take off the mask, take it off, take off the mask

There is no way of knowing how long I must remain  
Dangling like a statue, and whispering your name  
But suddenly it's over, and I begin to fall  
But the swimming pool is empty now, no water there at all

I find myself in a room, empty and it's bare  
With nothing but a mirror, and I know you're waiting there  
I'm looking for an answer, but I don't know who to ask  
I see my own reflection, but this time, I got the mask

I can't take it, I can't take it  
I can't take it, I can't take it

Ah I can't take it, no  
I can't take it, no, no  
I can't take it, I can't take it  
I can't take it, no, no, no