

Soft Machine, Feelin' Reelin' Squeelin'

This is a token of words unspoken to you
Honey, I'm feeling reeling and squealing for you

Why don't you tell me
One way or another
That you'd rather be
Your father and mother

This is a feeling from the ceiling of my dreams
I get hung up, tied and strung up on your scene

I'm something far away
It doesn't matter what I say
You've got your simple way
You're safely tucked away

Are you happy? Aren't you happy?

This is a feeling from the ceiling of my dreams
I get hung up, tied and strung up on your scene

I close my eyes on your soft guitar

This is feeling
This is squealing
This is reeling