

# Steve Hackett, Theatre Of Sleep

In the theatre of sleep  
Where no reason remains  
Dreamers and drifters  
Make their entrance onto the stage  
Non-stop scenery changes  
With promptings in the dark  
Trapped in unremitting violence  
As trees stripped of their bark  
When they're buried in your dream  
The past is a foreign country  
They do things differently there  
You're back in the old schoolhouse  
With rows and rows of chairs  
Well it might be war or Christmas  
With the tanks and guns and flares  
Or a witch that wields her broomstick  
The stars of your nightmare  
When they're buried in your dream  
I was trapped on the edge of a waterfall  
In an old riverboat  
A proud queen washed up at last  
She's giving up the ghost  
Slimy green water rising  
I knew that I would die  
I had no time to abandon ship,  
The morning had arrived