

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