

# The Incredible String Band, Cutting The Strings

There now, they've all gone  
almost as if they never had been  
I turn my eyes backwards and I gaze into my own gaze  
I turn my eyes inwards and I gaze into my own face

I built my prison stone by stone  
how many useless knots I tied  
I dug the pitfalls in my path  
how many useless tears I cried  
here to build in worlds of beauty  
no-one made a joy a duty  
no-one, no-one but me

I saw the birds that flew so free  
I envied them their grace divine  
I saw the dancer's airy steps  
theirs was a different world than mine  
here to build in worlds of glory  
no-one made my sad sad story  
no-one, no-one but me

when useless walls come tumbling down  
sparrows will sing on the fallen stones  
Adam will pull the knife from his brow  
Eve will lick the salt from his wounds  
free to make my own tomorrow  
free to free my heart from sorrow  
free to hear and smell and see  
free to be me, free to be free