

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