

The Incredible String Band, Restless Night

restless Night
walking nowhere in the foggy dew
restless years
whispering through
very long clouds
very low clouds

very long clouds
very low clouds

it wakes in me the wound of days
as dawn breaks bleak
I call to you
present the mirror as you comb your hair
horizons rising icy blue
yes and tall walls dwindle
steeple sink into the sea
old keys for old locks splash up a spray
grey thoughts and useless papers they roll and blow away
while the band was playing such a sad refrain
sounds my ears have lost
continue through the rain