

Middleground

Galahad

It's getting late in the evening
And the party is almost over
A quarter to three, we are alcohol free
And the music's faded away

It's just you and me sinking further into the sofa
Everybody's gone to say hello to the moon

Drifting together into the realms
Of another dimension
Where nothing is ever
Quite as it appears to be

Always the unexpected
Lurking, around every corner

Now it seems we are standing on the middleground
A no man's land, hearing unfamiliar sounds
My vulnerability, it's scaring me
I'm not so sure about this middleground

Everything is calm
The sounds have all disappeared
Get back on the tracks you know
There really is nothing to fear

As long as we stay on the path that leads to ecstasy
Comforting each other, and our minds will be free

And now it seems we're caught up in the middleground
A no man's land hearing unfamiliar sounds
My sensibility, it's deserting me
Not so sure about this middleground
Now I feel trapped in the middleground
It's plain to see, it's not easy
When you're caught in the middleground

Julius Caesar beware of the Ides
They are coming to get you
And the house on the hill, is feeling quite ill
Too many spirits you know!

Poor old Canute cannot hold back the sea
Keeps getting confused between reality and fantasy...

And now it seems we're leaving the middleground
Rising above the chaos on which we're staring down
Moving further into the distance
Now we're flying away from the middleground
Towards the morning and more familiar sounds
Not so keen on this great divide
Got to keep well clear of the middleground

It's quarter to nine and time to rise, again