You may believe your house is bleak and you  $\Box$ re leaving But there  $\Box$ s a gulf between what it is you see and what you shou ld be seeing

And you open like a flower
And I open too
I have found that what you seek
Is the perfect flower and it is in you,
And I only wish you knew

The way I see it (What do you see?)
The world upside down (upside down?)
Is it me? (Can it be?)
Or is it in your hands?

So go on now sweet prince
And let me lead you on
And close your eyes blindly look at the sun
You fall below the silver screen
Of knowledge, it sa perfect dream

Rubicon□s old bridges burn You turn, they are ablaze The great divide is getting bigger

Home to no one you are are nowhere The sandman takes you there You ll be sleeping on the pillow Where the night becomes her hair Climbing through the buttonhole And falling up the stairs Go on&

So go on now sweet prince
And let me lead you on
Close your eyes to blindly look at the sun