

Skating Away on the Thin Ice of the New Day

Ian Anderson

Meanwhile back in the year One --- when you belonged to
no-one ---
you didn't stand a chance son, if your pants were
undone.
`Cause you were bred for humanity and sold to society -
--
one day you'll wake up in the Present Day ---
a million generations removed from expectations
of being who you really want to be.
Skating away ---
skating away ---
skating away on the thin ice of the New Day.
So as you push off from the shore,
won't you turn your head once more --- and make your
peace with everyone?
For those who choose to stay,
will live just one more day ---
to do the things they should have done.
And as you cross the wilderness, spinning in your
emptiness:
you feel you have to pray.
Looking for a sign
that the Universal Mind (!) has written you into the
Passion Play.
Skating away on the thin ice of the New Day.
And as you cross the circle line, the ice-wall creaks
behind ---
you're a rabbit on the run.
And the silver splinters fly in the corner of your eye

shining in the setting sun.
Well, do you ever get the feeling that the story's
too damn real and in the present tense?
Or that everybody's on the stage, and it seems like
you're the only person sitting in the audience?
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