Irreversible Neural Damage

Kevin Ayers

If you wear this silver bonnet I will sew my heart upon it For this bonnet makes you seem Like someone I met in a dream, a dream

I won't wear your silver bonnet Not unless some gold's put on it You can take your dreams back home I have plenty of my own, my own

Tell me something distant sister
If I found my dream and kissed her
Would this vision of perfection
Turn into my own reflection

Who or what I am escapes me
Every changing minute shapes me
What I get is what I yearn for
Dreams are what I gladly burn for

In her cradle we have rocked her Tended by the dreaming doctor Now she waits in sleeping beauty For some prince to do his duty