

This fluid motion
In and out of sleep
Gets the mind awondering.
Between roadsides and streets.

Between mountainsides
And boats and aeroplane rides.
Not knowing what's controlling
The scenes in front of my eyes.

Bemused bewildered a hundred times thankful
I'm in the lap of the sweetest hours.

I have slept ten thousand nights
And I'll wake from a thousand more.
Being in and out of different worlds
And hoping for millions more.

When I wake to find something's changed
I'm deceived for the world spins on the same.

No raw area.
In sleep there is no pain.
No joy no love no worry
Maybe an unquiet dream.

I'll turn away from laughter.
I'll turn away from love.
When the finest sanctuary unfolds
And pulls me underneath.

Bemused bewildered and a hundred times thankful
I'm in the lap of the sweetest hours.