

# Confidence

Peter Hammill

Behind the smile of confidence somewhere you'll find the wanted man blank-faced and wary of conversation with himself. Around the ring of confidence they're dancing to a different tune; the others seem so confident, why don't you take a leaf from the storm we're passing through? In confidence we sail across the seven seas to hide behind the veil - in confidence the key! 'I'm in good form, I'm feeling fine,' responsibly how well you do - there's nothing I can say about the usual cocktail of public faith and private taboo. In confidence the trick is there for all to see - In confidence the key!

Oh, don't anyone let the cat out of the bag, don't anyone admit to human frailty. Someone let the cat out of the bag. Confidentially we learn we're not alone, in lack of confidence we're not alone.

Behind the smile of confidence somewhere you'll find the mortal man waving his arms in some urgent secret semaphore.... So I'll face the world with confidence, I'll toughen up my point of view, what better way to live a life, what other way can there be of seeing this thing through? In confidence the trick, in confidence the game, the thing that makes us tick - in confidence the flame!

Inside the ring of confidence somewhere you'll find a stone-age man lost in the forest with darkness falling, striking his flint to hold back the roaring, the alien, the world.

We are not alone.