

The Game

Roy Harper

There's an owl in the valley fixing his prey
He's not counting the tally
It's down to what comes up before the day
And the trees in the orchard were taken from a narrow
view of time
Where the minds of the tortured perpetuated patron
saints of crime
Oh civilisation.
I can fit into your puzzle but it's hardly, hardly ever
a hold
And I'll tell you, yeah yeah, tell you the trouble
The habits I've got are more than 10.000 years old
And we cannot sell our souls to learning morals
Big brother is no place for us to slide
We cannot live by numbers or on laurels
And hardly on how far from death we hide.
And it's not a case of rampant paranoia
But just an age I'd love to see unborn
Not that I'd be missing playing Goya
More like I feel awkward passing on
Civilisation, civilisation down to my children
Without a question.
While the prophets of freedom, battery farming brains
for narrow minds
Have decided, yes they decided that meaning is far
beyond the lives they left behind
As two thirds of the population dine
On scraps in shadow lengthening with time
While propaganda spreads the same old theme
You is me and we can change the game, bullshit.
Oh but how many times have we written these lines
And delivered these signs and not made it happen
Walking the tightrope of taking our head off
Losing the rhythm, idealising and all criticising
And not realising that we've changed and left and we've
gone.
And sad to be leaving the things we believe in but time
has a way and we fly
The next age is born and the old hands are gone and
done in the wink of an eye
No point in passing bad reason good guessing, no time
for massing much more than can flourish with love.
And right now, my darling, I'm lying here dreaming of
feeling, no daylight between us
So wherever you are and whenever I'm there is someplace
we've got to be ours
Can we right-heartedly stand in this light and see what
might turn out to be crazy enough, enough to be we ?
When we've had a past sad enough to last for sometime
into the future
These storms have torn and true love is alone and the
past is almost a failure
Consciences burn in the programme turn, computing the
social behaviour
But yoke revolts, the foundation bolts and cries for
yet another saviour.
And I'd pack my things on a pair of wings and tomorrow

I'd be parting
With the summer birds and the winter herds for a place
to face a new heart in
But it makes no difference, where I am I'm in the game
first hand
There are no certain answers and no time to understand
The rules are set to paradox, coercion and blind faith
The goal's a changing paradise, a moment out of date
The dream is righteous grandeur fit to flood the
universe
The fact is more than meets the eye but less than runs
the earth, running the earth.
And the prisoner of the present paces up and down
inside his cell
He's the living replacement, somersaulting from this
psychic well
Screaming : 'I'm the sponsor of a hell'
Voices like the sea inside a shell
Telling me I cannot stake a claim
Possession is a clue but not the game
So please leave this world as clean as when you came.
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Please leave this world as clean as when you came.