

Supper's Ready

Steve Hackett

Walking across the sitting room, I turn the television off
Sitting beside you, I look into your eyes
As the sound of motor cars fades in the night time
I swear I saw your face change, it didn't seem quite right
...And it's hello babe with your guardian eyes so blue
Hey my baby don't you know our love is true

Coming closer with our eyes
A distance falls around our bodies
Out in the garden, the moon seems very bright
Six saintly shrouded men move across the lawn slowly
The seventh walks in front with a cross held high in hand
...And it's hey babe your supper's waiting for you
Hey my baby don't you know our love is true

I've been so far from here
Far from your warm arms
It's good to feel you again
It's been a long long time. Hasn't it?

I know a farmer who looks after the farm
With water clear, he cares for all his harvest
I know a fireman who looks after the fire
You, can't you see he's fooled you all
Yes, he's here again, can't you see he's fooled you all
Share his peace
Sign the lease
He's a supersonic scientist
He's the guaranteed eternal sanctuary man
Look, look into my mouth he cries
And all the children lost down many paths
I bet my life, you'll walk inside
Hand in hand
Gland in gland
With a spoonful of miracle
He's the guaranteed eternal sanctuary

We will rock you, rock you little snake
We will keep you snug and warm

Wearing feelings on our faces while our faces took a rest
We walked across the fields, to see the children of the West
But we saw a host of dark skinned warriors
Standing still below the ground
Waiting for battle

The fight's begun, they've been released
Killing foe for peace... bang, bang, bang. Bang, bang, bang...
And they're giving me a wonderful potion
'Cause I cannot contain my emotion
And even though I'm feeling good
Something tells me, I'd better activate my prayer capsule
Today's a day to celebrate, the foe have met their fate
The order for rejoicing and dancing has come from our Warlord

Wandering through the chaos the battle has left
We climb up the mountain of human flesh

To a plateau of green grass, and green trees full of life
A young figure sits still by a pool
He's been stamped "Human Bacon" by some butchery tool
(He is you)
Social Security took care of this lad
We watch in reverence, as Narcissus is turned to a flower
A flower?

If you go down to Willow Farm
To look for butterflies, flutterbyes, gutterflies
Open your eyes, it's full of surprise, everyone lies
Like the focks on the rocks
And the musical box
Oh, there's Mum and Dad, and good and bad
And everyone's happy to be here
There's Winston Churchill dressed in drag
He used to be a British flag, plastic bag, what a drag
The frog was a prince, the prince was a brick, the brick
Was an egg, and the egg was a bird
Hadn't you heard?
Yes, we're happy as fish, and gorgeous as geese
And wonderfully clean in the morning

We've got everything, we're growing everything
We've got some in
We've got some out
We've got some wild things floating about
Everyone, we're changing everyone, you name them all
We've had them here
And the real stars are still to appear

All change

Feel your body melt
Mum to mud to mad to dad
Dad diddley office, Dad diddley office
You're all full of ball

Dad to dam to dum to mum
Mum diddley washing, Mum diddley washing
You're all full of ball

Let me hear you lies, we're living this up to the eyes
Oooo-oooo-oooo-owaaa
Mamma I want you now

And as you listen to my voice
To look for hidden doors, tidy floors, more applause
You've been here all the time
Like it or not, like what you got
You're under the soil
Yes, deep in the soil
So we'll end with a whistle and end with a bang
And all of us fit in our places

With the guards of Magog, swarming around
The Pied Piper takes his children underground
Dragon's coming out of the sea, with the shimmering silver head of wisdom looking at me
He brings down the fire from the skies
You can tell he's doing well by the look in human eyes
You'd better not compromise
It won't be easy

666 is no longer alone
He's getting out of the marrow in your backbone
And the seven trumpets blowing sweet rock and roll
Gonna blow right down inside your soul
Pythagoras with the looking-glass, reflects the full moon
In blood, he's writing the lyrics of a brand new tune

And it's hey babe, with your guardian eyes so blue
Hey my baby, don't you know our love is true
I've been so far from here
Far from your loving arms
Now I'm back again, and baby it's gonna work out fine

Can't you feel our souls ignite
Shedding ever changing colours, in the darkness of the
Fading night
Like the river joins the ocean, as the germ in a seed grows
We have finally been freed to get back home

There's an angel standing in the sun, and he's crying with a loud voice
"This is the supper of the mighty one"
Lord of Lords
King of Kings
Has returned to lead his children home
To take them to the new Jerusalem