

## Piece of Mind

Curved Air

Now turning again, turning away from the light,  
Doors open then shut, corridor footsteps at night.  
Wake up in the bed with the screens,  
See faces that smile as you dream.  
See things come to call as they crawl on the wall,  
And you know it's the end.  
To them it means nothing, to them it means nothing,  
To them it means nothing to them at all.

Seems we're on two different wavelengths, misinterpreting, you  
realize  
What this age of insanity, lack of humanity brings,  
You know I couldn't even tell you my name.

Faces watching through the darkness,  
Seems like nothing can dispel my fears  
Of endless rejection by beings ethereal,  
You know its just about as bad as it can.

Now I feel a little better, seems the walk has done me good, yo  
u know  
I feel I'm beginning to see the existence of,  
You know I never even found out quite what.

Now I really feel I'm flying, far beyond my wildest dreams to b  
e  
Alive in this prison of torturing ecstasy.  
You know at first it never seemed to relate.

The river sweats  
Oil and tar.  
The barges drift  
With the turning tide.  
Red sails wide to leeward,  
Swing on the heavy spar.  
The barges wash  
Drifting logs  
Down Greenwich reach  
Past the Isle of Dogs.

Let your hopes begin to falter, see your dreams begin to fade,  
for in  
This age of enlightenment, 20th Century man you know  
He'll never ever let you go back.

Maybe one day we'll be happy, living life the way we see it thr  
ough our  
Visions of fantasy, Harold in Italy

You know I think I'll just go back to my dreams.