Lunatic In Knots

Peter Hammill

Unchain me from this lunatic
Before he drags me to my knees;
I'd have to be some kind of Houdini
To unpick knots like these.

While I was sleeping half a lifetime away
Someone moved the scenery,
All my blocks went astray.
So I awoke uneasy
And, as I spoke, grew queasy...

I don't remember much about last night
But I suspect I went too far,
Became just a passenger in my actions,
Asleep at the wheel of the car.

While I was sleeping someone stole in my room,
Rearranged the pictures
And threw my bookmarks away.
The shadow's swiftly deepening
In the tidepull of the moon
While the lunatic
Does his party tricks
But what makes him tick
He's still most reluctant to say.

Before the facts there's no pat explanation...
Only this Other implies
Whatever I did was Not I.

While I was sleeping
Off the wake of the wake
I was less at home in my dreams than in my mistakes.
The lunatic's been creeping
Settling and setting on my face
And we're bound together
We're tied and tethered
I don't know whether
The bond is one I can break.

After the act there's no hidden intention,
Just fumbling around for the plot,
Tying myself up tighter and tighter in knots.

So many angels,
However many can there by, ghosts and djinns
Dancing on the head of a pin?
How many questions are left unresolved?
Exactly where do I begin
Now that the walls are closing in?
Who's the lunatic
And who's the sensible soul deep within the skin,
Hanging on and listening in...?

Unchain me from this lunatic
Restrain him in his cage
Keep him away from me

Keep him away from the stage.

Unchain me from this lunatic
Whose every action shouts me down;
Keep him away from me,
Keep me away from this clown.

Unchain me from this lunatic
Restrain him in his cage
Keep him away from me
Keep him away from me
Keep me away from his rage

While I was sleeping
The lunatic stirred.
I've no alibi
For his beady eye.
Oh, I talk my head off...
He's a man of few words.