

Reaching for the Rail

Rick Wright

Reaching For The Rail
I'm ill with a fever, I feel like a child
I lay in the dark 'til morning came
It's so unoriginal
And I feel it worse at night
I know it's not terminal
But I'm near half-dead with fright
And freezing cold
But sooner than wake up
To find it all unchanged
I'll sleep through the day til the daylight ends
'Cos it's all so familiar
As it comes around again
The same taste to everything
The same unbroken chain
That still remains
With morning I rise,
A dream that won't leave me,
You're sad, naked and pale
And you're reaching for the rail
You took a look inside, how could you peel away
Or break the shell, the hurt you've hidden so well
For all your days
And you're going down
As you slip beneath the waves
Won't make a sound
Won't even leave a trace before you
I hear an appalling sigh from the street below
And it's creeping fear congealed in stone
That paves the crazy road
And all are succumbing and they look so hopelessly
At the heartbreak, it's easy to deal with
Just take these and you'll really never feel it