

## XTC

# "Chalkhills And Children"

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I'm floating over strange land  
It's a soulless, sequined, showbiz moon  
I'm floating over strange land  
And then stranger still, there's no balloon

But I'm getting higher  
Wafted up by fame's fickle fire 'til the

Chalk hills and children  
Anchor my feet  
Chalk hills and children  
Bringing me back to earth  
Eternally and ever Ermine Street.  
(Even I never know where I go when my eyes are closed)

I'm skating over thin ice  
Upon blunted blades of metal soft  
I'm skating over thin ice  
While some none such net holds me aloft

But I'm getting higher  
Lifted up on lucks' circus wire 'til the

Chalk hills and children  
Anchor my feet  
Chalk hills and children  
Bringing me back to earth  
Eternally and ever Ermine Street

Even I never know where I go when my eyes are closed  
Even I never spied that the scenes were posed  
Even I never knew this is what I'd be  
Even eyes never mean that you're sure to see

Still I'm getting higher  
Rolling up on three empty tyres, 'til the

Chalk hills and children  
Anchor my feet  
Chalk hills and children  
Bringing me back to earth

Eternally and ever Ermine Street

I'm soaring over hushed crowds  
The reluctant cannonball it seems  
I'm soaring over hushed crowds  
I'm propelled up here by long dead dreams

Still I'm getting higher  
Icarus regrets and retires puzzled

Chalk hills and children  
Anchor my feet  
Chalk hills and children  
Oddly complete  
(Even I never know where I go when my eyes are all  
closed)

Here I go again

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