

Hawkwind "Cymbaline"

Visit "[Cymbaline](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The path you tread is narrow
And the drop is shear and very high
The ravens all are watching
From a vantage point nearby

Apprehension creeping
Like a tube-train up your spine
Will the tightrope reach the end
Will the final couplet rhyme

And it's high time, Cymbaline
It is high time, Cymbaline
Please wake me

A butterfly with broken wings
Is falling by your side
The ravens all are closing in
There's nowhere you can hide

Your manager and agent
Are both busy on the phone
Selling colored photographs
To magazines back home

And it's high time, Cymbaline
It is high time, Cymbaline
Please wake me

The lines converging where you stand
They must have moved the picture plane
The leaves are heavy around your feet
You hear the thunder of the train

And suddenly it strikes you
That they're moving into range
And Doctor Strange
Is always changing size

And it's high time, Cymbaline
It is high time, Cymbaline
Please wake me

And it's high time, Cymbaline
It is high time, Cymbaline
Please wake me

Visit [Hawkwind](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.