

Ian Anderson "Circular Breathing"

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Pick up my wings and fly into a constable sky
Look down on the world and try to make you out
On the distant ground Lonely toy in a lost toy town
Suspended in spiral sounds, sounds of circular
breathing

I'm a kite on a silver thread, daring lightning to strike
me dead
Harsh echoes of things you said banished me to a
thinner space
With unholy ghosts of your bedroom face
Hands cupped to my ears to place the sound of circular
breathing

Matchbox cityscape below
I watch Lowry matchstick figures go
Caught in the timeless flow of discreet silence

Matchbox cityscape below
I watch Lowry matchstick figures go
Caught in the timeless flow of discreet silence

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