

## Kayak

### "Evocation"

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Lost evocation  
The night's the singer  
The echoes linger  
They heal all the words in your mind  
All doubtful emotions are dying

Time to awake now  
The crowd is sober  
The dream is over  
The mirror reflecting your thoughts  
Was broken with dissonant chords

And the black-plastic culture's aging  
Still music's burning  
Itself out

Now, looking back over years of trying  
There's no conclusion to what I will always mean  
Just lean back, listen to my dream

New evocation  
The wind's the singer  
The echoes linger  
They take you to where you belong  
The saviour from where you went wrong

You're facing the truth now  
The crowd is healthy  
Their leaders wealthy  
Anonymous knowledge we share  
It's seen on T.V. ev'rywhere

And the black-plastic culture's aging  
Still music's burning  
Itself out

Now, looking back over years of trying  
There's no conclusion to what I will always mean  
You have just listened to my dream  
Don't rely on what's never been

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