

## **Pink Floyd "Cymbaline"**

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

The path you tread is narrow  
And the drop is sheer 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 [Pink Floyd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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