

## Richard Wright

### "Night Of A Thousand Furry Toys"

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Im ill with a fever, I feel like a child  
I lay in the dark til morning came.  
Its so unoriginal  
And I feel it worse at night  
I know its not terminal  
But Im near half-dead fright  
And freezing cold.

But sooner than woke up  
To find it all unchanged  
Ill sleep through the day til the daylight ends.  
Cos its all so familiar  
As it comes around again  
The same taste to everything  
The same unbroken chain  
That still remains.

With morning I rise,  
A dream that wont leave me,  
Youre sad, naked and pale

And youre reaching for the rail

You took a look inside, how could you peel away  
Or break the shell, the hurt youve hidden so well  
For all your days.

And youre going down  
As you slip beneath the waves,  
Wont make a sound  
Wont even leave a trace before you.

I hear an appalling sigh from the streets below  
And its creeping fear congealed in stone  
That paves the crazy road.  
And all are succumbing and they look so hopelessly  
At the heartbreak, its easy to deal with,  
Just take these and youll really never feel it.

