

## Steve Hackett

### "Death Trip"

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So now we're on a death trip  
Listen to the blood drip  
Oozing from a curled lip  
Ever thought of dying slowly  
Ever thought of dying totally unholy

Someone's trying to fool us  
Maybe it's your daughters  
Can you hear the Walrus  
Offering a sad solution  
He's calling out for teenage revolution  
And "Can you think of one good reason  
To remain?"

To you afficianados  
Fooling with bravado  
To keep me on my guard-o  
And cause a consciousness explosion  
It's getting difficult to keep my mind in motion

Images of sunshine  
Lease, to make the words rhyme  
Let me die in eight-time  
Let me write a tale to no-one  
Let me write a tale to make you think you're someone  
And "Can you think of one good reason  
To remain?"

Interval: We'll grow Sweet Ipomoea  
To make us feel much freer  
Then take a pinch of Schemeland  
And turn it into Dreamland  
"Softly, Lautrec," she whispered in awe  
"Build me a picture of children at war"

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