

The Grownup Noise

"Talisman"

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(Bachman-Cummings)

Trinket worn with colours matching saddened eyes has
lost it's magic touch

People from a distant hill have crossed an ever-
stretching sea of sand

Artificial flowers cannot die for life within them is
illusion

Talisman, talisman grace my hand

Talisman grace my hand.

Figures made of pedigrees control the non-existent
soul of John Smith

Walk the creature let it run but slacken not the rope to
which it's bound

Ships in bottles cannot sail and neither can a
tombstone kill a feather

Talisman, talisman grace my hand

Talisman grace my hand.

Kings are nothing more without the glory and the
wealth behind their thinking

Let me feel the choice of seeing dawn or setting sun
before I die

Myriads of painted faces rush behind the eye of the
uncertain

Talisman, talisman grace my hand

Talisman grace my hand.

(Recitative)

Let me live only to do

And let me do only to live

My steel image comes with the sun

And that's where it slumbers now.

Talisman, talisman grace my hand

Talisman grace my hand.

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