

Peter Hammill

"What's It Worth"

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What's it worth to be safe?
What's the way to be sane?
I could throw myself at the garden
on my hands,
prune the lawn and mow the roses,
but I never understand
how to go
to ber free;
in the end I only want to be me.
Winter days here are mine;
still, no bites, what's my line?
I could hurl myself to the bonfire
with all nerve,
clear the path and weed the dead leaves,
but I really just don't have the nerve
to be part
if that scene
is this just some kind of strange dream?

Think I'll walk to the sleeple, where the people
are so inquisite.
I could make it to the corner store and buy
a hoard of derivatives
now.
Which way now... climb or coast?
Will my eggs ever poach?
I could throw myself in the frying pan
for the sake of my name;
hit the road or smile hermetically,
but it's really never quite the same;
every time a subtle twist,
I think I'll grab my plot
and simply exist
Or would that be
a subtle slash at my wrists?

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