

The Incredible String Band

"The Head"

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The Head

Only a palace with interior doors
Well painted well gargoyled with multiple floors
Two windows let free this projector machine
and the magical world here appears on the screen
My servants attend me with tricks of the senses
The past and the future and similar tenses
and on platters of air they convey me my measure
both gladness and sorrow, I lack not for treasure

The lord and his lady are seated within
In the court of the mind where the song does begin
The song is as fine is as fine is as follows
The song does continue through measureless hollows
that sink from the level of personal being
through caverns of darkness where dragons
are dwelling

The mountains above them are raised at my calling
Where the apples are ripe or the rain is a-falling

In ships of white vision I sail the horizon
where three spinners stand beyond the
horizon under the tree of the apples of beauty
I watch them arranging my days and tomorrows
The song is as fine is as fine as it follows

I stood on the beach where the moon was a-curling
Laughed on the wings of the sea birds calling
I loved when sweet Venus a lover did bring me
I cried when sweet Saturn and Jupiter moved us
and all of my servants were fighting their brothers
And the lord and the lady they hated each other
Till the spinners arose with their work on their fingers
Commanding the presence of Heavenly singers
That spoke of the silence so soon to be coming
When all would be still in the wonderful palace
The peace is not stillness but peacefully changing
This hope is the hope of the man on the gallows
The song is as fine is as fine is as follows

The infant I was in the womb of my mother
White sperm I was in the loins of my father
Before that I swam in the oceans of nowhere
Where the fish are as fine as the colour of colours
Where waves are the message of centuries rolling
Where wind is the breath of the Holy Creator
Where no ship sails but only the ocean
Where all the rivers grow mighty with showing
And crowned with the gifts of the myriad valleys
Return with a sigh to the sea of the coming
Forever and ever and ever and ever be glad O be
Glad for the song has no ending.

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