

Mindgames

"Dramatis Persona"

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Sometime at the start of spring,
A man is wandering through the streets of Kent.
He looks confused.
It's seems a place he doesn't really belong.

When you take a closer view,
He stares absently right in front of him.
He's kind of weird.
And now it seems, he is totally soaked from head to
Toe.

Approached by policemen on patrol.
He doesn't say a single word.
Shows no ID.
They pick him up to find out who he is.

The mental clinic is taking charge of him.
"Give him paper and a pen to write",
"write down your name."
Instead of that, the lad just draws a piano.

The quest for your person begins.
Who are you? how old could you be?
Will you be missed by some people you know?
Is there a story to tell?
The mystery surrounding the silence you keep,
Makes belief that still waters run deep.
Simply the fact, you're nobody to us
Might be something that we just can't bear.

Say who you are!
You remind us a bit of a movie that we've seen.
Come along!
Is there something we can talk about.
Down below!
We're diggin' down below!

Show what you feel!
There might be a clue for the way you behave.
So, talk to us now!
There's no more need to hide away.

Down below!
We're diggin' down below!

There must be a way to express
The emotions, the things on your mind.
We can't speak the language he might understand.
We revert to a pure pantomime.
There might be a chance the piano he drew,
Is a tool for him to find a way out.
If he can't talk maybe music will do.
Let's use all the means that we have.

Hear what he plays!
In a brilliant way! It's a virtuoso!
See what he does!
His hands he moves in a Christian way:
His left hand doesn't know,
Where his right hand will go!

Eyes of the world,
They are watching now and they're wondering
Who you are. In the world.
Is it magnified, are they mystified?
We'd like to know
We'd really like to know

The crazy world you try to fool
Is amazed by stories and dazzling tales,
Which makes the merry-go-round.
It keeps the myth alive.
The papers and the TV-news
Are hunting now, to report the scoop.
With open ears and eyes,
They are watching all your moves.
What about all the fuss you brought about?
Your strange behaviour has brought you fame.
Only silence can be felt
In the eye of the hurricane.

Back into the journey of life,
Nothing is quite what it seems.
The fiction's exploded, the bubble has burst.
From headline to yesterday's news.
Leaving alone at the break of day,
Shrouded in silence, back out of sight.
Someone was there just for us to talk about,
A character joined in our play.

You were the one
Who just backed out of daily life.
Took care of the need for

Diversity in society.
You probably laid bare
What the others didn't dare.

Now that you leave,
Please give us the word, the final word,
The tricks of the trade.
Is there something you can tell us now?
"Time to go!
I believe it's time to go!"

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