May Day

Barclay James Harvest

The rock on which I stand is slowly sinking in the sand
The sheer realities of life are rushing by
I am looking out at life and I don't know what's wrong or right
And I can't even see the bright side of the moon

I stopped a man in the street today
And I asked him ''Sir, is it night or day?''
He just stared (smiled) in disbelief
I asked again but he walked away
He said ''Don't you know?''
I said ''Can't you say? Is there something inbetween?
Is it something I've not seen?
Did it change so fast or was it just a dream?''

Time and time again I've tried to recreate the past few days
Evaluate the constants from the haze
But every time I think I'm right, they say I'm wrong
''This day is night and night is day –
It's there in black and white''
Night is light and dark is day
If I disagree they say I'm insane
And the treatment will begin
If I say that the day is light
They just point my eyes to the blinding night, saying
''We can't set you free if you always disagree,
So the State is going to pay your doctor's fee''

They put me out in the pouring rain
To enjoy the sun or to feel the pain
Of the nightmare life's become
I asked a man in the street today
Or was it yesterday or the day before?
''Is there something I've not seen?
Is there something inbetween?
Did it change so fast or was it just a dream?''

The rock on which I stand is now beneath the ever-flowing sand
The sheer realities are here to stay
I'm looking out at life and now I know what's wrong and right
It's what you hear and what you read and what they say

I saw a man in the street today
Ask another man ''Is it night or day?''
He just stared (smiled) in disbelief
He said ''Friend, it's your lucky day
I'm a party man, won't you step this way?''
I've got something you've not seen
Now I know it's not a dream

It just came so fast, that something inbetween