

# Middleground

Galahad

It's getting late in the evening  
And the party is almost over  
A quarter to three, we are alcohol free  
And the music's faded away

It's just you and me sinking further into the sofa  
Everybody's gone to say hello to the moon

Drifting together into the realms  
Of another dimension  
Where nothing is ever  
Quite as it appears to be

Always the unexpected  
Lurking, around every corner

Now it seems we are standing on the middleground  
A no man's land, hearing unfamiliar sounds  
My vulnerability, it's scaring me  
I'm not so sure about this middleground

Everything is calm  
The sounds have all disappeared  
Get back on the tracks you know  
There really is nothing to fear

As long as we stay on the path that leads to ecstasy  
Comforting each other, and our minds will be free

And now it seems we're caught up in the middleground  
A no man's land hearing unfamiliar sounds  
My sensibility, it's deserting me  
Not so sure about this middleground  
Now I feel trapped in the middleground  
It's plain to see, it's not easy  
When you're caught in the middleground

Julius Caesar beware of the Ides  
They are coming to get you  
And the house on the hill, is feeling quite ill  
Too many spirits you know!

Poor old Canute cannot hold back the sea  
Keeps getting confused between reality and fantasy...

And now it seems we're leaving the middleground  
Rising above the chaos on which we're staring down  
Moving further into the distance  
Now we're flying away from the middleground  
Towards the morning and more familiar sounds  
Not so keen on this great divide  
Got to keep well clear of the middleground

It's quarter to nine and time to rise, again