

When you're asleep they may show you  
Aerial views of the ground,  
Freudian slumber empty of sound.

Over the rooftops and houses,  
Lost as it tries to be seen,  
Fields of incentive covered with green.

Mesmerised children are playing,  
Meant to be seen but not heard,  
"Stop me from dreaming!"  
"Don't be absurd!"

"Well if we can help you we will,  
You're looking tired and ill.  
As I count backwards  
Your eyes become heavier still.  
Sleep, won't you allow yourself fall?  
Nothing can hurt you at all.  
With your consent  
I can experiment further still."

Madrigal music is playing,  
Voices can faintly be heard,  
"Please leave this patient undisturbed."

Sentenced to drift far away now,  
Nothing is quite what it seems,  
Sometimes entangled in your own dreams.

"Well, if we can help you we will,  
Soon as you're tired and ill.  
With your consent  
We can experiment further still.

Well, thanks to our kindness and skill  
You'll have no trouble until  
You catch your breath  
And the nurse will present you the bill!"