

# Cymbaline

Hawkwind

The path you tread is narrow and the drop is shear and very high

The ravens all are watching from a vantage point near by  
Apprehension creeping like a tube-train up your spine  
Will the tightrope reach the end; will the final couplet rhyme  
And it's high time, Cymbaline  
High time, Cymbaline  
Please wake me

Butterfly with broken wings has falling by your side  
The ravens all are closing in there's nowhere you can hide  
Your manager and agent are both busy on the phone  
Selling coloured photographs to magazines back home  
And it's high time, Cymbaline  
High time, Cymbaline  
Please wake me

The lines converging where you stand they must have moved the picture plane  
The leaves are heavy around your feet you hear the thunder of the train  
Suddenly it strikes you that they're moving into range  
And Doctor Strange is always changing sides  
And it's high time, Cymbaline  
High time, Cymbaline  
Please wake me

And it's high time, Cymbaline  
It's high time, Cymbaline  
Please wake me