

Golden Promises

Peter Hammill

Besieged in the battlements of Babylon,
still looking for the hat-peg to hang your head upon -
now you've found a place you think is Avalon:
you can talk to anyone here.
You can throw your arms around your nearest neighbour
and the smiling ones'll tell you that you've saved her,
that she's saved you...
They offer the golden promises
the instantly divine;
you swallow the golden promises
hook, sinker and line.
If you choose to throw your soul around the attitude
reasoning and independent thought go down the tube
as you go slavening after every inane platitude -
how weak you find yourself here.
Do you really need to lose yourself completely?
How come you seem to rate it all so cheaply?
It's so weak-kneed
to go for the golden promises,
mail-order h
oly vows;
you go for the golden promises -
I think you really ought to know better by now.
So I do my best and I do my nut,
I try to explain all these angles
but you turn away.
oh, now you're looking in the white of my eyes,
and you know what I'm going to say: -
don't go for the golden promises,
don't go for the easy way...
It's right here on the doorstep:
fool's gold - don't throw your life away.