

Hesitation

Peter Hammill

This is no time to hesitate,
the line slips into overload;
the mixture too thick,
the touch too close to the motherlode.
Time - there's so little time
to do anything that's not useless...
you tried for a little while
to hide your face from the future.
Now you thought it was released,
you find that it's captured,
it sticks to your hand, you can't let it go.
What you knew as pain
has turned into rapture,
but nothing goes away, it just changes...
you know it's the right tempo, right place,
but something's gone wrong with the
cardiograph
Oh, your day shadow and your night face,
you thought it was forever
- but it doesn't last.
Time, there's so little time
to do away with the tension;
I try for a little while
to put it all in suspension.
I thought I was released,
I find that I'm captured,
the groove sticks, it won't let me go.
The glass stain is now seen as fractured
and try as I may I can't change,
but I know it's the wrong tempo, wrong place
and something's gone wrong with the
autograph
Oh, the day shadow and the night face
conspire into prophecy...
This is no time for hesitation.
This is no time to hesitate,
it's no time to look for another road;
the shiver begins,
the touch too cold on the motherlode
This is no time for hesitation,
hesitation,
hes
itation.