

The Same Old Rock

Roy Harper

All along the ancient wastes the thin reflections spin
That gather all the times and tides at once we love
within
That build the edges round the shrouds that cloud the
setting sun
And carry us to other days and other days to one
And full the single stillness of the mirror that is
made
By each and every one of all the colours in a shade
Inside each eye is sitting like the sword inside the
blade
And longs for once upon a chance to open love's cascade
For here we stand - hand to hand
Fighting for the Promised Land

And you try to tell me with consternation
That you have found me a brand new lock
Then you try to warn me that there's only one
combination
One new sling - the same old rock

There is a famous straggler stood on the edge of time
Who held the staff but did not feel the pain
He multiplied the mystery with utterance sublime
And crossed his heart for those who died insane

His friend a restless mouthpiece 7000 years of age
Trends to flash a face to shape his ways
Everlasting light is burning bright inside his cage
He's only got to breathe to fan the blaze

Such a groove to have him here on-board Her Ladyship*
The man who makes his living out of bed
Such a gas to see him flying through his ceaseless lip
One day, someday soon, he'll lose his head
And withering in the galleries with eyes fixed on the
door
Are who and you and me and thanks a lot
And those who see but cannot stand to walk on any floor
For fear that good is something bad is not

But loud and clear is the call
In black and white across your wall
Damn it all, man, can't you see

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