

## Cymbaline

RPWL

The path you tread is narrow  
And the drop is shear and very high  
The ravens all are watching  
From a vantage point nearby  
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  
It's high time Cymbaline  
Please wake me

A butterfly with broken wings  
Is falling by your side  
The ravens all are closing in  
And 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  
It's 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  
And suddenly it strikes you  
That they're moving into range  
Doctor Strange is always changing size

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