

Cymbaline

RPWL

The path you tread is narrow
And the drop is sheer 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