

Hanging In The Gallery

Strawbs

Is it the painter or the picture
Hanging in the gallery?
Admired by countless thousands
Who attempt to read the secrets
Of his vision of his very soul.
Is it the painter or the picture
Hanging in the gallery?
Or is it but a still life
Of his own interpretation
Of the way that God had made us
In the image of His eye?

Is it the sculptor or the sculpture
Hanging in the gallery?
Touched by fleeting strangers
Who desire to feel the strength of hands
That realised a form of life.
Is it the sculptor or the sculpture
Hanging in the gallery?
Or is it but the tenderness
With which his hands were guided
To discard the unessentials
And reveal the perfect truth?

Is it the actor or the drama
Playing to the gallery?
Heard in every corner
Of the theatre of cruelty
That masks the humour in his speech.
Is it the actor or the drama
Playing to the gallery?
Or is it but the character
Of any single member of the audience
That forms the plot
Of each and every play?

Is it the singer or his likeness
Hanging in the gallery?
Tongue black, still and swollen,
His eyes staring from their sockets,
He is silent now, will sing no more.
Is it the singer or his likeness
Hanging in the gallery?
Or is it but his conscience,
Insecurity, and loneliness,
When destiny becomes at last
The cause of his demise?