

# 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?