

Sylvia was struck by lightning while reading in bed one night
She'd left the window open, the storm caught her by surprise
For days she lay still as stone hooked to pumps and tubes
Then out her window the street lights flashed and at last a finger moved

She awoke to a cacophony of electric and radio waves
Pulsing rays of energy falling from outer space
High in swaying towers, down in basements full of dust
She could not escape the static, the sixty cycle hum

She wore dark-tinted spectacles, several fur-lined capes
Three pairs of velvet gloves, a veil of dotted swiss
But all the Earth's vibrations still pounded through her ears
So she packed a steamer trunk, flew a prop plane to Belize

From there a log raft took her over raging waterfalls
Deep within uncharted jungle where giant caterpillars crawl
They spun their silk around her, a cocoon beneath the trees

And still she hangs there swaying, deep within the dripping leaves
Keeping time with every rumble, every quiver of the Earth
And she slowly changes shape with the turning of the world