

## The New Tomorrow

Timber Timbre

Clairvoyant divination  
A hoax no one could write  
Absorbing information  
Sleeping on Bibles at night  
Edgar never took a dollar  
In loosening his collar  
In a state of self-hypnosis  
He makes his diagnosis

Yes, we see the body of my love  
Oh, my love

Christian mystic, x-ray vision  
A trance by graded mind  
His eyelids start to flutter  
Read the headlines spanning time  
A moonlighting photographer  
Gladys Davis, his stenographer  
He dreamt a world war fire  
Dreamt a river of Sahara

Yes, we see the body  
Yes, we see the body of my love  
Oh, my love