

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