

All Over the Place

Van der Graaf Generator

So, driven to distraction
By witless repartee
And wittering conversation
Of deep banality,
Eventually
He seeks out interaction,
Fresh eccentricity,
On closer observation
Nothing's all that it seems to be,
Nothing's more than it seems to be.
He scattered himself all over the place
While hiding behind closed doors
And day by dull day fell more off the pace -
A life suspended in live pause
He gave of himself in fractional clues,
Oblique synchronicities
But nobody knows how alien he grew,
How, drained away behind his open face,
He'd lost his identity.
Now nothing else is left behind,
Just the fallen side of the sky,
A thousand miles away from home
I feel the cold ghost breath fly by
Out of the dream.
Now the image blurs
Of how we seemed,
Of what we were.