

## 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.