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 diagnosisYes, we see the body of my love
Oh, my loveChristian mystic, x-ray vision
A trance by graded mind
His eyelids start to flutter
Richter hit that spanning time
A moonlighting photographer
Gladys Davis, his stenographer
He dreamt a world war fire
Dreamt a river of SaharaYes, we see the body
Yes, we see the body of my love
Oh, my love

Songwriters
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