

The Undercover Man

Van der Graaf Generator

Here at the glass - all the usual problems,
All the habitual farce.
You ask, in uncertain voice, what you should do
As if there were a choice But to carry on miming the song
And hope that it all works out right.
Tonight it all seems so strange - my spirit feels rigid,
My body deranged; Still that's only from one point of view
And we can't have illusion between me and you,
My constant friend, ever close at hand -
You and the undercover man. I reflect: 'It's very strange to be going through this change
With no idea of what it's all been about
Except in the context of time...'
Oh, but I shirk it, I've half a mind not to work it all out. Is this madness just the recurring wave of total emotion,
Or a hide for the undercover man,
Or a litany - all the signs are there of fervent devotion -
Or the cracking of the dam? It's cracked; smashed and bursting over you,
There was no reason to expect such disaster.
Now, panicking, you burst for air,
Drowning, you know you care For nothing and no-one but yourself
And would deny even this hand which stretches out towards you to help.
But would I leave you in this moment of your trial?
Is it my fault that I'm here to see you crying? These phantom figures all around you should have told you,
You should have found out by now,
If you hadn't gone and tried to do it all by yourself. Even now we are not lost: if you look out at the night
You'll see the colours and the lights seem to say
People are not far away, at least in distance,
And it's only our own dumb resistance That's making us stay.
When the madness comes, let it flood on down and over me sweetly,
Let it drown the parts of me weak and blessed and damned,
Let it slake my life, let it take my soul and living completely, Let it be who I am. There may not be time for us all
to run in tandem together -
The horizon calls with its parallel lines.
It may not be right for you to have and hold in one way forever
And yet you still have time, You still have time.

Songwriters

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