

Paradox Drive

Peter Hammill

The thought crossed my mind - how curious,
Why should I want so much shut-eye?
Fighting the darkness and furious,
Oh, but I once more fall into the song...
Just the normal unconsciousness;
Could that be wrong?
All out into action then all down into sleep,
Check that attraction, it must be more than skin deep. I've checked the twenty-four hours,
I've done the stay-up-all-night;
In a certain way that's power,
But it's not wired up right.
Up for the pleasure, then it's dead to the world;
Our lives surely measured by the unconscious thirdLiving on Paradox Drive,
We must be living on Paradox Drive.
We must be living on Paradox Drive.
We must be living on Paradox Drive.
We must be living on, living on, living on Paradox Drive. The thought crossed my mind - how curious
Why should I want so much shut-eye?
Fighting the darkness and furious
Oh, but I once more dropped off to the deep,
The sweet comfort of a life on my own, asleep.
Up for the pleasure or dead to the world,
A life surely measured by the unconscious thirdLiving on Paradox Drive,
We must be living on Paradox Drive.
We must be living on Paradox Drive.
We must be living on Paradox Drive.
We must be living on Paradox Drive.
We must be living on, living on, living on Paradox Drive. I've checked the twenty-four hours,
I've done the stay-up-all-night;
In a certain way that's power,
But it's not wired up right,
It's not wired up right,
It still isn't right.
It still isn't right.
It still isn't right.

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