

The Unconscious Life

Peter Hammill

I'm in command,
I'm in control,
I am the captain of my soul.
Still, I'm uncertain in one major role...
oh, I drift through the unconscious life,
shift through the unconscious life,
lift up my unconscious eyes:
beyond all normal pain and pleasure
we should treasure the unconscious life. We've got our reasons for most things we do,
we could surely rationalise them through.
A false ring of confidence
would characterise us true -
oh, we're deep in the unconscious life
asleep in the unconscious life,
peeping through unconscious eyes.
Beyond all normal pain and pleasure
we should treasure,
treasure the unconscious,
treasure the unconscious life. Something makes me nervous,
something makes me twitch,
something makes me scratch that Pavlovian itch,
(Wonder what that is now...?)
Someone that I barely know must unpick the stitch
to unravel the unconscious life,
travel the unconscious life,
gather the unconscious eye...
far from shedding light on any motive
the candle is votive when it burns at both ends. I'm not in command,
I'm out of control,
I am the Ship's Boy of my soul....

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