

Lost In Wonderland

Barbra Streisand

I'm all alone in a place I have never been.
I see a door to a garden and wander in.
And though my journey has barely begun
I am spun like a top to the top of the universe and
High in a spiral of ice I gaze upon a scene
That flickers far below me.
And what I see is a crinkle of colors and sounds.
Colors and sounds. I can hear tinkles of crystal
and I can see sparkles of mist on the spangles
And I can feel tangles of tingles and sprinklings of angles
And inklings of angels around. A rabbit crosses my path unexpectedly.
I hear a sigh of despair as he passes me.
I have a feeling that rabbit is late
For wherever he's going whatever he's headed for is my destination.
Oh, show me the way to stay here in this world
Because here's where the right things happen.
Oh baby here's where the good things are. Looking at this enormous butterfly,
Wondering if he cares to dance with me.
Delicate as a flower carved of chrysophrase,
Idly I ponder how far have I yet to find it.
I've got to find it and act as though I've lost it.
Otherwise I'm lost in wonderland. I've got to find it or else I am bound
To the empty ground bleak and vast.
Where dark spells are cast. Flooring above me and ceiling below me
And chandeliers rising like tremulous towers
And tables and chairs and beds hanging like blossoms
In turquoise and purple and green. You were asleep so I guess you were not aware,
I took a walk through your mind and I lingered there.
But what I found I can never reveal to you
Not with my voice nor the pitch of my flute recall it.
You'll simply have to come walking with me
One day into that wonderland shining behind your eyes,
Beyond the gossamer doors of sleep.
Just sleep...

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