

# Cymbaline

Steven Garreda

The path you tread is narrow  
And the drop is shear and very high  
The ravens all are watching  
From a vantage point nearbyApprehension creeping  
Like a tube-train up your spine  
Will the tightrope reach the end  
Will the final couplet rhymeAnd it's high time, Cymbaline  
It is high time, Cymbaline  
Please wake meA butterfly with broken wings  
Is falling by your side  
The ravens all are closing in  
There's nowhere you can hideYour manager and agent  
Are both busy on the phone  
Selling colored photographs  
To magazines back homeAnd it's high time, Cymbaline  
It is high time, Cymbaline  
Please wake meThe lines converging where you stand  
They must have moved the picture plane  
The leaves are heavy around your feet  
You hear the thunder of the trainAnd suddenly it strikes you  
That they're moving into range  
And Doctor Strange  
Is always changing sizeAnd it's high time, Cymbaline  
It is high time, Cymbaline  
Please wake meAnd it's high time, Cymbaline  
It is high time, Cymbaline  
Please wake me

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