The Great Experiment

Peter Hammill

"Is that all there is to it," he asks,
"no more conjecture or controversy?
Don't think I could go through it,
I couldn't live with the memory.
Now is the hour, it comes eventually;
how great the power as it falls on me!"He's raising his sense of occasion to the limit.
(The big moment is coming up.)
Practised, his sense of evasion... or is it?
(No sidestep or dummy run.)
Craving a certain indulgence - would you give it?
Would you give it in time?
Treading water, making waves
from the cradle to the grave;
home by a whisker - close shaves!
I'm waiting, what I said I meant:
no faking The Great Experiment.
I'm waiting, what I said I meant:
no faking The Great Experiment.Near the end of the reel now,
he's hanging on by his fingertips.
He knows how it feels;
at last the kiss of unearthly lips.
Now is the hour to get a tighter grip.
How great the power as the tide begins to rip!And he's raising his sense of occasion to the limit.
(The big moment is coming up.)
Practised, his sense of evasion... or is it?
(No sidestep or dummy run.)
Craving a certain indulgence - would you give it?
Would you give it in time?
Treading water, making waves
from the cradle to the grave;
home by a whisker - close shaves!
I'm waiting, what I said I meant:
no faking The Great Experiment.
I'm waiting, what I said I meant:
no faking The Great Experiment.I'm waiting -
no faking The Great Experiment.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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