

How to Be Invisible

[Kate Bush](#)

I found a book on how to be invisible
Take a pinch of keyhole and fold yourself up
You cut along the dotted line, you think inside out
And you're invisible
Eye of Braille
Hem of anorak
Stem of wallflower
Hair of doormat
I found a book on how to be invisible
On the edge of the labyrinth
Under a veil you must never lift
Pages you must never turn, in the labyrinth
You stand in front of a million doors
And each one holds a million more
Corridors that lead to the world of the invisible
Corridors that twist and turn, corridors that blister and burn
Eye of Braille
Hem of anorak
Stem of wallflower
Hair of doormat
Is that the wind from the desert song?
Is that the autumn leaf falling?
Or is that you walking home?
Is that the wind from the desert song?
Is that the autumn leaf falling?
Or is that you walking home?
Is that a storm in the swimming pool?
You take a pinch of keyhole and fold yourself up
You cut along the dotted lines, you think inside out
You jump 'round three times, you jump into the mirror
And you're invisible

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