

Entangled (Tony Banks/Steve H

Genesis

When you're asleep they may show you
Aerial views of the ground,
Freudian slumber empty of sound. Over the rooftops and houses,
Lost as it tries to be seen,
Fields of incentive covered with green. Mesmerized children are playing,
Meant to be seen but not heard,
"Stop me from dreaming!"
"Don't be absurd!" "Well if we can help you we will,
You're looking tired and ill.
As I count backwards
Your eyes become heavier still.
Sleep, won't you allow yourself fall?
Nothing can hurt you at all.
With your consent
I can experiment further still." Madrigal music is playing,
Voices can faintly be heard,
"Please leave this patient undisturbed." Sentenced to drift far away now,
Nothing is quite what it seems,
Sometimes entangled in your own dreams. "Well, if we can help you we will,
Soon as you're tired and ill.
With your consent
We can experiment further still. Well, thanks to our kindness and skill
You'll have no trouble until
You catch your breath
And the nurse will present you the bill!"

Songwriters

Banks, Anthony / Hackett, Steve Published by

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