Circular Breathing

Ian Anderson

Pick up my wings and fly into a constable sky
Look down on the world and try to make you out
On the distant ground Lonely toy in a lost toy town
Suspended in spiral sounds, sounds of circular breathingI'm a kite on a silver thread, daring lightning to strike me dead
Harsh echoes of things you said banished me to a thinner space
With unholy ghosts of your bedroom face
Hands cupped to my ears to place the sound of circular breathingMatchbox cityscape below
I watch Lowry matchstick figures go
Caught in the timeless flow of discreet silenceMatchbox cityscape below
I watch Lowry matchstick figures go
Caught in the timeless flow of discreet silence

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