

# 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 breathing I'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 breathing Matchbox cityscape below  
I watch Lowry matchstick figures go  
Caught in the timeless flow of discreet silence Matchbox cityscape below  
I watch Lowry matchstick figures go  
Caught in the timeless flow of discreet silence

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