Cathedral

Robyn Hitchcock

Do you wonder like I do, What goes on inside of you? In the cathedral of the mind, All the worshippers are blind.

Like a toilet from outside, A cathedral from inside; There, behind your open face, Lies an awful lot of space.

And if I ever look into your open eyes again, I'll remind myself to stare until I'm looking through your eyes.

When I'm hurt, you feel the pain.
You've been in my head again.
You're projecting onto me
What you'd like yourself to see.

Now the clock is beating fast.

Every moment wanders past,

And fades away,

Then comes back another day.

Do I go, or do I stay

Inside your mind?

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