

Almost the Words

Van Der Graaf Generator

Named, the day and date,
picked, the place and time to meet,
set, the words I uttered in stone. To right the many wrongs
That I've done along the way,
now the ball's in my own court. Angels hide in the inglenook.
Saints alive, I'll be brought to book. One false move was all it took.
All the wicked thoughts will be brought to book. I'm not proud of what I did before,
I acknowledge all my actions nonetheless.
Undiminished, the returning score,
I played my part in any sins I now confess. All that's done is done
and all that comes along the way
lands up in the lap of the gods.
One false step, one last look,
under time and tide I'll be brought to book. I never thought I'd get to see this through,
the cold documented case.
One by one the arguments fall through,
the past stares me in the face,
never thought I'd see it through.
Here it is, the self-obsession and surrender,
here it is, it's right in front of me,
here it is, the package gets returned to sender
here, with interest, it comes back to me.
I never thought I'd see it through.
Finally wearing history naked on my face
I'll disclose the truth of what I've done,
reveal the lines I've spun in passing.
I will face up to the music
and with what breath's left in my lungs
I'll settle up the score and bid farewell to everyone.
Time to square the circle,
time to dot the "i"s and cross the "t"s,
time to keep on working
to unspot the hand that did the deeds,
to wash out the wounding,
to effect a final remedy
In the last accounting
all the sum of parts in threnody. I'm not proud of who I've been before.
I've no pride in what I've done before.
Time alone holds what's in store. I'm gathered in by hook or by crook;

all in due course I'll be brought to book.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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