

The High Wire

Sleepwalking, sleeptalking on the highrope
Dreamwalking, moonwalking in shoes high
Spiders running along, fly
All this a melting pot of srings strung and spoke

Lucid dreams of wheels turning
Taking one to the music burning
Tuning up on the high wire dancing,
To the rhythm in tune enhancing
The reciprocal arrangement of the melody proud
Of the song on the high rope stretching long
Between the spokes go round and round
High on the wire bicycle balancing along

Flying in the sky with sails in the wind
Off the edge of the world on a string