



a fine frenzy

whisper

running the race
like a mouse in a cage
getting nowhere
but I'm trying

forging ahead
but I'm stuck in the bed
that I made
so I'm lying

but if you keep real close
yeah, you stay real close
I will reach you.
I'm down to a whisper
in a daydream on a hill
shut down to a whisper
can you hear me still

eager to please,
trying to be
what they need
but I'm so very tired

I've stopped trying to find
any peace in my mind
'cause it tangles
the wires

but if you keep real close
yeah, you stay real close
I will reach you.
I'm down to a whisper
in a daydream on a hill
shut down to a whisper
can you hear me

still the sound,
it dies on my lips
to fade away
and to forget

I'm down to a whisper
in a daydream on a hill
shut down to a whisper
can you hear me
can you hear me still

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

A Midsummer Night's Dream V, i, 12-17.

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