

FROM THE JAWS OF VICTORY...

Gone, gone, I was, alone and safe, in the darkness of the night,
Locked in a cavern, safe and warm, away from human sight.
Now I can be myself, alone, and have my time to think,
'Cos I am in a deep, deep sleep, in which my mind can sink.

When I was out in 'the real world' my failings shone on me,
Just like a clown on centre stage, I just could not be free,
But now I'm here in my own world, where crazy giants tread,
And run around and leer at me, those monsters in my head.

And who are they, what will they do, make me joyful or just sad?
Or do they really want to say, 'You're insane. You are mad!'
'Cos outside in the waking world, they say that I'm not sane,
But they've not met, and will not meet, the monsters in my brain.

Each one, he has a real name now, one's Toby and one's Fred,
I love those friends, and they love me, those monsters in my head.
Last night we played a tennis match, and you know I nearly won,
I should not boast, but I'm the best, I am the only one.

Who hits that ball with proper spin, to make it bounce up high,
So silly monsters, with their arms, they have to reach the sky.
Yes, it's the truth, asleep at night, I know that I am King,
When I stand tall, and all life stops, as owls begin to sing.

Tonight, it was the final match, that's played inside my head,
When people flock, as nightjars watch, as I sleep in my bed.
But would I win, become the star, who smiles in victory?
Or will I fail, like in real life, no more a win to see?

The battle's on, the ball is hit, from his side, back to mine,
I want to win, to tell the world, 'On me the sun doth shine'.
Two sets all, and now I know, that I must play my best,
To lift the cup, shout to the world, 'With victory I am blest!'

But later on, I hear a sound, just what on Earth is that?
A yelling from outside my head, it's calling me right back,
Into the world of living things, of light, not dark, you see,
Where all the humans work and play, where they say they are free.

Please go away, it is match point, I am about to win,
To be the star and celebrate, I can't hold back my grin.
The ball was on the edge, you see, had it just caught the line?
Would hawk-eye give me victory, and say the cup is mine?

But then another edge it came, this was the edge of sleep,
That stalks me every day, you know, when timings I must keep,
To join the world of teasing boys, where failure is my name,
To listen to those jeering lads, who make me go insane.

My mother says, 'It's time for school, you know you can't be late.
And is your homework really done, now really, tell me straight?
No more of lies and fantasies, to fob me off again,
You and your homework, Jeremy, you both drive me insane.'

And so the edge of sleep was crossed, to bring me back to light,
To steal my dream-like victory, which was just in my sight,
So now I know that I can win, I can a trophy keep,
As long as I stay in my head, not cross the edge of sleep.