

Skating away on the thin ice of the new day

Meanwhile back in the year One,
When you belonged to no-one,
You didn't stand a chance son,
If your pants were undone.
'Cause you were bred for humanity
And sold to society
One day you'll wake up
In the Present Day
A million generations removed from expectations of being who you really want to be.
Skating away, skating away,
Skating away on the thin ice of the New Day.

So as you push off from the shore,
Won't you turn your head once more
And make your peace with everyone?
For those who choose to stay,
Will live just one more day
To do the things they should have done.
And as you cross the wilderness,
Spinning in your emptiness:
You feel you have to pray.
Looking for a sign that the Universal Mind has written you into the Passion Play.
Skating away, skating away,
Skating away on the thin ice of the New Day.

And as you cross the circle line,
The ice-wall creaks behind
You're a rabbit on the run.
And the silver splinters fly
In the corner of your eye
Shining in the setting sun.
Well, do you ever get the feeling that the story's too damn real and in the present tense?
Or that everybody's on the stage, and it seems like you're the only person
Sitting in the audience?
Skating away, skating away,
Skating away on the thin ice of the New Day.
Skating away, skating away, skating away

Songwriters: IAN ANDERSON

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