

# Richard Wright - Broken China

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Broken China 6th November 1996

“ Reaching For The Rail” (Wright, Moore)

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I'm ill with a fever, I feel like a child  
I lay in the dark 'til morning came.  
And it's so unoriginal  
That I feel it worse at night  
And I know it's not terminal  
But I'm near half-dead with fright  
And freezing cold.

But sooner than wake up  
To find it all unchanged  
I sit through the day  
'Til the daylight ends.  
'Cause it's all so familiar  
As it comes around again  
The same taste to everything  
The same unbroken chain  
Still remains.

With morning I rise,  
And a dream that won't leave me,  
You're sad, naked and pale  
And you're reaching for the rail.

You took a look inside, how could you peel away  
Or break the shell, the hurt you've hidden so well  
For all your days.

And you're going down, as you slip beneath the waves  
Won't make a sound  
Won't even leave a trace before you.

I hear an appalling sigh from the street below  
And it's a creeping fear congealed in stone  
That paves the crazy road.  
And all are succumbing and they look so hopelessly  
At the heartbreak, it's easy to deal with  
Just take these and you'll really never feel it.

