

12/26/91 - " " " " Great Alone -

I sit alone, Christmas night
surrounded by people, I am blind to them

I'm 100 miles from anywhere
this isolation some say a blessing, some say a curse

In the great alone, you find a friend
searching for something, no one would look for

It has to swing, out of body, the mood
which offers nothing, to the man on the street

It isn't the first time, won't be the last
a man can get intoxicated by his dreams

To be so deeply misunderstood
I in ^{an} austere, close minded place

You look to the horizon it wide open
You look to the sky

Geese fly overhead, a moonlit night
You can't see them, you hear ^{them} cry

The first an inch thick
The air is cold, you see you breathe

My heart years for days long gone
Were over drawn, our youth, a candle too bright
We did not keep our wealth a secret -

I look on others who followed maybe a wiser path -
I have held in my arms, my brothers dying -

There is Fear and some say Release

From a cold hard world, The Great alone

knows their place