

Lonely Man

F.O.B.

The crystal sound of rowing oars
Dwells in my heart like a golden horse
It runs too fast without control
And leaves a big black open hole

The blood that streams from out my eyes
Glimmers fast and slowly dies
No one saw me coming in
That line is truly very thin

The waves they hit that sandy beach
A solid ground I've failed to reach
My heart is burning and my soul is sore
Though I knew there would be, no more

The legion marches up the hill
They have come to burn the solemn mill
'Cause no one likes a lonely man
No one will and no one can

The rain came down and calmed my fire
My heart that burned with intense desire
'Cause no one loves a lonely man
No one will and no one can