

Exiles

King Crimson

Now...in this faraway land
Strange...that the palms of my hands
Should be damp with expectancy

Spring...and the air's turning mild
City lights...and the glimpse of a child
Of the alleyway infantry

Friends...do they know what I mean
Rain...and the gathering green
Of an afternoon out-of-town

But Lord I had to go
My trail was laid too slow behind me
To face the call of fame
Or make a drunkard's name for me
Though now this other life
Has brought a different understanding
And from these endless days
Shall come a broader sympathy
And though I count the hours
To be alone's no injury...

My home...was a place near the sand
Cliffs...and a military band
Blew and air of normality