

## Fresh Fossils

Loudon Wainwright III

Now I'm walking on the beach I came to understand  
With each step I left a footprint, a fresh fossil in the  
sand

Looking over my left shoulder, behind lay my old track  
And I will be my old man, Friday or whenever I came back

Up ahead I saw the future, a stretch of barren beach  
I knew that I was heading nowhere, the horizon out of  
reach

So I turned and headed back, I was present in my past  
Now and then mere twin directions, the next intersecting  
the last

There was proof that I had been there, and proof I'd come  
and gone

Inprinted in the sand's a time so why should I walk home  
Now and then I'm gonna go though then I'm not the same  
And future waves with araised both as if I never came