Junk

Once I was a mariner Who sailed the seven seas Once I was a pilot Who ruled the southern skies Once I was a pilgrim father Who roamed the northern lands Now I'm back again Without my travel guide A while ago you called me brother When I lent a helping hand Now I'm down here with you brother Can you give me more than sand When you had nothing I had all You took what I had freely Now's the time I need your help Can you recognize the needy

Skin is feeling itchy Neck begins to ache Bodies getting twitchy Nerves are going to break Stone Cold Sweat

Oh for the wings - wings of a dove Fly me away to a heaven above To get away from all I've done I've lost the will to love

Better go and find a sympathetic friend Such a broken mind I think I'm near the end Who the hell to turn to I'm really on my own See the candle burn thru' as I die alone And yet there's someone always there!

Round & round & round I go Split the difference twixt the flow - I'm a river? Round & round & round I go Twice as fast, and half as slow - I'm a river Lose your mind, a substitute, Another find, another root Will do

Where d'ya live - and what's yer name What d'ya do - are you sane?

A hustler baby, that's my brand Bending, weaving, roller sleeving, gutter crawling, ever falling A hustler baby give a hand Keep on living hopes misgiving blindly leading, barely feeding Hustler baby there's nothing else

Sail away to paradise On vaulted wings a sacrifice To him Purple clouds are hanging high Take me back I hear them cry Me an ode Hurl the mind through matted hair Taste the salt in curling hair Is it cold

Exploring fresh horizons Instead of marking time Best to get out while you can Doesn't matter what you find Feet upon the footstep Whistle blows farewell I tried to wave But I hadn't the heart Have I paved my way to hell?

Such pain...
I'm choking and holding my tears away
such joy...
I'm cloaking and folding my fears away
And facing my fate that awaits me
too late to go back. And facing my fate that awaits me
too late to go-