

The Loner

Stephen Stills

He's a perfect stranger like a cross of himself and a fox
He's a feeling arranger and a changer of the ways he talks
He's the unforeseen danger, the keeper of the key to the locks
Know when you see him, nothing can free him
Step aside, open wide, loner

If you see him in the subway, he'll be down at the end of the car
Watching you move until he knows he knows who you are
When you get off the train alone, he'll know that you are gone
Know when you see him, nothing can free him
Step aside, open wide, it's the loner

There was a woman he knew about a year or so ago
She had something that he needed and he pleaded with her not to go
On the day that she left, he died, but it did not show
Know when you see him, nothing can free him
Step aside, open wide, it's the loner