

The Quiet Few

Tomahawk

The lacquer is creeping into the mirror
And you saw enough

You saw me lost and wandering and
You saw enough

By candlelight you're offering me
A halo of sun

Don't have the heart to go puncturing it
That sacred door

With a love
With a love
With a love

With a pride
With a pride
With a pride

With a love
With a love
With a love

The winds have blown and I'm sorry for me
Winds have blown I'm sorry for me

And the winds have blown
Winds have blown inside me

Don't linger upon the joy that's in me
It's just a naked ghost
Not hard for the boy that's long up in me
I'm just the host

They are the
They are the they
Me not they
Me not they they
They are the quiet few

They are the they are the they
Me not they me not they they
They are the quiet few

Walk away, walk away!

Walk away, walk away!

Walk away, walk away!

Run away, run away!

Run away, run away!