

FIND MY WAY BACK HOME

2-6-16
(#17)

1. Fog, like a quilt to the hilt
can't see on through it.
Knots like a tangled ball of fish line —
could never undo it.
Thickness of smoke, ain't no joke,
couldn't poke a hole into it.
Nothin's clear,
don't know where to go, from here.
Stuck forever in this cruel theme
to grope for hope, and aimlessly roam . . .
Like I'm lost in a fool's dream
where I can't quite find my way back home.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

[REPEAT LAST 4 LINES OF VERSE 1 =
A RECURRING REFRAIN]

2. Pushing on a treadmill, go faster, faster,
but get nowhere.
Only age accelerates, time never waits,
and it don't care.
Tumbling in this nightmare, none would dare
to enter this "nowhere."
It's all unclear,
and I don't know how to get out of here.
Stuck forever in this cruel theme
to grope for hope, and aimlessly roam . . .
Like I'm lost in a fool's dream
where I can't quite find my way back home.

[REPEAT INSTRUMENTAL]

[REPEAT REFRAIN OVER & OVER,
AND FADE OUT]

[END]

Written: February 6, 2016 [M, G, C]