

Crimson King

"Exiles"

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Now in this faraway land
Strange that the palms of my hands
Should be damp with expectancy
Spring, and the air's turning mild
City lights and the glimpse of a child
Of the alleyway infantry
Friends - do they know what I mean?
Rain and the gathering green
Of an afternoon out of town
But lord I had to go
The trail was laid too slow behind me
To face the call of fame
Or make a drunkard's name for me
Though now this better life
Has brought a different understanding
And from these endless days
Shall come a broader sympathy
And though I count the hours
To be alone's no injury
My home was a place by the sand
Cliffs and a military band

Blew an air of normality

composed by:

Bill Bruford

David Cross

Robert Fripp

Jamie Muir

Richard Palmer-James

John Wetton

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